A

TRAGI-COMICALL

HISTORY

OF

OUR TIMES,

UNDER

The Borrowed Names of

LISANDER

AND

CALISTA.

LONDON,

Printed for *Rich. Lownes* at the White-Lion in *Pauls* Churchyard, 1652.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE VERTVOVS AND NOBLY-DISPOSED Gentlewomen, Miſtris *Francis Forteſcu*, wife unto Mr. *Iohn Forteſcu*: And Miſtris *Elizabeth Duncomb*, wife unto Mr. *William Duncomb* of *Badleſden*.

My moſt Honoured,

THis French *Knight and his Lady being importuned, contrary to their deſign, and the faſhion of this time (which is almoſt all* French) *to appear*

to publick view in this their English habit; and knowing how subject strangers are to malignant humours (a disposition grown so common, that like a contagious disease it hath infected almost the whole world) they have made humbly bold to expose themselves abroad under your auspicious and candid names, hoping that they may be more free from censure, and more boldly tell their Loves, their Fears, their Dangers, their Imprisonments, their Jealou-

sies,

ſies, and their Joyes. They have in their native country ſerved under the protection of a great King, where the gentleneſſe of their ſpirits had a generall approbation, and now their hope (let it not be accounted preſumption) is, that you, according to your accuſtomed noble goodneſſe, will not refuſe it unto them here, where they are poor ſtrangers, at the leaſt that they may (reſting by you) await your leiſure, when, by their converſation, they may endevour to rob away tediouſ-

neſs though but from one hour, to which the greateſt mortals are at ſome time ſubiect. This is their higheſt ambition; and my only end (not capable of greater expreſsion) is to witneſs my affection to your ſervices, from intending whereof onely death ſhall divide

Your moſt humble

and moſt devoted ſervant

W. D.

A TRAGI-COMICAL HISTORY OF Theſe Times.

THE FIRST BOOK.

UNder the reign of our great HENRY, the valorous Father of our invincible Monarch, there lived in *France* a young Lord, whoſe Heroick Nobleneſſe was more recommended through the glory of his Vertue, than by the antiquity of his Race: He was called *Cleander*; rich both in the goods of Fortune and Nature; being no leſſe beloved for his Beauty, than feared for his Valour. If he were valiant, he was alſo more wiſe; and if he were wiſe,

he was alſo more happy. But his chiefeſt happineſſe was in his mariage: for in his firſt youth his merits had gained him a wife, one of the faireſt that *France* ever brought forth. The Eaſt had never ſo many Pearls, as ſhe had Beauties; and the morning did blush to behold any thing fairer; ſhe was called *Caliſta*: neither was there any thing wanting but an apt name to expreſſe her perfections. With this woman did *Cleander* paſſe the ſweeteſt life that ever fell into mans imagination; enjoying a happineſſe which cannot be comprehended but by minds capable of the glory of ſuch thoughts. The Sun did never look upon the earth, but he beheld theſe two Lovers embracing; neither did night ever kindle ſo many fires in Heaven, as they felt within their Souls. Their deſires were not like unto thoſe which were drowned in their pleaſures; but contrariwiſe, their loves were ſharpned by enjoying: for the more they did poſſeſſe that which they did deſire, the more they did deſire that which they did poſſeſſe.

But dark night followed this bright day, and this cleerneſſe was clouded; yea, whilſt *Cleander* made the earth envious, and the heavens jealous of the favours he received from his Miſtris: There was another Knight called *Liſander*, who in courteſie and valour gave place to none of his years, who had beheld *Caliſta*'s excellent beauty; with the lightning whereof he was ſo amazed, that he clean loſt the remembrance of himſelf. He was now no more that *Liſander*, whoſe free and warlike mind was wont to apprehend no diſturbance but ambition, for inſtead of breathing forth an honourable deſire of glory, he was ſo poſſeſt with the *Idea* of this perfection, that it was not poſſible for him to receive

ceive any other thought, nay, hardly could he find a place in all his mind for himſelf. This new gueſt thus lodged in *Liſanders* heart, counſelled him to ſee his Lady. Now this Knight was a moſt abſolute Gentleman, and a moſt acceptable companion, eſpecially among Ladies, of a ſweet and courteous converſation, full of attraction, and recommended with ſo many excellent parts, as well of body as of mind, that it ſeemed Love had ſtollen into this man, of purpoſe (if it were poſſible) to ruine *Caliſta*'s chaſtity: for there was appearance, that if ſhe could love any thing, it muſt needs be him, who loved nothing but her; and that if ſhe had not a heart of ſtone, ſhe muſt needs be apprehenſive of his torment. But for as much as he could not well acquaint himſelf with this woman without accoſting the husband, he firſt ſought *Cleanders* friendſhip; who held it for an honour, and prevented his ſute, recompencing *Liſanders* feigned, with true affection. He ſeldom ſpake but of him, nor ever made any good relation if *Liſander* were not the ſubject thereof. *Caliſta* her ſelf, who ſaw not but by her husbands eyes, nor judged but by his knowledge, could not chooſe but honour that, which ſhe ſaw *Cleander* loved; ſhe being otherwiſe by *Liſander* adored with ſo much reſpect, that ſhe ſhould have wanted humanity, if ſhe had been without diſcerning thereof.

Behold here a fair beginning for our Lover; but this is nothing without perſeverance: His care was now to make known unto her the great paſſion which he ſuffered for her, and to let her know it in ſuch a faſhion, that *Cleander* might not perceive it. He was clear-ſighted, like a Linx; and although he were not jealous, yet he was a Huſ-

husband, and unto a wife, whose admirable beauty did deserve to be preserved: If he once did discern of this love, all was lost, there could be no more friendship nor acquaintance; and otherwise to resolve to die in a silent grief, so neer unto his remedy, hiding his death from her who was the cause thereof, he could never consent thereto. And indeed it is better never to see that which one loveth, than seeing it, not to dare to expresse ones love; for the object stirreth up the desire: Neither is there any evill in the world like unto the presence of a forbidden good. Which the Poets the better to expresse, did not represent *Tantalus* his thirst in a Desert void of waters, but in the middle of waters, not being able to drink. To prevent then the husbands distrust, and to keep suspition from entring into his mind, he ruled his actions, his words and his looks, in such sort, that in his sight he never came neer unto the wife, he never spake unto her, nor ever looked upon her, but as upon a thing indifferent: neither too free, nor too reserved; fearing lest if he were too much composed, or not enough, he might discover his designe in the guiding thereof. He held therefore a mean between both, with that dexterity, that there was no gesture nor motion of his, which did not rather seem naturall than affected. In the mean time, to make that known unto one, which he would have invisible unto the other, he every day made matches with *Cleander*, and other Knights, of Tilting and other noble Exercises: where the two friends were alwaies of a side, and alwayes vanquishers. In the morning they were together at the Church, after dinner together in their houses, after supper in their gardens, and alwayes *Calista* is the starre which lightens the

place.

place. Time passing in this manner, *Lisander* consumes, occasion of speaking unto his love being not offered: It is true, that every day he spake unto her, but not of love, nor of any thing relishing thereof; so that in every mans ey he languishingly decayed, of an unknown passion, in the midst of all the contentments which could be Imagined. And although he intended to dissemble his evill, covering his true grief with feigned joy, yet did the dying colour of his face discover (yea, even unto those of small knowledge) that there was some passion in him, which with much grief lay at his heart. *Cleander* is the only man who doth not perceive it, believing that he should wrong his friend in thinking so. He discerned plainly how the lively flowers of his face did dayly wither, but he thinks that it proceeded from accident, & would have imagined that it sprung from any other than from the true cause. They were then at the Court in the great City of *Paris*, which so proudly raiseth her head above all the Cities, almost of the world, when as *Cleander* said, that *Lisanders* indisposition proceeded from the unwholsome air of the City; wherefore he was resolved to lead him into the Countrey. Now he had a house a days journey from *Paris* built in a Lake, within the middle of a great Park called *Beauplain*: the situation whereof being pleasant beyond expressing, would have rejoyced sorrow it self. Thither did he invite *Lisander*, together with three or four friends, and *Calista* also, without whom the feast was of no value, went along with them.

It was then in the Spring, when the earth, more beautifull than at any other time of the year, renewеth her countenance, and decketh her

her ſelf in her richeſt apparell. There *Cleander* and *Caliſta*, continuing unto *Liſander* their accuſtomed loving entertainment, made tryall, that the Country recreations which they gave him, together with all other honeſt delights, were no better remedies for his languiſhing, than the pleaſures of the City. The exerciſe of hunting, which was ordinary with them, could not divert his fantaſie: variety of company, wherewith he was every day viſited, did but increaſe his evill, and gave him occaſion to ſteal out of their company, to entertain himſelf alone with his thoughts, which he durſt not communicate to any body living. One day, they having made a match to hunt an outlying Stagge, *Caliſta* having ſtaid at home with a young brother of *Cleanders*, called *Berontus*, after ſome time walked out with her brother-in-Law to ſee their return from the hunting: and as ſhe was at the ſide of a wood in the middle of a Park, ſo thick, that ſolitarineſſe only reſides there, in the ſhadow of an impenetrable leafineſſe, ſhe heard a voice, which in bewailing manner, proceeded from the bottome of this wood. In the beginning ſhe could not underſtand the complaint, but going ſomewhat nearer with *Berontus*, who only conducted her, ſhe heard theſe words; Poor *Liſander*, muſt thou conſume in theſe woods the miſerable remainder of thy youth, and unprofitably loſe thy life, both in abſence, and unknown unto her who is the cauſe thereof? Muſt thou needs dye obſcurely, without having the contentment to let her ſee, in thy death, the ſacrifice which thou offereſt unto her of thy life? O fair *Caliſta*, is it poſſible that ſuch a divinity as yours, ſhould be ignorant of thoſe extreme affections which you ſtir in me, and have no feeling

ling of thoſe flames which you ſo lively kindle in my ſoul? Can it be that a cauſe ſo fair ſhould be ignorant of ſo neceſſary an effect as my love? O God, ſuffer not this want of knowledge in her, to be a puniſhment unto me, for my ingratitude unto *Cleander*. O *Liſander*, thou doſt violate, together with the Law of Hoſpitality, the moſt perfect friendſhip in the world: neither canſt thou hope for pardon in any reſpect but only in this, that thou art forced by a beauty which bendeth every thing under the violence of its ſweetneſſe, and whoſe excellency not alone leſneth thy fault, but maketh thee worthy of pardon, and alſo of merit. By theſe words they knew not only the ſubject of this complaint, which was love: but alſo the perſon that made it, who was *Liſander*, and her for whom it was made, which was *Caliſta*. It is not to be ſpoken, who was more abaſhed of *Caliſta* or *Bevontus*: for this paſſion was equally unknown to them both. But *Caliſta* was moſt aſhamed and moſt grieved, although her innocency was ſufficiently witneſſed by this complaint. And indeed it was enough to have troubled a very able and wiſe woman, for ſhe did not know, whether ſhe ought to intreat her brother-in-Law to hold his peace, or tell her husband, or whether ſhe were beſt to hide or diſcover that which might be told by his brother, and where there was no leſſe danger to conceal it, than ſcandall to declare it: nevertheleſſe diſſembling her thought, ſhe went on, as if ſhe had not heard any word of this diſcourſe. *Bevontus*, who was none of *Liſanders* beſt friends, jealous of the overmuch love which his brother did bear him, had a fair occaſion to divide them: but he, conſidering that he ſhould wrong his

ſiſter

ſiſter, and not willing to imbroil his brothers heart with ſo miſerable a paſſion as jealouſie, nor to ruin the affection which he ought unto his wife, in deſtroying that which he unduly bare unto *Liſander*; reſolved in himſelf to ſay nothing: but all theſe conſiderations were apart, and in ſilence, without communicating any word one unto the other. In the end *Berontus*, ſeeing that *Caliſta* returned without ſaying a word, ſpake unto her in this manner: I do not wonder, ſiſter, at *Liſanders* languiſhing, but I rather wonder at your cruelty, who ſo ungratefully ſuffer a Knight of his merit to dye, without taking any care or knowledge of the wounds which your beauty giveth him. Brother, ſaid *Caliſta*, you ſhew as much folly in entertaining me thus with his evill, as he doth in complaining, if it be true that he hath forgotten himſelf ſo much; for I am unwilling to hear either your diſcourſe, or his complaint. But becauſe we may have no more cauſe of ſuſpition thereof; and that the houſe may be as well free from ſuſpition as from crime, I doe conjure you to remove away the cauſe, and to find ſome means ſo to drive him away, that I may have no more cauſe to complain of the good which (you ſay) he wiſheth unto me. Siſter, ſaid *Berontus*, it is a buſineſſe wherein I cannot ſerve you to my deſire, becauſe if he ſhould complain unto my Brother, and he be willing to know the occaſion, I muſt be conſtrained to utter that which were no way fit for him to know: but if you think well to write a Letter, ſuch as your diſcretion can deviſe, I will cauſe it to fall into his hands, as it were by chance, and by this means I believe, that honouring you as he doth, he will rather willingly baniſh himſelf from your preſence, than

than trouble the peace both of your house and mind. *Calista* approved of the advice, and in this resolution (without being discovered by *Lisander*) they went to the house, whither also *Cleander* instantly returned with a fat Stagge, accompanied with those who had hunted with him. Shortly after came *Lisander*, who did not know that his complaints had sounded so near unto his Mistresses ears, and lesse did he think that *Berontus* had heard them. They supped joyfully together, *Lisander* and *Calista* discreetly dissembling the divers thoughts wherewith their minds were troubled; and when bed-time came, *Cleander*, *Berontus*, and almost all the company, brought *Lisander* unto his chamber, where, after some few words of courtesie, they left him alone with his servants. He, going to the cupboard to take some of his night-cloaths, found upon his Cap a Letter to this purpose.

Calista's *Letter to* Lisander.

HEaven, which many times maketh small and unprofitable things bring hidden matters to light, and draweth light from darknesse, hath made use of the shady wood to discover thee, and by their silence to accuse thee, and by their solitarinesse to convince thee of the vilest and basest thought that ever the heart of a Knight was capable of: Thou hast attempted Lisander (*with more ingratitude than can be imagined*) *against the honour of thy friend* Cleander, *and against the chastity of his wife; either of which, were thy attempt come to their knowledge, could not draw a punishment upon thee lesse than thy life: but heaven more carefull of thy preservation than thou thy self, hath kept it from their knowledge, that thou mightst have leisure to repent, and to retire*

thy

thy ſelf from a place, where the crime which thou committedſt can give thee no aſſurance.

If *Caliſta* were ſurprized with *Liſanders* complaint, he was much more aſtoniſhed at *Caliſta's* Letter, which *Berontus* (in going laſt out of the chamber) had privily let fall upon the table. He could not imagine who had written, or who had brought it: well he knew, that the complaints which had eſcaped from him in the wood, were heard, and from thence came the knowledge of his moſt ſecret thoughts. O what newes were theſe to bring reſt unto a man oppreſt with amorous paſſions! All night he did nothing but muſe who ſhould give him this advice: That it was *Cleander*, there was no appearance, becauſe he had been all day a hunting, and after his return he did not leave his company; neither was it likely that he would have proceeded in this manner. He could not alſo imagine that it was *Caliſta*, becauſe that he did not know that ſhe had walked abroad with *Berontus*. Beſides, the Letter expreſly ſaid, that neither ſhe nor *Cleander* knew of it: And that it ſhould be *Berontus*, he had already found that he did not love him; neither did he think, if this young man had had ſuch an occaſion againſt him, that he could have uſed it ſo diſcreetly. To be ſhort, he knew not to whom to return anſwer: nevertheleſſe he reſolved upon his departure, and upon the means whereby he might make *Cleander* like well of it, as alſo to ſpeak particularly to *Caliſta*. The day appearing he quickly diſpatched one of his Footmen to *Fountain Bleau* (where the King then was) commanding him to carry ſome Letters, which he had written unto his friends, and with all ſpeed to bring him anſwer. The footman departed

ted with all diligence, and returned the next day with Letters from his friends; who sent him word, that he must make speed unto the Court, out of some important reasons, which they could not write. During the absence of his man, he endeavoured by all means to accost *Calista*; which he could not effect possibly: for she prevented him with so much care, and with such premeditated avoydings, that he judged she had had knowledge of his design, and that from thence came the Letter which had given him so much pain, seeing that before nothing was more easie than his accesse unto her. When his man was returned from the Court, he went unto *Cleander*, who was then alone in his Chamber with his wife; and having communicated his letters unto him, he entreated him not to take it amisse, if he did deprive himself of the happinesse which he enjoyed in his company, for a small time, which he did assure him, should be as little a while as he could, yet would it nevertheless seem long unto him, in regard of the contentment and honour which he received in his so dear conversation. *Cleander* was very sorry that he must lose the presence of his friend, and said unto him; Yet shall it not be so hastily, but that I will importune you to give this day unto me; for I have some businesse at the Court, which I will communicate unto you, if you be not pressed with your own. Now, as we said, *Cleander* had many other friends with him, whom (according to his courtesie) willing to entertain, he left *Calista* alone in the Chamber with *Lisander*, as if he had contributed unto his desires. *Lisander* seeing himself alone with her, said, that he had communicated news unto *Cleander*, which he had received from the Court; but he

had others from the deereſt perſon in the world, which he could not utter but unto her alone, intreating her to ſee them in this little Letter, whoſe ſhortneſſe was ſuch, that ſhe could not have the leaſure to be troubled with the reading. And in ſaying this he preſented her the Letter, which ſhe her ſelf had written. *Caliſta* know it, and not being able to keep her countenance (inflamed with indignation and ſhame) from confeſſing that ſhe had done it, anſwered him in this manner: Silence or flight were much profitabler for you *Liſander*, than either your diſcourſe or ſtay here. Content your ſelf that I have not acquainted *Cleander* with the wrong which you procure both unto him and unto me, and that ſuch a one knows it, as doth only forbear to tell him, becauſe he would not hazard my honour, with the loſſe of your life. Madam, anſwered *Liſander*, then he cannot but ſay, that I love *Cleander* with as perfect an affection as he doth me, and that I do adore you with as much reſpect and devotion as can be yielded unto Divinity it ſelf, which is far from endeavouring to wrong one or the other. It is true Madam, that if the advantage which the affections of love have over thoſe of friendſhip, and the privilege which your beauty (which is as impoſſible to be beheld without being beloved, as it is to come neer the fire without feeling the heat thereof) have made me dare to diſcover it unto Trees in the depth of the Forreſt; the violence of my love muſt be accuſed, which hath conſtrained me, and your excellent beauty from whence it ſprung: And let the worſt be, Madam, I cannot be accuſed for any thing, but for loving the moſt lovely creature in the World. And if this be the crime which you ſpeak of, I confeſſe not

alone

alone that I have committed it, but, which is more, that I cannot repent me of it. As for my life, Madam, with the loſſe whereof you threaten me; as I will not keep it but for your ſervice, ſo I cannot better loſe it than for your love. I would (if it pleaſed God) that I had many, and that nothing letted but their loſſe, to witneſſe my affection: But ſeeing that you are intereſt, and that I cannot hazard it, but with your reputation, and in depriving you of the moſt faithfull ſlave that ever you captivated, I had rather barr my ſelf from the Soveraign bliſſe of my Soul, than take from you the leaſt contentment. And for this cauſe, Madam, I am reſolved not to depart from your ſervice for ever, but for ſome time from your preſence; to the end, that adoring you without offending you, I may witneſſe no leſſe affection than obedience, and that both of them may one day invite your pity, to call back a poor Exile, who hath baniſhed himſelf from the deareſt abode that ever he had, to obey you.

Theſe words, ſpoken with no leſſe love than grace, together with the inevitable charms of *Liſanders* converſation, which would have inchanted even rocks, touched the ſecret places of *Caliſta*'s affection, which were not marble, nor of any inſenſible matter, yet ſuch, as with a chaſt reſolution ſhe beat back all thoſe ſhafts, which Love, hid in *Liſanders* eyes, did continually ſhoot at her heart: wherefore ſhe thus anſwered, *Liſander*, you muſt know *Caliſta*, and beleeve, that if ſhe could give her ſelf unto any one, it ſhould be unto you; but ſhe cannot doe but what ſhe ought: and if you doe love her truly, as you doe profeſſe, you ought not to hope nor deſire

any thing, but the will with which ſhe doth acknowledge alwayes the affection which you bear her; and were not her honour intereſt, ſhe would hold your preſence as dear as your merit doth oblige her: But for this time I counſell you to follow the reſolution of departing, which you have already taken, becauſe that *Berontus*, walking with me when we heard your complaint, and having learned more than I would that he knew, may doe you ſome evill offices to *Cleander*. And although he ſhould ſay nothing, yet we know not what he may think: he is jealous enough of the love which his brother bears you, and may grow as jealous of me, although I doe not think I ſhall give him cauſe. Hereafter be more diſcreet in your complaints, and think, that though woods cannot ſpeak, yet they are not without their Ecchoes, which reſide in their centers, and do always report (at the leaſt the laſt word) what they hear. Upon the uttering of theſe laſt words, *Cleander* and *Berontus* came into the chamber, which not only interrupted their diſcourſe, but alſo put both of them in great doubt that *Berontus* had conferred with his brother about that whereof they were ſpeaking: but this diſquiet laſted not long, becauſe that *Cleander* taking *Liſander* apart, and diſcourſing to him his buſineſſe at Court, let him preſently know, that he knew nothing of theirs; and *Berontus* (in the mean time) ſpeaking with *Caliſta*, ſhe told him what operation the ſcroll had, which was let fall into *Liſander's* hands, which occaſioned the leave he had taken of *Cleander* and of her ſelf, although under a pretext of Letters which were come unto him from *Fountain Bleau*: concealing nevertheleſſe from *Berontus* that *Liſander* had ſpoken unto her of it, or made any demonſtration that he

he knew or doubted that she had written it.

This done, they went to Dinner, and afterwards *Lisander* got to horse; having first kindly imbraced *Cleander* and *Berontus*, and more lovingly kissed the fair *Calista*, who could not see him depart without sorrow, although small in respect of that which he carried with him. All the company remained sad for his departure, except *Berontus*, who was not otherwise an enemy of his vertue, but envious: for he being a brave Gentleman, and hardy as the Sword, thought he lost of his lustre, when he was compared to *Lisanders* incomparable valour; who riding as fast as he could spurre, without staying all the rest of the day, came upon the beginning of the evening into the entrance of the Forrest of *Fountain Bleau*. The knowledge which (especially in *France*) is so frequent of this royall house (the proudest I think, in the world) shall keep me from beautifying this my Story with the description thereof, although it were one of the most glorious ornaments wherewith I could enrich it. It shall suffice onely to say, that our Kings have heretofore built it for the pleasure of hunting, in the middle of the Launds and Forrests, from whence it was called the Deserts of *Fountain Bleau*. *Lisander* then entring into this Forrest, onely with one man on horseback, who waited upon him in his chamber, and two Footmen which ranne by him, had not ridden a hundred paces, when he was told by the report of seven or eight Harquebushes, and Pistol-shot, and the cryes of many persons, that there was fighting neer him. He presently spurred his lusty Horse that he had under him, which carried him suddenly into the middle of ten or twelve Theeves, who were murde-

ring of a brave Gentleman, having laid two of his men upon the ground, and ſcattered three or four others, who had accompanied him: He nevertheleſſe defended himſelf valiantly with his Sword, having already diſcharged his Piſtoll upon one of the Theeves, wherewith he lay biting the ground with the Gentlemans two men. *Liſander* ſeeing how bravely this Gentleman acquitted himſelf, moved with his own naturall courage, let flye his Piſtoll, and almoſt in an inſtant thruſt himſelf amongſt the rout with his Sword and his Horſe, every one of which had his effect; the Piſtoll laid one along, with his Horſe he overthrew a ſecond, and with his Sword he killed a third, and all in ſo ſhort a ſpace, that one muſt have had a quick diſcerning who had not judged it to be one action: His Sword he had not long uſed, before the ground was ſtrowed with blood, and diſmembred parts of the Robbers, who were ſooner killed and vanquiſhed than they could almoſt think that any ſuccour was comn unto the Gentleman; who alſo ſaw himſelf delivered, before he could think of help. *Liſander* after this bloody execution comming neer unto him, ſaw that he was a reverent old man, having his head and beard all white; of whom he demanded how he did after his Combat? Well, anſwered he, I thank God, and your good help, unto whom I am reducable for my life: but I am grieved for my men, who are either all loſt or dead. For thoſe which are dead (anſwered *Liſander*) there is no calling of them again, but for the reſt, they cannot be loſt ſo neer the Court, whither I think you are going. It is true, ſaid the old Gentleman, that I am going thither, but not to make any ſtay; for it is long ſince my age and the

the contentment of a free life, which I have accuſtomed my ſelf unto at home, have exempt me from that honourable ſervitude. But leaving this diſcourſe untill another time, I would fain ſee if among thoſe that lye for dead, there is none of mine yet alive: ſaying this, he alighted, and *Liſander* alſo, whoſe men by this time were comn unto them, and eaſed them of this labour. They looking amongſt them that lay upon the ground, found two of the old mans ſervants ſtill breathing, although wounded in many parts of their bodies, as well with ſhot as with Swords: They called the other with loud cryes, which ſounding through the forreſt, helped by the ſilence of the night, and ſolitarineſſe of the place, came unto their ears, who hearing themſelves called by their names, and by their Maſter whom they thought dead, returned to the place where they left him. *Liſander* no leſſe content with the good ſervice which he had done unto this Knight, than he himſelf was joyfull for the recovery of his ſervants; the two firſt which were found wounded among the dead, were Gentlemen (as ſuch as had rather dye at their Maſters feet, than ſave their lives by ſhamefull flying) whom he cauſed to be lifted upon their horſes, ſetting the others behind to hold them up, and ſo they proceeded in their journey toward *Fountain Bleau*. By the way, which was a good League and more, *Liſander* intreated this Knight to pardon his curioſity, if it did ſtretch ſo far, as to deſire to know the cauſe of this accident; at leaſt, if this his requeſt might not ſeem too much importunity. The old man, ſtedfaſtly looking *Liſander* in the face, as much as the darkneſſe of the night would give him leave, and thinking him the braveſt and beſt fashioned

Gentlemen that ever he beheld, anſwered him in this manner: Not alone of this accident, whereof I cannot tell you the cauſe, but alſo of al my life (which you have ſaved, obliging me thereby to hold it, next after God, of your Sword) I will give you ſuch an account, that although I cannot ſatisfie my obligation, I will ſatisfie (at leaſt) your curioſity.

My Country is *Normandy*, my houſe called *Bellayre*, I am named *Dorilas*, I have ſpent the moſt part of my life in the warres, and few memorable actions have been in my time in Chriſtendom, wherein I have not had the honour to be. I followed the fortune of *Monſier du Mayne*, in that famous battle of *Lepantho*, where *Don Iohn* of *Auſtrige*, and the *Venetians*, made the Eaſtern ſea look red with the *Turkiſh* blood. A long time after I was with old *Monſier de Guiſe*, in that fearfull battell of *Anneau*, when with a handfull of Voluntiers he defeated many thouſands of *Reiſters*, which were come from *Roane* upon the banks of *Loiere*. Afterwards I was with the late *Monſier de Mercure*, when he made that great, and never-enough-celebrated retraict of *Caviſe*, where he retired many Leagues in *Hungaria* before a hundred thouſand horſe, with an Army of fifteen thouſand men. Finally, willing to retire my ſelf, I maried a wife in mine own Country, whoſe name is *Otranta*, who hath born unto me a Sonne, whoſe name is *Lidian*, and a Daughter who is called *Caliſta*, and not long ſince maried to a Knight of this Country called *Cleander*. It is now eight days ſince I departed from my houſe and my wife, out of a deſire which I had to ſee my Children; one of whom I have not ſeen but once ſince his coming out of *Italy*: Now he followes the King, and the other lives

lives about a days journey hence, with the Knight her husband, whom even now I named. This afternoon I departed from *Paris*, where I have stayed these three days, and as I came from thence to this side of *Aussone*, the theeves set upon me, they having followed me untill I came into this wood, where I had met with my Grave, if you had not happily succoured me. Thus briefly you have what I can say of my fortune, and my life. But gentle Knight (if it please you) I pray tell me your name, that I may know unto whom I may give thanks for my preservation; for it is unreasonable that I should not know him unto whom of all men in the world I am most obliged; nor that you should refuse this courtesie unto him, unto whom you have not refused to expose your life for the safety of his. Sir, answered *Lisander*, I am a poor Souldier, So little known in the World, that though I should tell you my name, you would never the better know my person: yet thus much I will say, that I am come out of those parts, whither you are going, and do know by good intelligence, that those whom you go to see, are in good health: And I have heard so much good of their merits and vertues, that I account the small service which I have done you, exceeding well employed, although the only consideration and fame which I have heard published of your valour (whereof you have made large proof in this encounter) doth oblige me to render you more signall offices, which, with time, I hope to perform: And then, Sir, I will not only declare unto you my being, but I will let you see that I am in no lesse degree of love unto you, than one of your Children.

By

By this means *Liſander* did think that he ſhould have avoyded the telling of his name unto good *Dorilas*, who did intreat him with a paſſion ſo great, as the refuſall of ſo juſt a demand did augment his deſire. But one of his footmen (in the mean time) holding ſpeech with one of *Dorilaſſes*, and not knowing that his Maſter had a deſign to hide his name, did nakedly tell, without thinking, whatſoever his Maſter did intend to diſſemble; yet becauſe they did not underſtand what their Maſters ſaid, nor their Maſters what they ſaid, it came not at this time to the old mans knowledge. Shortly after they came unto *Fountain Bleau*; but it was late, and the court being very great, they could get but two chambers in one houſe, which *Liſander* left unto *Dorilas* and unto his people, going himſelf with his ſervants unto a friends lodging of his, to *Dorilas* his great grief, who did much deſire that they might accommodate themſelves in one Lodging. Let us leave him among his wounded ſervants, whom he cauſed to be dreſſed with great diligence, and no leſſe danger of their lives: and return we unto *Liſander*, who retiring himſelf (as we have ſaid) to one of his friends called *Clarangens*, he was received with all loving entertainment. At ſupper he told the advenure which had hapned to him in the wood, the encounter which *Dorilas* had with the theeves, the ſuccour which he gave him, in briefe, the relation which *Dorilas* made of his fortune. And when he named *Iidian*, *Clarangeus* demanded if he knew him. I have never ſeen him, ſaid *Liſander*, but I have heard that he is one of the braveſt Gentlemen in the world. One of the braveſt you ſhall ſee, ſaid *Clarangeus*, and one of the gentleſt, we have both done our ex-

exerciſe in *Benjamins* School, whom you know to be one of the vertuouſeſt Gentlemen living of his condition. After that we travelled together into *Italy*, and there have always lived familiarly together: and ſince our return, I never met with any man who hath more obliged me to make account of his friendſhip; but I think when things are come to their perfection, they cannot continue, returning unto the ſtate wherein they were at firſt. I ſpeak this, becauſe of late we have not lived as we were wont, and all for the love of a perſon, who in my opinion gives neither of us thanks; and I do believe, that if one of us do not ſhortly alter his courſe, we ſhall not ſeek one another long. I ſhould be ſorry it ſhould ſo happen, ſaid *Liſander*, for the good which I wiſh unto you, and in reſpect of what I have heard of him; and it were better that you ſhould yield your difference to your firſt friendſhip, rather than let it paſſe any farther. This cannot be ſaid *Clarangeus*, becauſe we both look upon one object; neither are we men to yield that wereunto we have a deſire. If he had been embarked before me, my love ſhould have given place unto his friendſhip; but being firſt in time, and not leſſe in merit, I cannot do it in affection. I told him yeſterday what I thought, before my Miſtreſſe: neither do I know what he thought, but I have ſeen the time when he would have underſtood me. Now this *Clarangeus* was one of the moſt accompliſhed Gentlemen of the Court, and *Lidian* and he were both ſuters unto one Lady, whoſe fair perfections we will hide under the name of *Olinda*, and about this occaſion had ſome little quarrell that very day; whereat *Liſander* was much grieved, ſeeing himſelf comn juſt upon the debate of two friends, the

the bloudy laws whereof, in the French honour, obliged him to ſerve the one or the other of them. And indeed the next morning early, hardly were they awaked, when a Gentleman, knocking at their lodging doore, asked to ſpeak with *Clarangeus*, who (heing called up into an outer Chamber, and ſeeing him make himſelf ready) told him that he was come from *Lidian*, who deſired to ſee him in the fields with his ſword; which well he could not tell him yeſterday, becauſe he was not willing to offend the reſpect of a perſon whom he adored above all creatures: And that having taken upon him this charge, he had obliged him to receive him into his company; to ſerve him ſo, ſome other purpoſe than as a meſſenger; wherefore he would intreat that he would make choice of ſuch a friend, who might ſerve him in the quality wherein he ſerved *Lidian*. *Clarangeus*, without ſtay, trouble, or alteration, anſwered in this manner; You cannot be more welcome: I am ready to content your friend in the field, as I would have done in his houſe, if he had ſent me word. For a Second, I have none, neither will I have any (if it pleaſe you), for I know you to be ſo brave and honeſt a Gentleman, that I will go among all my enemies upon your word. Sir, ſaid *Alcidon*, who was the bringer of the Challenge, and a very valiant Gentleman, you anſwer as well becomes you, and as I my ſelf ſhould do if I were in your place; but you know that ſometimes cuſtome is of more force than duty, and that I ſhould be blamed to bring you two to fight, and in the mean time I my ſelf have mine arm in a ſcarf. I know that ſeconds are to ſee their friends equally ſet together, and not to fight themſelves; but uſe carrieth it againſt reaſon, we being neither

ther Marſhalls of *France*, nor old enough to eſtabliſh new Lawes: the diſeaſe muſt have its courſe, add particular reaſons muſt give place to generall faſhion; wherefore I once again intreat you to find a friend, or elſe ſuffer me to ſay, you do not embrace all the means you have to ſatisfie me. *Liſander*, who having heard one ask to ſpeak with *Clarangeus* ſo early, quickly made himſelf ready, thinking, by the diſcourſe which he held of *Lidian* over night at ſupper, that this meſſenger came from him; and having heard the diſpute between *Alcidon* and *Clarangeus* about a ſecond, entred the Chamber unto them, and bidding them good morrow, asked them what difference there was between them, and if he might not end it. Sir, anſwered *Clarangeus*, this Gentleman ſummons me upon a promiſe, which I made unto him the other day, that I ſhould ſhew him a fair Lady, and I fear ſhe is not yet ſtirring. That may very well be, anſwered *Liſander*; but may not I alſo ſee her? No Sir, ſaid *Clarangeus*, Kings and Lovers will have no companions. Sir, ſaid *Alcidon*, unto *Liſander*, you are not a man to be refuſed, if *Clarangeus* will believe me, and if you are willing, it ſhall be your fault if ſhe be not ſhewed you. There ſhall be no fault in me, anſwered *Liſander*, and to witneſſe unto you that I have a deſire thereunto, I do now tell you I do already know your meſſage, and that if *Clarangeus* refuſeth the offer which you make in the behalf of your friend, I will accept of it between you and me. *Alcidon* anſwered, then are we as I would deſire; and now I hope *Clarangeus* cannot refuſe to give *Lidian* contentment, ſeeing that with his will or without it, we ſhall try it together. Well, anſwered *Clarangeus*

rangeus, let me then ſee *Lidian*, and doe you accommodate your ſelf (to your deſire) with *Liſander*, although there is no reaſon, that having no quarrell one with another, you ſhould ſo raſhly precipitate your ſelves upon your own armes. *Liſander* did never undertake a quarrel with more grief; not that he did doubt *Alcidon*, or that he was not willing to ſerve *Clarangeus*; but he did conſider the diſpleaſure which he ſhould doe unto *Dorilas*, whom he had ſo freſhly obliged; unto *Cleander*, who loved him ſo dearly, and, which was more than the reſt, unto *Caliſta*, in aſſiſting a man againſt her brother: but the *French* paſſion (which in this reſpect is beaſtly, and conſtraineth thoſe who doe deteſt this pernicious cuſtom, to obſerve it, and to embrace a falſe honour in ſtead of a true) made him paſſe over all thoſe conſiderations. Thus went they towards their combat: *Alcidon* brings them into a meadow, where *Lidian* ſtayed for them upon a good horſe, with a ſword by his ſide: there, having all alighted, and put themſelves into their ſhirts, *Alcidon* and *Liſander* left *Lidian* with *Clarangeus*, and went apart about a hundred paces, where being ready prepared, they ran one at another, and at the firſt encounter were both wounded; *Liſander* gave him a very great wound in his thigh, which he ran thorow, and he himſelf was wounded in the left arm, ſo that the one loſt the uſe of his thigh, and the other of his arm: But *Alcidon* fell down, unto whom *Liſander* ſaid, We fight but for our friends, and for our honour, without any particular occaſion of hatred to each other, wherefore you having ſome of my blood, ſuffer me, I pray, though unwillingly to carry away this of yours, and that remaining your friend, I may go ſeparate thoſe whom a ſmall occaſion hath made

made enemies. This being ſaid, without ſtaying for anſwer, he ran unto *Lidian* and *Clarangeus*, whoſe combat had proceeded in this manner; *Lidian* had made a thruſt unto *Clarangeus*, which lighted upon his Rapier, and going between the barres of the hilts, wounded him in his right hand, but he himſelf was wounded in the left hand, and his Sword, engaged in the hilts of his adverſaries, broke in the middle: Then ſeeing *Liſander* comming towards him with his ſword naked and bloody, and not ſeeing *Alcidon*, he did verily think that he had killed him, and came now to help his friend; wherefore ſeeing two ſuch enemies upon his hands at once, and himſelf without a ſword (for whom two had been too little) that he was in extremity, it may eaſily be imagined: yet diſſembling his thought, and willing to cover his preſſing and manifeſt danger, as one who had rather loſe a thouſand lives, than one title of honour, he caſt which way he might revenge his death, which he did beleeve to be inevitable, when *Liſander* threw himſelf between their weapons, and before *Clarangeus* could have liberty to ſpeak one word, he cryed unto them. Sirs, you are both noble, both bloody, and both friends, without having any advantage one of the other, or if there be any, it is rather due unto fortune than valour, which is equall between you; I conjure you to give your difference (which is but ſmall) unto your antient friendſhip which was ſo great, and unto this blood, which *Alcidon* and I have ſhed for your pleaſure. How, ſaid *Clarangeus*? and ſhall not *Lidian* confeſſe himſelf vanquiſhed, being alone, and without a ſword, againſt us two? Never vanquiſhed though killed, anſwered *Lidian*; for although you kill me,

yet

yet will I never want courage to die, though I want armes to defend my self. Live then invincible, said *Clarangeus*, for it shall never be said that I triumph over you rather by fortune than vertue. Ah, said *Lidian*, now thou hast vanquished me, in saying I should remain invincible, my life being in thy hand, which thou hast generously spared, when I would not have begged it to have redeemed it from death. In saying this, he flung away the rest of his sword, and ran to embrace sometimes *Clarangeus*, and sometimes *Lisander* (having tears in their eyes out of tender joy, principally *Clarangeus*, who was more particularly touched with his former affection) equally thanking them for their courtesie. In the mean time *Lisander* lost much blood, and *Alcidon* more, whereby he was not able to rise; wherefore all three went unto the place where he fell, and found him more afflicted with grief that he could not follow *Lisander*, than with his wound, but when he knew the happy successe of their combat, his contentment made him forget the greater part of his grief.

Now this challenge could not be carried so secretly, but *Olinda*, who was the cause of it, knew also the effect; by whose fearfull, yet loving minde, it was quickly divulged through the Court, and many of the chief Courtiers were on Horseback to hinder the combate between such noble Gentlemen: but inasmuch as no man knew the place which was chosen, they so long rode up and down the fields to seek them, that the blowes were all past, and they had called their people, who were binding of their wounds to stay the blood, when they came in unto them: The first who found them were of *Alcidons* friends, who caused him to be laid upon a hand-litter

litter, and carried unto *Fountain Bleau*. *Lidian* having taken his leave of him, and left in charge with them, he accompanyed *Lisander* and *Clarangeus* to the outermost part of the Launds, and there again renewing the oath of his former friendship, and contracting a new affection with *Lisander*, he took leave of them, who rid towards *Paris*, he himself directing his course to *Beauplain*, to see his brother *Cleander*, and his fair sister *Calista*.

The End of the First Book.

A TRAGI-COMICAL HISTORY OF theſe Times.

THE SECOND BOOK.

WHilſt *Lidian* endeavoured by hard riding to reach *Beauplain*, the newes of his combate ſpread through all the Court, ſo that *Dorilas* his father waking in the morning, and ſending one of his men to the Caſtle to enquire for his ſonne, about eight of the clock he underſtood by him, that his ſonne was gone very early to fight, that there were three more in the company, and that all the Court was on horſe-back to part them: which newes did ſo much trouble him,

that he was likely to ſtrike him who told it; yet ſpeedily reſolving, he got to his horſe, and galloping after thoſe which were gone before, it was not long ere he met with thoſe who carried *Alcidon*, from whom he learnt the ſucceſſe of the combat, and the retreat of the Combatants. Whereupon the good old man returning to *Fountain Bleau*, recommended the care of his wounded Servants to the Chirurgion, and inſtantly ſetting his foot in the ſtirrop, in great haſt rode unto *Beauplain*? and as there is no better ſpur, or rather no better wings than thoſe of Love, ſo the affection which he bare his Sonne, carryed him ſo nimbly, that *Lidian* was in *Cleanders* arms embracing, when *Dorilas* came, ſo that it ſeemed they came together. It is not to be told whether *Caliſta* were more glad, or *Lidian* more ſurpriſed at the unexpected coming of their Father.

After that *Dorilas* had embraced *Cleander* and *Caliſta*, *Lidian* did him reverence, whom *Dorilas* embraced as the others, and diſſembled for the preſent any knowledge of his affairs, although he ſaw his arm in a ſcarf: but a ſmall time after ſitting at ſupper, and *Lidian* not uſing his left hand, the fair *Caliſta* ſitting neer him, invited him to be merry, ſaying, I thought at the firſt, Brother, that you wore this fair ſcarf for faſhion ſake, but now ſeeing you do not uſe your hand, I think it is out of neceſſity. It is true ſiſter, anſwered *Lidian*, neither do I know how it happens, I have ſuch a flux fallen into my arm within theſe few days, that I have loſt the uſe thereof. I know well, anſwered *Dorilas*, from whence it proceeds, but to eaſe me of the labour of telling, relate it your ſelf, and lye not, otherwiſe I ſhall make another quarrell be-

between you and *Alcidon*, if you contrary the truth which he told me. *Lidian* finding himſelf convinced by ſuch a teſtimony, and that he could no longer diſguiſe a thing ſo viſible, related from point to point the quarrell which he had with *Clarangeus* (as you have heard) beginning with the great friendſhip which had been between them, untill their love unto *Olinda*, for whoſe ſake only (being jealous one of another) they had fought, being never provoked by any injurious words: the Challenge delivered by *Alcidon* to *Clarangeus*, with whom *Liſander* caſually being, offered himſelf to be a Second; finally, he told them how *Liſander* (having wounded and overthrown *Alcidon*) parted *Clarangeus* and him, when they were both wounded, and when his own ſword being broken, he made a full account to have had them both upon him, exalting the valour and courteſie of his enemies, but principally *Liſanders*, who he ſaid was author both of his ſafety and life, with ſo many words of prayſes and commendations, that *Cleander* could not expreſſe, nor *Caliſta* diſſemble their contentment.

After that *Lidian* had finiſhed his diſcourſe, *Dorilas* began in this manner: You, Sonne, for your pleaſure have run a dangerous fortune, but that which hapned to me was no leſſe, neither was there above a night between in time, nor above a league in place; for yeſterday, going from *Paris* to *Fountain Bleau*, and coming late into the wood, I was ſet upon by ten or twelve theeves, who wounded almoſt to death two Gentlemen, whom I have left at *Fountain Bleau*, and put two or three other of my people to their heels, that without help (in my opini-

on) more than humane, which came to me when I was reſolved for death, I had not now bin alive. Then did he tell them how he was ſuccoured by the valour of one man, who coming in miraculouſly, either killed or put to flight all the theeves: further, ſaid he, I never ſaw him but by night, yet me thought he had the faſhion and figure of an Angell; neither in all my life did I ſee any thing more courteous, or more humble: nevertheleſſe he did me this diſpleaſure to conceal his name, although his refuſall was accompanied with the faireſt and gentleſt excuſes that could be; telling further, that he came from theſe parts, and that he underſtood by good intelligence, you were both in good health. Sir, ſaid a ſervant of *Doriaſſes*, who ſtood waiting behind his chair, he who ſuccoured you in the wood, was called *Liſander*, for his man told me ſo, and alſo that he came from hence: yet when he heard his Maſter conceal his name, he intreated me not to ſpeak of it; and I do verily believe that he is the very ſame that fought with *Alcidon*, for it was ſaid this morning at *Fountain Bleau* (in ſpeaking of this quarrell) that one of them came but late laſt night to the town. You have reaſon, ſaid *Cleander*, for yeſterday after dinner he went from hence; and he might well reach the wood about the hour you ſpeak of. By this ſecond news *Liſanders* praiſes were augmented, and every one ſpake of his vertues, and of thoſe ſervices which he had done in the perſons of *Calliſta's* parents: who could have been ſo ungrateſull as not to acknowledge the merit and fidelity of ſo perfect a lover? Let us now confeſſe that vertue hath no prevailing enemies; and as the beauty thereof producing admirable affections, juſtified the honeſt

neſt love which *Caliſta* afterwards bare him, ſo had it juſtly condemned her of an unexcuſable ingratitude, if ſhe had not loved him. Now the nature of envy being moſt to fight and bite againſt Vertues, when they are moſt commended, the more *Liſanders* lovely qualities were commended, the more was *Berontus* his courage incenſed againſt him: for he having heard the complaint, walking with *Caliſta*, which *Liſander* made in the wood, and thereby knowing that all his ſervices had no reſpect but unto her, was juſtly ſpighted to ſee aſwell his Brother, as all the reſt take them to their advantage; which *Caliſta* diſcreetly marked, gathering *Liſanders* commendation with ſo much modeſty, that her coldneſſe did not diſcover any diſſimulation, nor her liberty, affection. Fifteen days did *Dorilas* and *Lidian* ſtay at *Beauplain*, and fifteen *Liſander* and *Clarangeus* at *Paris*, during which time both their wounds were healed; but that which *Caliſta* had made in *Liſanders* heart, grew every day worſe, neither abſence, nor diverſion, nor company, nor buſineſſe proving apt remedies for his healing: which made him almoſt reſolve once again to appear before his only remedy, if the divers obſtacles which concurred had not retained him. For he knew that *Dorilas* and *Lidian* were both there, and *Berontus* alſo, whoſe preſence was more dangerous than all of them; and what hope could he have to entertain her oportunely with any ſpeeches, amongſt ſo many watchfull eyes? He was not willing to Loſe *Cleander*, and above all things he feared to offend *Caliſta*: wherefore he reſolved before the remenbrance of two ſuch freſh obligations ſhould ſlip out of her memory, to write unto her, to know whether he might ever hope for time or

place, when, without diſturbance, he might ſee the only object for which he cheriſhed his ſight: and having called one of his Footmen, an old ſervant whom he had long known to be faithfull, commanded him to go to ſuch a Village neer *Beauplain*, where he ſhould find ſuch a woman, unto whom he ſhould give this Letter, and wait for an anſwer in her houſe, but upon his life he ſhould take care that he were not ſeen; and for that cauſe he ſhould not come thither before it was night, and ſhould go away before day. Now *Liſander* had long before practiſed this woman while he lay at *Beauplain*, where ſhe was as frequent as if ſhe had been of the family, and had given her great gifts, yet not telling her thar he was in love with *Caliſta*, but with her woman, whoſe name was *Clarinda*, whom he had alſo ſo far gained, that ſhe promiſed to deliver his Letters unto her Miſtreſſe. The Lacquey departeth after dinner from *Paris*, and coming in the night to this woman, delivered his Maſters commendations unto her, and together with a Letter, he put two chains of gold into her hand, one for her ſelf, and another for *Caliſta*'s woman, unto whom he entreateth her to give it, together with the Letter. The woman ſhut the Lacquey into the houſe, and going the next morning unto *Beauplain*, eaſily gave the Letter and the Chain unto *Clarinda*, and *Clarinda* only the Letter to *Caliſta*, who retyring her ſelf into her Cloſett, and opening it, found that it ſaid as followeth.

Liſanders *Letter to* Caliſta.

MAdam, *If you knew how my heart beateth, and my hand trembleth, now when my Love commandeth*

mandeth me to ſend you this, you would have leſſe apprehenſion at the ſight hereof, than I have fear in the writing, and more pitie of my paſſion, than I have courage to expreſſe it. It is a wonder, Madam, to ſee me ſuffer ſo much, and that I can live ſo long in ſo vigorous an abſence: but it muſt be referred to your beauty, through the which the moſt impoſſible things are eaſy unto me. I will not relate the torment which I ſuffer, the evills are contagious, and that which I could ſay, may peradventure cauſe grief in you; ſuffer only that I intreat you to ſave my life in preſerving your honour, which you cannot well refuſe to your very enemy; and which you may yield unto me in giving me the means to ſee you without ſcandalizing or injuring any man. I do alſo intreat you to believe, that my life is not ſo dear unto me, that I would preſerve it with the leaſt prejudice unto you; and if I ſhould ſorrow for the loſſe thereof, it would be rather in reſpect of you than my ſelf, and out of the grief I ſhould have to ſee my end before I had teſtified the beginning of my ſervice. To conclude, Madam, all theſe words are too weak to witneſſe ſo ſtrong an affection as mine, and do rather leſſen than expreſſe it; therefore I intreat you not to judge it by their weak eloquence, but by your own perfections, who are the fair cauſe; and believe that there is not any kind of ſervice which I could not caſilier yeeld than offer. I ſhall expect the ſentence of my life or death in your anſwer, and will remain ſo perfectly yours, that I cannot ſay any thing near to it, when I ſay I am, your moſt faithfull, moſt obedient, and moſt affectionate Servant.

Caliſta having read this Letter and being no leſſe combated with the obligation which ſhe had unto *Liſanders* love, than with the duty unto her

her own honour, and *Cleanders* love, diſcourſed long in her ſelf, whether ſhe ought to anſwer; her honour repreſenting, that an honeſt, wiſe, vertuous woman, as ſhe would be accounted, and as ſhe was, ought not to do any thing in ſecret from her husband, much leſſe give him any anſwer, and already did her heart reproach her with the audience which ſhe had given him, & made her alone in her Cloſet bluſh with ſhame for receiving it: but love pleading *Liſanders* cauſe, and repreſenting his admirable qualities, his incomparable affection, teſtified with ſuch ſignal and late ſervices, accuſed her for ſuffering (with no leſſe cruelty than ingratitude) a life to be loſt which ought to be ſo dear unto her, if not for the love which ſhe bare him, at leaſt in that he had ſaved both her Fathers and her Brothers; and the rather, becauſe ſhe might preſerve it by a word, or by a look, which would oblige *Liſander* without any way offending *Cleander*. Folowing then this laſt opinion, and knowing that *Dorilas* was reſolved to take *Cleander*, *Berontus*, and *Lidian* along with him the next day, ſhe concluded not alone to write back again unto *Liſander*, but to take this occaſion to ſee him in their abſence, without any bodies privity; yet with this reſolution, not to yield unto him any favour but only ſight and ſpeech: wherefore ſhe anſwered thus.

Caliſta's *Anſwer*.

I Have received your Letter againſt my will, and anſwer now againſt my duty, which is to advertiſe you of yours, and to have you forbear any further ſute, in a matter which cannot chuſe but be dangerous unto you, and not to promiſe to your ſelf from me any more than ſuch good will as my honour and your

your vertue may make you hope. You are not now to begin to doe me services, which you offer me, for you have already performed them, and so binding, in the persons most neer unto me, that I cannot chuse but be sorry at the grief which you suffer by my meanes, and by your absence; but I doe beleeve, you love me with so much honour, and are so perfect a friend unto him whom I onely can love, that you would not that I should remedy it to his prejudice; neither if you would, were it availeable, seeing it is impossible: yet forasmuch as you onely demand to see me, and that those obstacles, which you your self have raised, doe hinder me from permitting it openly, I had rather run a fortune in giving way unto your desire, than refuse so small a matter as my sight. To the end then that you may know, if I do not yeeld all that which I owe unto your merit, it proceedeth not from ingratitude, but from a former obligation, which hindreth me from satisfying that which I am indebted unto you; I doe advertise you, that (if this Letter may come to your hands this day) I hope to be here alone to morrow: you shall find the little gate of the Garden open, and Clarinda *not farre from thence, who shall attend you: Be there about eleven of the clock, and see if I do not hazzard more in this assignment, than you doe in keeping it.* Farewell.

It is true *Calista*, you hazzard more in this than he, for he could but lose his life, and you both life and honour: neither doe I think it will be long before you repent it, although you are not guilty of any offence, either in effect or will.

But not to digresse, this Letter closed, and given unto *Clarinda*, that she might, as from her, give it unto the woman of the Village, to send unto *Lisander*, *Calista* went into the Hall, where dinner

dinner was ready, and the company only ſtaying for her, which ſhe excuſed as well as ſhe could. After dinner *Cleander* would needs give *Dorilas* and *Lidian* the ſport of hunting of a Stagge, whereupon they went all together a hunting, neer unto the Village where this woman dwelt, who was *Liſanders* meſſenger. It fortuned whiſt they were going to their ſport, a moſt violent ſtorm of rain fell ſo vehemently upon them, that they were conſtrained to ſeek ſhelter; and finding none nearer than this womans houſe, (who, as I ſaid, was ordinarily at *Beauplain*) they ran thither (ſo faſt as their horſes would go) all together, and ſo ſuddenly, that *Liſanders* Lacquey (who was within waiting for his diſpatch) could not hide himſelf from being found and known by *Cleander*, *Berontus*, and *Lidian*, who asked newes of his Maſter. The footman, who was not prepared for this ſurprize, remained ſo aſtoniſhed, that he wiſhed himſelf dead: nevertheleſſe making a vertue of neceſſity, and not being able to hide his amazement, he diſguiſed the ſubject, telling them, that he was not now with his Maſter, who had put him away for a ſlight occaſion, when after ſo many faithfull ſervices which he had done him, he ought to have expected a recompence; ſo that not knowing what to doe, and not having the heart to ſerve any other man, he reſolved to come to *Beauplain*, to entreat their favour to write in his behalf unto *Liſander* to take him again, ſeeing the cauſe for which he had put him away, was onely for giving a box on the ear unto a fellow of his, who had not ſerved him above three days, whereas he had ſerved him ſix years; But ſeeing this ſtorm falling, he had come thither as well for ſhelter, as alſo to entreat the woman of the houſe (who had

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well known him at *Beauplain*, and had been well acquainted with some friends of his) to write unto his Master in his behalf. Truly, said *Cleander*, if it be no other matter, I will write in thy behalf so soon as we return from hunting: come and lie at *Beauplain*, and I will give thee a Letter. Sir, said the Footman, there is another who labours for my place, who I fear will get it before to morrow night, therefore seeing you are pleased to doe me so much good, I humbly intreat you to write a word or two upon this paper, while the rain stayes you here, that by my too long stay I dot not find my place gone: herein you shall bind me to pray for your prosperity. Hast thou an inkhorn, said *Cleander*? I sir, answered the Footman (he had found an ill-favored one by chance upon the cupbord, with which not knowing else how to spend his time, he had been scribling all the day;) Give it me, said *Cleander*: and taking the pen in his hand, he writ these words.

Cleanders *Letter to* Lisander.

WE have found your footman lost in sorrow for his disgrace, which he having told us, desired also that we would give him a Letter unto you, to restore him to your favour; if he be no more deceived in the effect which it shall have, than in the love which he judgeth we bear you, his desire is effected. Sir, Dorilas *my Father joyneth in this intreaty, commanding me also to tell you, that he complaineth of you, for that after you had saved his life, you concealed your name.* Lidian *also sendeth you word, if he had known the obligation wherein he was tyed for that service, he would not have thanked you for what you did afterwards for him,*

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becauſe his life is not dearer than his Father is; and the firſt obligation is ſo great, that it could not be augmented by a ſecond. For my own part, I complain of nothing but that you did not come to ſee us according to your promiſe: for I think I loſe no time but what I ſpend out of your company: we hope to morrow to be at Fountain Bleau, *and a few days after at* Paris, *where you ſhall not eſcape without yeelding us a reaſon for all thoſe grievances. Farewell. I am* Cleander *your beſt and moſt affectionate Servant.*

This was a trick of our Footman, which had not been amiſſe, if our meſſenger woman, returning the ſame hour from *Beauplain*, all wet, finding her houſe full of ſuch unexpected gueſts, had not almoſt marred all. If the footman were ſurpriſed ſhe was more amaſed; and thinking that they were there waiting for her, and that *Clarinda* had deceived her, or that the Footman had diſcovered all, ſhe was ready to fall upon he knees at her entrance into the doors, and to give *Caliſta*'s Letter to *Cleander*, and to aske forgiveneſſe for a fault which ſhe did ſuppoſe had been already diſcovered. Behold the pe rills into which thoſe expoſe themſelves, who to attain their ends by any means whatſoever, put their lives and honours into the hands of ſuch perſons: Yet ſhe ſeeing their cheerfull countenances, and the Footman coming towards her before them all, as if he had not yet ſeen her, ſhe recovered the ſpirit of judgment, which ſhe had before loſt, and aſcribing her troubled countenance to the foul weather, which beat with violence in her face, ſhe made a low reverence unto all the Company. Gentlewoman, ſaid *Cleander*, we have ſurprized your houſe, which

which hath done us good ſervice againſt the rain; and having found here *Liſanders* Footman, who ſtayed for you, we have written in his behalf unto his Maſter. How (ſaid ſhe) Footman, have you forſaken your Maſter? It is he Gentlewoman, anſwered the footman that hath put me away, and *Cleander* here (I thank him) hath entreated him by a Letter to take me again, being alſo come unto you to entreat you (in reſpect of your ancient knowledge of my friends, and your acquaintance with my Maſter) to do the like for me. Truly, ſaid ſhe, where his commendations have no power, I am ſure mine will not be availeable: nevertheleſſe, becauſe you ſhall not think that I ſay this in excuſe, I will write unto him. Shortly after the rain ceaſing, and the weather being cleer, *Dorilas* and his company left the Gentlewoman with *Liſanders* Footman, under colour of the letter; and the time of hunting being paſt; they returned all to *Beauplain*, where they ſupped as hungerly as if they had ſpent the time in hunting. In their ſupping, they (diſcourſing from one thing to another) began to ſpeak of *Liſanders* Footman; which gave a warm alarum unto *Caliſta*, who (as all thoſe who find themſelves guilty) thought that every word ſpoken would have tended to the diſcovery of her fault, untill by the end of their ſpeech, ſhe found that they knew nothing of her affairs. The Footman having told the woman all that had paſt between thoſe Gentlemen and him at their meeting, and receiving *Caliſta*'s Letter, returnes in extreme haſt to his Maſter; whom he almoſt put in a fever by the recitall of this accident, and having given him alwell *Caliſta*'s Letter as *Cleanders*, he reſolved to ride inſtantly, without a-

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ny company but the ſame Footman, who alſo rid; and ſo they two together took their way towards *Beauplain*, from whence the very ſame day *Cleander*, together with *Beronius*, departed to accompany *Dorilas* and *Lidian* to *Fountain Bleau*: but the good old man would not ſuffer them at any hand to ride far, but made them (though unwillingly) return back; ſo that his return being more ſpeedy than *Caliſta* expected, much perplexed her: yet ſhe wiſely diſſembled it by a feigned joy, which ſeemed true; although her light ſupper did manifeſt unto *Cleander*, that ſomething did trouble her, and ſhe her ſelf confeſſed ſhe was not well, but he judged it to be only ſorrow for *Dorilas* and *Lidians* departure. This indiſpoſition of health did aptly ſerve to colour her ſudden retyring to her chamber, which ſhortly after ſupper (*Clarinda* being alone with her) bidding the reſt of the company good night, ſhe did; and *Cleander* alſo (who was ſomewhat weary) did the like into his chamber, and all the reſt by their example. The night was dark, and all the houſe in ſilence, when *Clarinda* going ſoftly out of her Miſtreſſes Chamber, went unto the Garden gate, where *Liſander* was appointed to be, who becauſe he would not fail his appointed time, had almoſt killed his horſes to get thither: having found him with his faithfull Footman, ſhe took him by the hand, and without being perceived by any body, ſhe brought him (to his unſpeakable joy) to *Caliſta*'s bed-ſide, where ſhe then was lying. When he ſaw this incomparable beauty (which he could not religiouſly enough adore) wait him within her bed with ſo many graces, he was about (loſing that reſpect which he did accuſtomably bear her) to forget the condition upon which

which he was permitted to ſee her: But *Caliſta*, who had no leſſe ſeverity to make him fear, than ſweetneſſe to make him love, ſtayed this motion of his, and with one word made him ſit down in a chair by her bed-ſide: unto whom ſhe began to ſpeak in this manner; *Liſander*, if you knew the pain and danger which I hazzard to content your deſire, you would love me more for this alone, than for the beauty which you ſay is in me. Know that *Cleander* is not at *Fountain Bleau*, as both he and I did think he ſhould; for my Father would not ſuffer him by any means to goe farre with him, but forced him (though againſt his will) to return again, ſo that now he is retired into his own chamber, to let me reſt with more quiet here alone, becauſe to keep my word with you, I made him beleeve that I was ſick, chuſing rather this night to break company with him, than my promiſe with you. *Caliſta* had ſcarcely uttered theſe words, when they heard knocking at the door, and *Liſander* judging that it was *Cleander* (as it was indeed) did beleeve that *Caliſta* had ſet this match to undoe him; the very firſt newes, that a man, whom he thought ſo far off, ſhould be ſo neer, having raiſed this doubt in his mind: But when he heard the knocking at the door, there was no diſcourſe of reaſon ſtrong enough to divert him from thinking that he was betrayed; wherefore he ſaid to *Caliſta*, Madam, you had many other means to deſtroy my life, but I perceive you doe deſire it ſhould be together with *Cleanders*. No, ſaid ſhe, in taking him by the hand, I take Heaven to witneſs (I have now neither means nor leiſure to make other proteſtation) wherefore I pray let that, together with the proof which you ſhall ſee, ſatisfie you. I doe conjure you by all that may

be dear unto you, to ſtand cloſe behind his Tapeſtry: ſpeaking this ſoftly as ſhe could, ſhe asked aloud oftentimes, who was there? and called *Clarinda*, who being fitted for the purpoſe, made ſhew as if ſhe were aſleep. In the end, *Liſander* being placed between two pieces of the Hangings by the bed ſide where ſhe was, and holding with one hand both the pieces cloſe together, but onely for a little hole through which he might ſee who came, and to put the noſe of his Piſtoll, which he had ready in his other hand; *Clarinda*, ſeeming half aſleep, and being but half ready, went to open the door unto her Maſter, who going round about his wives bed, ſhut cloſe with a curtain but upon one ſide, came ſo neer unto *Liſander*, that he touched the end of the Piſtoll. *Liſander* hath many times ſince related this, and I have heard him often ſay, That this was the greateſt fear that ever his heart was capable of; although that ſeeing *Cleander* come alone in his night-gown and night-cap, he knew *Caliſta* had not betrayed him, as he did beleeve. *Cleander* then comming unto his wife, asked her how ſhe did? ſhe anſwered that her Fever had encreaſed ſince ſupper, for want of ſleep, and that ſhe did beleeve her recovery did conſiſt in reſt. *Cleander* taking her by the hand, and finding her pulſe beat violently, as it could not chooſe in that her apprehenſion, told her nevertheleſſe that it was nothing, and that he was alſo much more perplexed: but my trouble proceeded from another cauſe, for I dreamed even now that I had loſt you, and that there was a Dragon here, which would carry you away: ſo that waking in this fear, and remembring that you went ſick to bed, interpreting my own dream, I feared that your ſickneſſe was the Dragon

gon, which I ſaw carrying you away: And this is the cauſe of my comming at this time, to ſee how you doe, but God be thanked you are not ſo ill as by my dream I thought you were, for which I am very glad. I will onely lye down by you a while, to feel the courſe of your pulſe, and then I will let you reſt. When *Liſander* heard *Cleanders* dream, he did verily beleeve that he was diſcovered, untill he heard the expoſition which was made: and *Caliſta* her ſelf knew not what to think; who ſeeing *Cleander* reſolved to ſtay, bid *Clarinda* draw the curtain cloſe, becauſe the light of the Candle did trouble her eyes. *Clarinda* going to obey her Lady, was conſtrained to let goe a little dogge which came in with *Cleander*, which ſhe had held in her arms upon the bed, fearing that he would wind *Liſander*. The little dogge was no ſooner out of her arms, when running toward the bed ſide, it preſently (ſmelling that there was a ſtranger) began to bark ſo eagerly and ſo loud, that *Cleander* would have riſen (ſeeing that *Clarinda* could not catch it) from off the bed to drive him away: and had done it, if *Caliſta* had not lovingly witheld him. In the end the dogge was taken and put out of doors, becauſe he was as importunate as faithfull: and *Cleander* having ſtayed about an hour with his wife, went his way, ſuffering (by his abſence) *Liſander* to take a little breath, who during his ſtay had been vexed with ſo many warm alarums. The one was no ſooner gone out of the chamber, but the other came out of his hiding-place, and kneeling down before *Caliſta*, demanded pardon of her for his miſtruſt, proceeding from ſuch apparent likelihood; unto whom (lifting him up with her hand) ſhe ſaid, Hereafter *Liſander* learn to

know *Caliſta*, and beleeve that her ſoul ſhall never be ſpotted with infidelity.

Liſander beginning to grow warm by the touch of her hand, although it were cold as ſnow, and forgetting the danger paſt, by the ſight of her preſent beauty, anſwereth her with ſo amorous a kiſſe, that he thought his mouth ought to be knit unto *Caliſta's*, and his ſoul to be gathered-in at her lips; neither would he willingly have been drawn from ſo agreeable a trance. Soft *Liſander*, ſaid *Caliſta*, I promiſed you nothing but ſight, neither did I think to have permitted any further than ſpeech: content your ſelf with the danger wherein I have thrown my ſelf, and the wrong which I have done unto my duty, to acquit my promiſe unto you, and conſtrain me not to withdraw the love which I now bear you, through your indiſcretion, as I have now pulled you to me under the aſſured reſpect which I did promiſe my ſelf from your modeſty. Madam, replyed *Liſander*, I do humbly crave pardon, if I ſhew my ſelf unwilling to loſe ſo fair an occaſion of enjoying ſo many wonders; for I ſhould die out of grief, and give you juſt cauſe to laugh at my ſimplicity: my paſſion is ſtronger than my ſelf, and my violence is the more excuſable, proceeding from your wonderfull beauty, which forceth me now to conſtrain you to have pity upon me; And in ſaying this, he invaded earneſtly his Miſtreſſes Dominions, endeavouring to raviſh away the laſt favour, for which he had put himſelf into this hazzard; when with an extreme anger, and a loud and ſhriller voice than the danger wherein both of them were, would well permit, ſhe called to her Gentlewoman, and ſaid unto *Liſander*, Is this the recompence of the danger whereinto I have caſt my ſelf to oblige you? Well,

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be gone presently if you would not that I should shew *Cleander* the true Dragon, which he saw but in his dream: Thereupon *Clarinda* rising up of one side, and *Lisander* forbearing of the other, *Calista*'s voice was a little quieted, but not her heart, what words or submissions soever *Lisander* said or did, who was constrained to goe away with this biting sorrow, that he had lost the favour of his Mistresse with too much importunity. Was not this well rid, well waited, well suffered, and well frighted, to buy with the price of so many fears so bleeding a grief? I doe wonder that he did not presently kill himself before her, at least to work horrour and fear in her, seeing he could not stir pity: but he did better in doing nothing, but going away fuller of sorrow than of life, lighted only by *Clarinda* unto the door, who durst go no further, fearing lest he might be discovered; so that he being in the dark, grabling his way, with one hand upon the raile of the stairs, and a Pistoll ready bent in the other, as he was against *Cleanders* chamber door, which was somewhat lower than *Calista*'s, his feet slipt from him, so that he fell down the stairs even to the bottom, and besides the noise which he made in falling, the Pistoll which he had in his hand went off, and gave such a report, that it awaked all the house. *Cleander*, *Berontus*, and as many as were in the house rose in a fright, and began to cry out all together, asking one of another, what was the matter, others calling for light. *Calista*, who was not asleep, nor any way disposed thereunto, hearing her husband and brother-in-law cry, and not knowing whether *Lisander* had shot his Pistol against them, or whether they had taken him, was in more than a deadly agonie. *Clarinda* fearing to be discovered

and puniſhed, deſperately cryed out, All was in diſorder and confuſion. *Liſander* being at the foot of the ſtairs, more amazed than hurt, and more hurt than ſeen, his Piſtoll being fallen out of his hand, and his Hat from his head, and fearing to be diſcovered if he ſhould leave them behind him, was a good while before he found them in the middeſt of the darkneſſe and cryes; which when he had done, he runnes towards the Garden gate, through which he entred: but as he paſſed by the Kitchin door, where there were ſeven or eight ſervants, and two or three dozen of doggs, he was followed and bark'd after untill he found his man who had his horſe; and getting ſpeedily upon his back, he eſcaped away over the fields, without being known by any that followed him.

The End of the Second Book.

A TRAGI-COMICAL HISTORY OF theſe Times.

THE THIRD BOOK.

I Shall now want apt words to expreſſe the griefs, wherewith, in the third part of this Story we begin to be travelled: Hitherto they have been but feared, now they are to be felt. But not to raiſe more ſorrow in you than the relation of the truth will bring with it, I will return to our amorous *Liſander*, disgraced not alone by fortune, but (which was moſt inſupportable to him) by his Miſtreſſe, galloping towards *Paris*, whilſt *Cleander* and *Berontus* having

gotten lights, viſited all the houſe to find what it might be, that had ſo unexpectedly troubled their deep, but quiet ſleep: but although they ſearched both high and low, within and without, the queſt ended with no more knowledge than it began: and not being able to imagine the true cauſe of this Alarum, they judged that ſome Theeves would have robbed them: For confirmation of which, ſome of the ſervants, who with eyes hardly awake had ſeen a glance of *Liſanders* running by, for one whom they had not well ſeen, they ſaid that they had ſeen ſix, and there was one, who to ſeem more valiantly fortunate, aſſured them that the Piſtoll was ſhot at him, and that the bullet came whiſtling ſo neer his eares, that it blew and ſhaked his hair. Thus *Liſanders* eſcape paſſed for an attempt of robbers in *Cleanders* opinion, who failed not to goe preſently to *Caliſta*'s chamber, to tell her that the noiſe was made by Theeves that were fled, wherefore he wiſhed her to take her reſt this morning (for the day did begin to break) and recompence her nights unquiet reſt. Truly he had reaſon, for ſhe had but ſmall, yet this laſt comming was much more welcom unto her than the firſt. Thus was appeaſed this trouble, greater in *Caliſta*'s mind than in all the houſe beſide.

Dorilas being (with *Lidian*) arrived at *Fountain Bleau*, and willing in ſome meaſure to ſhew himſelf thankfull unto *Liſander*, obtained his pardon and *Lidians* of the King, for their combat, as alſo *Clarangeus* and *Alcidons*, who was now healed of his wound. But as they went to *Paris*, he received Letters from *Normandy*, by which underſtanding that *Otranta* was ſick, he rid directly to *Bellaire*, where the joy of his return, and the good newes which he brought her of her chil-

children, helpt much to the recovering of her former health. *Lidian* & *Alcidon* meeting with *Liſander* and *Clarangeus*, they went to *Fortleveſque* to to have their pardons entred with the great *Provoſt*, from thence altogether they went to *Beauplain*: *Cleander*, *Caliſta*, and *Berontus* bid them moſt exceedingly welcom, and after accuſtomed embracings and complements were over, the firſt diſcourſe wherewith *Cleander* entertained them, was, how he was likely to be robbed, telling it particularly unto *Liſander* in the preſence of *Caliſta*, who could not tell almoſt what countenance to hold. He ſhewed them the Kitchin door, (where (he thought) the Piſtoll was ſhot at his man: he ſhewed alſo the Garden gate, where (as he ſaid) they came in and went out; leaving all the company, either in deed, or in ſhew, wondering at the accident: finally, after ſo tedious a diſcourſe to the two Lovers, they altered the ſubject of their ſpeech, of which though there were divers opinions, yet none thought the truth. For three or four dayes while they ſtayed at *Beauplain*, *Liſander* uſed all his endeavour to ſpeak with *Caliſta*, and ſhe, all that ſhe could to avoid him, unleſſe it were in company. *Liſander* ſeeing himſelf barred of that means, had recourſe unto *Clarinda*, and unto the woman who had delivered his firſt Letter: both of them excuſed themſelves, upon *Caliſta*'s expreſſe forbidding, not alone to ſpeak for him, but alſo to deliver any Letter for him. When he ſaw all his inſtruments fail him, he reſolved again to baniſh himſelf from the preſence of his Miſtreſſe, and to goe into ſome place where he might at leaſt eaſe himſelf by complaint. *Holland*, which was then the ſeat of the warre, and is at this day the School thereof, by the valour and capacity of that brave Earl,

Earl, who hath better underſtood it, and better made it than can be ſaid, furniſhed him with a brave occaſion: The Archduke threatned to attach *Reyne Berk* with a ſiege, and the States prepared themſelves to defend it. Of the one ſide was the Marqueſſe *Spinola*, Generall of his Highneſſes Army, who by his exploits againſt *Oſtend* and *Sluſe*, had gotten immortall renown with the *Spaniards* and *Walloons*, who without bragging may be called good Souldiers, and who doe beſt obſerve the diſcipline of warre of any Nation of the World; and among all other the brave Count *Bucoy*, and our French *Terraile*. Of the other ſide was the valorous Prince *Maurice*, of whom we ſpake even now, under whoſe name alone, in one word, may be comprehended all warlike vertue, accompanied with his young brother, who doth nobly imitate him, as the moſt perfect example which he can follow; with a brave Army, but not ſo ſtrong as the enemy, compoſed for the moſt part of *French* and *Engliſh*, two of the warlikeſt nations this day, or which ever have been upon the Earth: over whom ſhined (like two great ſtars in a clear night) the dead *Bethune*, and the brave *Caſtillion*: The firſt dying with the reputation of knowing better the art of war, than any man of *France*; and the other (having had a grandfather, an uncle, a father, and a brother, who, in theſe our dayes, have filled the world with the knowledge and admiration of their valour) liveth this day in eſtimation, worthy of their memory. *Liſander* propounding theſe reaſons unto *Cleander*, the better to build lawfull excuſes of his departure, made them appear ſo juſt and honorable to him, that inſtead of diverting him, he reſolved to accompany him, and to take part in the danger, intending

tending to leave with *Calista* his brother *Berontus*, who (not thinking it honourable for him being young, and a Batchelor, to remain shut up in a house, whilst his elder brother exposed himself unto the dangers of warre) entreated to be excused. *Alcidon*, *Iidian*, and *Clarangeus* hearing also of it, would needs goe along. *Lisander* seeing so brave resolutions, promised in himself to do such deeds of arms in their company, that he would force *Calista*'s obstinacy, and make her as amorous of his valour, as he was of her beauty. *Calista* knowing that *Lisander*, not being able to endure her angry presence, did deprive her of her beloved husband, was so extremely grieved therewith, that she began much to repent that ever she had driven him to that resolution, by her rigour: And not finding a better means to break off this journey, than by his means who had propounded it, she endeavoured to fall into some speech with him before their departure were fully resolved upon, with as much earnestnesse, as formerly she had avoided his entertainment; hoping to effect so much with him, and he with *Cleander*, that this enterprise should be layd by. To that end therefore she (the very same day) willing to entertain him, came unto the window, feigning to lean there where he was standing: *Lisander* seeing her come, seeming to apprehend her comming thither to be onely to rest her self, with a great reverence forsaketh the place, and goeth to talk with *Alcidon* and *Clarangeus*. It is not to be told, whether despite or shame were greater in *Calista*: she onely said in her self, I will run no more after him, although I should lose whatsoever is deerest unto me. *Cleander* comming thereupon unto her, and seeing her alone, and sad in the window, incon-

continently judged one part of her grief, but not all: for, beſides that which was wrought in her through his going whom ſhe ſo dearly loved, ſhe ſuffered much through *Liſanders* diſdain (there being nothing whereof a proud Lady is more ſenſible, than to ſee her ſelf deſpiſed of one who had ſo entirely loved her, and ſo religiouſly adored her.) There were all the reaſons which might ſerve either for or againſt this voyage, brought and debated between them: and although *Caliſta*'s tears were more plentifull than his diſcourſe, yet they gave place unto his will, and conſented to that which they could not hinder. It was therefore determined, that during his abſence ſhe ſhould go unto *Bellair* to *Dorilas* and *Otranta*, who paſſionately deſired to ſee her; he further aſſuring her, that ſhe ſhould hardly be returned home before he were come back.

Cleander having brought his wife unto this reſolution, two days after he took leave of her, to go unto *Paris*, to accommodate him there of ſuch things as were moſt neceſſary for his voyage; again were their tears renewed at ſo pitifull a departure. *Liſander* had much adoe to contain, having his heart ſo pierced with anguiſh, that he could not utter one word. Truly *Cleander* himſelf went away leſſe ſad than he. But *Caliſta* upon a ſudden reduced into ſo great a ſolitarineſſe, and deprived of all things which were moſt dear unto her in the world, was moſt afflicted.

The Knights being come unto *Paris*, and in two days accomodated, eſpecially of good arms, they went into *Holland*, and (to make ſhort) put themſelves into *Reine Berke* a little before it was beſieged. My intention is not here to write the generall or particular actions of

of the siege, because it is not the subject of my Pen; onely I will say, that among those which got extraordinary fame of my knowledge, besides our adventurers, were *Monsieurs de Sowbisse*, *de Fleus*, *de Bowrquart*, and *de Canaillaice*: and that in one, of many brave Sallies which were made, *Alcidon* and *Clarangeus* being carried away wounded with two Musket shot, the one in the shoulder, & the other in the legge, *Berontus* taken prisoner, and *Lidion* and *Cleander* so ingaged, that they could expect nothing but death or imprisonment; they were succoured so valiantly by *Lisanders* incredible vertue, that it might be truly said their lives and liberties were preserved by him. A strange felicity of a man, and more worthy to be envied for the joy he felt, that he had so obliged her whom he loved, not only in the person of her Father and her Brother, but in her husband also; than for the glory which he received: for although he were then publickly honoured of all, and after the siege highly commended by Count *Maurice*, and admired of all the Sates; yet the occasion which Fortune lent him to serve his mistresse, and to acknowledge *Cleanders* love, was more esteemed than the honour for which he had so nobly hazzarded his life. Now as the skill of besieging places in these our days, and rather in that Country than any place in the world, is come to such perfection, that there is no town which is impregnable: *Reyn Berk* having held out three months against the attempts of the besigers, rather by the valour of the besieged, than by the strength thereof, yeelded upon composition. The States having paid *Berontus* his ransome, and *Alcidon* and *Clarangeus* being healed of their wounds, our Warriours covered with Lawrell

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returned into *France*. *Caliſta* in the mean time, having ſtaid three or four days after her husbands departure at *Beauplain*, left the houſe in the guard of a keeper, and taking an old Gentleman with her, whom *Cleander* had left to attend her, and two maids, with *Clarinda*, early in a morning entred into her Coach towards *Paris*, with purpoſe to go from thence into *Normandy* to ſee her parents. *Auſſun* is a Village whereof we have ſpoken before, which lyeth in the mid-way, not alone between *Beauplain* and *Paris*, but between *Fountain Bleau* alſo and *Paris*, and therefore well known and frequented by all thoſe eſpecially who follow the Court. *Caliſta* coming unto this town about dinner time, ſaw a Caroch ſtanding at the door of the Inne, and going into the houſe, a Lady perfectly fair, who came from *Fountain Bleau*, and was going to *Paris*. At firſt they did not know each other, but ſaluting, *Caliſta* knew that it was *Olinda* her Brothers Miſtris, and *Olinda* knew her alſo to be the fair *Caliſta*, *Lidians* Siſter. Their complements quickly gave place to the admiration which they had each of others beauty, and to the ceremonies which are uſually among women: but their dinner being over, Time, which they were to husband, called on them to depart; and being to go all one way, the more commodiouſly to entertain one the other, *Olinda* entred into *Caliſta*'s Caroch, leaving her own for the other Gentlewomen and maids. There ſhe underſtood the cauſe of her journey, how ſhe went to viſite her parents, to ſee if the contentment which ſhe hoped to receive by their ſight, might wipe away the ſorrow of her husbands abſence. *Olinda* (who knew not that they were gone into *Holland*) with the pleaſure which

which ſhe received to hear that *Lidian* and *Clarangeus* were gone together good friends, felt no leſſe ſorrow for *Lidians* abſence, than *Caliſta* ſuffered in her heart for *Cleanders* & *Liſanders*. Nevertheleſſe, as they gave not place one unto the other in affection, ſo they did not yeeld one unto the other in skill how to diſſemble it: for *Olinda* had alwaies loved *Lidian*, yet ſo diſcreetly hid it, that he himſelf could not diſcern it; and from thence proceeded the quarrel which he had with *Clarangeus*, becauſe that thinking ſhe loved the other better than ſhe did him, and *Clarangeus* thinking as much of *Lidian*, they grew jealous one of the other. Now (according to a naturall deſire of holding ſpeech of that which one loves) they almoſt ſpoke of no other thing, all their journey; and being come unto *Paris*, they parted, with aſſured promiſes of perpetuall friendſhip. *Caliſta* promiſed to be back again at *Paris* within a month, and not to depart from thence untill *Cleanders* return, which ſhe hoped would be ſhortly after, and to write to her in her abſence. Thus *Olinda* remained at *Paris*, and *Caliſta* three days after arrived at *Bellair*, who was received there with the tendreſt and deareſt affections that could be expreſſed: they demanded news of *Cleander*, and ſhe told them how *Liſander* & the other whom we have named, were gone to *Reyn Berk*, according unto the deſign which *Liſander* had propounded. God ſend them a happy return, ſaid the old man; for next unto my children, whom naturall affection maketh me prefer before all others, nothing can be ſo dear unto me as this *Liſander*, who you ſay is the author of this journey; he ſaved my life once, and gave it me the ſecond time in preſerving *Lidians* your Brother. I do not think that

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two ſuch obligations can ever be perfectly acknowledged. *Caliſta* replyed not, becauſe ſhe would not diſcover what ſhe thought; but falling into other ſpeeches, told them, how upon the way ſhe met with *Olinda*, whom ſhe no leſſe wiſhed to be her Siſter-in-law, than *Lidian* did to be her husband. *Dorilas* himſelf knowing the quality of her perſon, and her great eſtate (a conſideration which at this day, eſpecially with old men, doth extraordinarily worke) would alſo have been glad to have been her Father-in-law. A moneth after *Caliſta* came unto *Bellair*, news came of *Berontus* his taking priſoner, of *Alcidons* and *Clarangeus* being wounded, and of the extreme danger wherein *Lidian* and *Cleander* were; which had been to their utter loſſe, if *Liſanders* incomparable vertue had not freed them. This news came like an unreſiſtable blow, to imprint deep in *Caliſta's* heart, already made fixable by his former ſervices, his incomparable qualities, and matchleſſe perſon, as alſo his moſt religious affection unto her, which wrought no leſſe effect than any of the other, it being that alone for which ſhe entred into the conſideration of the one, and did preſume was the cauſe of his atchieving the reſt; yet wiſely diſſembling whatſoever was in her heart, it appeared not in her eyes; but with ſilence paſt it over, untill in the end *Dorilas* and *Otranta* breaking out, cried, O God, wilt thou never be pleaſed to bleſſe us ſo much, that we may be able to acknowledge theſe unſpeakable favours, for which we are ſo much indebted unto this Knight? ſome comfort it would be if we might but ſee him. Daughter, ſaid *Otranta* unto *Caliſta*, you ſhall not go from hence before *Cleanders* return; and if he will have you he ſhall come himſelf for you, that we

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may ſee this *Liſander*, ſo good an Angell unto us. Theſe words did wonderfully pleaſe *Caliſta*, unto whom now it was a pain to diſſemble the love which ſhe bare him; and who (conſidering the ſtrange effects of this love, the meanes by which Fortune did neceſſarily conſtrain her to acknowledge them, otherwayes tied in the ſame neceſſity unto that, which ſhe owed unto *Cleander* and unto her own honour) could have wiſhed *Liſander* leſſe accompliſhed, that ſhe might not be ſo taken in his love: Yet though ſhe found her ſelf conſumed with the ſame fire which devoured him, ſhe reſolved rather to extinguiſh it with her life, than to eaſe her ſelf by any meanes which might wound her honor. Thus having ſpent a moneth longer at *Bellair* than ſhe made account, and deſiring that *Cleander* ſhould find her at *Beauplain*, or at the leaſt at *Paris*, where ſhe had promiſed *Olinda* to be a moneth ſooner, they took leave of her with tears in their eyes: ſhe alſo (contributing hers unto their grief, which ſeized them as violently at their departure, as her comming rejoyced them) went away accompanied with the ſame ſorrow which ſhe had left. They would have ſtaid her, if the old Gentleman who came with her, had not told them that *Cleander* had a buſineſſe in Court which did require the preſence of his wife: Away then ſhe went unto *Paris*, where the Court then was, and where ſhe employed a moneth more, aſwell in ſolliciting her husbands affairs, as in viſiting her friends; amongſt whom *Olinda* was not forgotten, neither was ſhe by *Olinda*: Their friendſhip was confirmed by this converſation, ſo much the more agreable unto *Olinda*, by how much ſhe ſeemed to be with *Lidian* when ſhe was with *Caliſta*. They were lodged neer unto the Arſenall, where al-

moſt every day there was tilting, ſithence the return of the Court (for the royall tilting place was not then finiſhed.) One afternoon as they were all together, they were told that there were ſtrange Knights, who were come in the morning, and had challenged the Knights of the Court to break ſome ſtaves with ſharp points in open field, and that the King himſelf about four of the clock would be there in perſon, thinking that they were *Engliſh*, who preſerve, in this exerciſe, the antient reputation of the Knights of the round Table. The novelty hereof (for it was not uſuall to ſee any tilting but with blunt ſtaves, and moſt commonly againſt Quintan) made our Ladies go to ſee it, as alſo almoſt all the Court, ſome to have part of the danger and honour, ſome only the pleaſure. But it continued not long, for one of the brave Knights of the Court, a great favourite of the King, called *Cloridon*, running firſt againſt one of the ſtrangers, was overthrown from his horſe, and wounded not only with the ſharp ſteel, but alſo with a ſplinter of the ſtaff. And although the blow was not mortall, his Majeſty nevertheleſſe was ſo ſorrowfull, that he cauſed the tilting to ceaſe almoſt ſo ſoon as it was begun, intreating the ſtrangers to diſcover themſelves; who pulling off their Helmets to do reverence unto him, were known to be *Frenchmen*, and thoſe who about three moneths ſince went from *Beauplain* with *Cleander* and *Liſander*, who was the man that had J[illegible]ed: Theſe men comming from *Holland*, had agreed to make their entrance into *Paris* in this manner. The King glad to ſee them, more eaſily bearing that *Cloridon* ſhould be overthrown by *Frenchmen* than by ſtrangers, as he did beleeve at the firſt, joyfully embraced them, and after he had from them learned

ned ſome particularities of *Reyne Berk*, and witneſſed by the honour he did them how well he was ſatisfied with their actions, returned to the *Louvre*, leaving them amongſt the Ladies *Cleander* finding out his *Caliſta*, who ſhined among the fair ones, as the bright Moon doth among the Stars in a clear night, went unto her, being between *Olinda* and *Argire*, no leſſe joyfull for his return, than for *Liſanders* honourable atchievement; who heaped up ſo many proofs of his valour one upon another, that the laſt made the firſt forgotten. This *Argire* whom we here named, was a fair Lady, who among many ſlaves unto her beauty, had captivated *Alcidon*, who was not long before he came unto her. *Lidian* alſo and *Clarangeus* took either of them *Olinda* by the arm, who remembring the bloody quarrell which they for her ſake had had between them, was in great care to content them both with ſuch indifference, that they might have no cauſe to be jealous: and *Cleander* with *Liſander* ſaluting *Caliſta*, in kiſſing her, ſaid in her ear, Friend, make much of this Knight; for without him your brother and I had not been here now. Sir, anſwered *Caliſta*, this is not the firſt time that he hath obliged us, and that his good offices have exceeded all means of acknowledgement: But yet although he hath taken from us the power, the will at the leaſt ſhall remain with us, which is only left unto us, to pay thoſe unvaluable courteſies. Madam, replyed *Liſander*, the ſervices which I have done you, are ſmall, in reſpect of thoſe which I, together with all the world, doe owe to your merit; and I think you doe reproach me for their ſmalneſſe, when you ſpeak of their greatneſſe, and that ſo highly honouring ſuch poor actions, you would make

me bluſh out of ſhame that I have done them. Many other diſcourſes paſt between them, which I omit, deſiring rather to relate matter than words. They retired all together unto *Cleanders* houſe, where *Caliſta* prevailed with *Olinda* and *Argire* to ſtay ſupper, beſides whom, they were viſited with many other Ladies, and *Monſieurs* of the Court. After ſupper, *Liſander*, *Alcidon*, *Lidian* and *Clarangeus*, leaving *Cleander* and *Berontus* to entertain thoſe which came in, retired themſelves to the Ladies, who were apart, and entertained them with extraordinary diſcourſes, becauſe *Liſander* could not ſpeak particularly to *Caliſta* before the company, nor *Alcidon* to *Argire*, and leſſe could *Lidian* ſpeak unto *Olinda*, becauſe of *Clarangeus*, who gathered all their words, and beſides the paſſions of Love, felt alſo thoſe of jealouſie; wherefore *Olinda* ſpake to neither of them (as little as ſhe could, that ſhe might not offend) but addreſſed her ſpeech unto the brave *Liſander*, who ſpeaking but little, and that (God knows) far from his heart, ſtood as if he were there only to judge of others diſcourſes: And you brave Sir, ſaid ſhe, will you be alwayes as free as you are invincible? Can it be that ſo much valour can be altogether unaccompanyed with Love? We are all unhappy, and ought to account little of our Beauties, that we are not able to give one wound to your mind. *Liſander* and *Caliſta* had much adoe to forbear bluſhing at theſe words; And *Argire*, ſeeing that he anſwered not, ſpake unto *Olinda*: Think you, Madam, that ſeeing that greateſt courages are moſt ſubject unto this paſſion, that his can be free? For my part, I do not think him leſſe amorous than others, but I think him more diſcreet; & I believe his flame is ſo much the more vi-

violent, by how much he desireth to hide it. Truly she had reason, and failed not: but who would not have thought, that she had discovered the secret of *Calista*'s affection? who hearing her love thus discoursed by persons who knew nothing thereof, could not well tell what to judge of it. In the mean time *Lisander* calling himself from the deep silence wherein he stood, as if he were lost in it, answered both of them in this manner; Since that *Mars* himself was not able to resist love, in a time when he had not those arms which you give him, there is no great appearance that I should be able to vanquish him now, he being armed with those unavoydable arrows of your beauties. But alas, why should I say that I am vanquished? what would it avail me to complain of an evill, whereof I can hope for no remedy? What do you know, answered *Argire*? it may be, said she, you sigh secretly for one, who would be very glad that your complaints made known might oblige her to give you that remedy which you desire. All the company laughed at *Argires* answer. And *Calista*, to augment the pleasure, fearing lest her too much reservednesse might raise a suspition that she was intereſt in the discourse, followed in this manner: If I knew this proud one, who inslaveth so much glory in captivating you, and that I were perswaded my prayers would have easier accesse unto her than your merits, I would never forbear importuning of her, untill she did leave her cruelty towards you, in yeelding that recompence which your valour meriteth; and I do assure my self, here is none in this company who doth not promise as much: wherefore if you desire we should employ our selves for you, and that you do not lessen us so much,

much, as to beleeve our interceſſion is unprofitable, or that you preſume not ſo much of your ſelf to think you have no need of our help, tell us this fair ones name who hath the honour to poſſeſſe you, to the end, embracing your paſſion, we may in ſome meaſure requite (and I in particular) ſo many ineſtimable good turnes wherewith you have obliged me. *Liſander* ſeeing himſelf ſet upon on all ſides, and by *Caliſta* her ſelf, who could not better witneſſe the great confidence which ſhe had in his diſcretion, anſwered her thus: Madam, although I doe not name my Miſtreſſe unto you, it is no argument of my preſumption, neither if I doe name her, is it out of any hope of any bodies favour, but hers onely, becauſe as I am not ſo vain to preſume that I can merit her, ſo can I not beleeve, that all the prayers in the World can prevail with her beyond her duty. Now there is ſo great diſproportion between her merits and my wants, that there is nothing more contrarie to her duty than loving of me: nevertheleſſe, Madam, I value your favour ſo highly (your contentment is ſo dear unto me, and I have ſworn ſo much obedience) that although I have promiſed never to name her, yet there is no body living, unto whom I would more willingly name her than unto your ſelf, upon condition you will alſo promiſe me never to ſpeak of it, untill ſhe permits the publiſhing thereof. I had rather never know it, than be tyed to this condition, anſwered *Caliſta*: but ſeeing you will not content our curioſity this way, ſatisfie me another way; we will quit you for a Song, provided that you will ſing it to the Lute, I doe conjure you (ſaid ſhe) by her love, and in favour of all this fair company who entreat you. Now ſhe knew that *Liſander* played excellent

excellent well upon the Lute, and that having an excellent voice, did accord it with ſo much art, that there was no ſweeteneſſe in the world comparable to it, nor no heart ſo hard, that could avoid being charmed therewith; yet he would have been excuſed, though not like unto Muſitians, who will never ſing when they are entreated, nor hold their peace when they are bidden: ſeeing himſelf conjured by the thing in the world which he held moſt dear, he ſaid, Madam, you demand ſuch poor ſmall courteſies, whereas the greateſt are due, that although I am the moſt unable that can be to content you, yet had I rather erre in obedience, than excuſe my ſelf by reaſon. So receiving the Lute from *Caliſta*, he began to touch it ſo ſweetly, that all thoſe who walked in the Hall, came about him; but when he added his voice, it brought ſo great a ſilence, that the minds of all the hearers, raviſhed with this wonderfull harmony, ſeemed to be deprived of all motion in the body. Every one admired at the incomparable perfections of this Knight, every body had their eyes fixed upon the beauty of his face, and their ears chained unto the ſweetneſſe of his tongue. Now was remembred the grace which did accompany him in his ordinary converſation with his friends, and his invincible courage which drew him victorious from the danger of his enemies, and wherewith he finiſhed ſo many brave deeds of arms in his youth: He ſung verſes which he had made when he was in *Reyne Berk*, then when he being aſſailed within and without, and being to defend himſelf from love and his enemies; he who gave life unto others, could not have it for himſelf, and complaining of *Caliſta*'s cruelty under the name of *Hipolita*, ſaid:

Hipolita *fair, if in the end*
I for your ſake muſt yeeld my breath,
I never could my choice amend,
In finding out a ſweeter death.
But yet alas what cruelty
Procureth you to make me dye!
Only in loving, till this time,
To ſerve you was mine enterpriſe:
And if to love you be a vice,
Then to be lovely is a crime.

Liſanders laſt words, pronounced with the grace of his ſinging, and mingled with ſome tears, let them know, that he was truly amorous, and touched the heart, not alone of the Ladies, but alſo of the Knights, ſo deeply, that compaſſion ſprung up inſtead of envy. *Caliſta* her ſelf was moved unto ſo great pity, that ſhe repented of her intreating him to ſing. Thus all the company being raiſed into admiration, and their memories filled with this object, loſt themſelves in this pleaſure. Being now night, there came a page into the Hall, who asking to ſpeak with *Liſander*, was led unto the place where he was invironed with the Ladies: there the Page ſaid aloud unto him, Sir, there is at the door a Lady, who hearing of your ſafe arrivall home, ſendeth you a good-night by me, which ſhe had rather give you her ſelf, if you would be pleaſed to take the pains to go down into the Street. *Liſander*, as the Courteouſeſt Knight living, had not the leaſure to ask the Page what Lady it was, deſiring rather to ſee her, than to loſe time in informing himſelf, ſo much he feared to make her attend; wherefore riſing up from among the Ladies, with great reverence unto them, he followed

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the Page, leaving *Caliſta* with a new ſuſpition, that this was ſome new Miſtreſſe, who had part in that, which ſhe thought ſhe wholly poſſeſſed. In the mean time *Liſander* going out of the Hall, found four men armed at the door: two of them preſently clapped the door after him, and the other two inſtantly catching faſt hold about his middle, ſtabbed him into the body with their Poniards. *Liſander* finding himſelf wounded, and not being able to draw his ſword, held them very hard with his arms, and with his nimble ſtrength (wherein he, if any man, excelled) lifted them both up from the ground, and being upon the top of the ſtairs, he miſſing his footing, they all three fell down the ſtairs together. The two who had ſhut the Hall door, came running down the ſtairs after him, and there finding *Liſander* graſped between the other two, and wallowing altogether in his blood, thruſt him twice thorow the body, before he could draw his ſword. The noiſe which was made, as well in ſhutting the door, as in falling down the ſtairs, together with the clamours of a Page who cryed out that they murdered his Maſter, gave an alarum unto all the houſe: Some cryed out to have the ſtreet-door ſhut, others began to break open the Hall door; *Alcidon*, *Lidian*, *Clarangeus*, and *Berontus* with their ſwords in their hands, leapt out of the windows of the hall which looked into the Court, and having found the four murtherers (who endeavoured to get away, having (as they thought) diſpatched *Liſander*) there began between them a bloudy Combat: for beſides that they were valiant men, the neceſſity wherein they were, and deſpairing to ſave their lives, otherwiſe than by their ſwords, enforced them to a greater reſolution, together

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that being armed to the very throats, againſt men who had only their ſwords, they were with leſſe fear, and bare themſelves more hazardouſly than otherwiſe they would have done. Nevertheleſſe the courage and the nimbleneſſe of the others was ſo great, and the fury wherein they were through *Liſanders* death, which they did account certain, that, notwithſtanding all advantages, they came victoriouſly off. The firſt who atchieved any thing in revenge of *Liſander*, was *Lidian*, who entring with a point upon his enemy, lighted juſt between his arm and the curars, and run him clean thorow: almoſt in the ſame time, *Alcidon* having cloſed with his adverſary, and overthrown him, diſarmed his head, and without pity cut his throat.

Clarangeus and *Berontus* caſting themſelves deſperately upon thoſe two who were againſt them, got them down, and killed them with the very Poniards wherewith they had wounded (though moſt cowardly) the moſt valiant *Liſander*; who being found by *Cleander* after he had broken down the Hall door (in the plight we have ſpoken of) was carried unto a bed (having loſt his knowledge with his blood) without moving, and almoſt without breathing. There *Cleander*, who, beſides the perfect love which he bare him, was obliged for his liberty, *Alcidon* to whom he had ſpared it, being in his power to kill him, *Lidian* whoſe life he had twice ſaved, and *Clarangeus* whom he had ſerved againſt *Lidian*, began to make ſuch lamentations as are not to be expreſſed. Above all, *Olinda* and *Argire* wept as bitterly as a little before they heard him ſing ſweetly. But the fair *Caliſta* ſeeing the moſt lovely Knight, and beſt loving her of all others, carryed all bloody and pale (though lovely) as if death had

had taken that ſhape to make her in love with it, received ſo feelingly his wounds into her heart, that without complaint or tears, immoveable as a Statue, the violence of the evill taking away all ſenſe, ſhe fell down in a ſwoun, as far from ſhewing any token of life as her friend was; in which plight ſhe was carried unto another bed. The Surgeons, who in all diligence were ſent for, having ſearched *Liſanders* wounds, were not able to reſolve of his recovery, and leſſe able to ſtanch the blood, or keep him from his ſwouning; which made every body deſpair of his life? onely *Lidian* remembring himſelf of an *Operator* who had formerly cured him, ſo excellent in his skill, that he not only ſtayed the bloud with a word, but healed the moſt mortall wounds with an incredible facility, went out of the houſe in all haſte, without ſpeaking a word to any man, and ſtayed not before he was with this *Operator*: but he found him in his bed, and ſo ſick, that it was not poſſible for him to riſe, Yet Sir, ſaid he, ſend me the wounded mans doublet, and if he be not abſolutely dead when I receive it, I will aſſure you his life. *Lidian* being unable to comprehend this, and fearing to loſe time, together with his friends life, he returned with the ſame diligence wherewith he went, and brought him the ſame doublet which was taken off from *Liſander*, whom he found in the ſame eſtate wherein he left him: but being returned the ſecond time unto *Cleanders*, he found that *Liſanders* wounds were cloſed, and his bloud ſtopped, neither could the Surgeons, more than any of the company, tell the cauſe. Then did he tell them what he had done, whereat they all wondred: But the old Gentleman, whom *Cleander* had left with *Caliſta* when he went into *Holland*, told them that he had ſeen

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very like practiſed in the perſon of the Father of S. *Andrew de Vins*, a brave Gentleman of *Provence*, known by them all, who being at the ſiege of *Rochel* Squire unto *Monſieur*, afterwards *Hen.* the third, caſt himſelf before his Maſter, when he ſaw a Harquebuſh levelled and diſcharged at him, whereby he received the ſhot in his breaſt, and was healed by a man who never ſaw any thing but his doublet. Shortly after *Liſander* came unto himſelf, which *Cleander* ran preſently to tell unto *Caliſta*; who being a little before recovered, received with this new cauſe of joy for hope of *Liſanders* life, a new occaſion of affliction, out of fear that ſhe had diſcovered her love. Nevertheleſſe it was received by *Cleander*, as an honeſt and pittifull affection which ſhe truly bare unto the vertues and merits of *Liſander*, who having recovered knowledge, with ſo feeble a voice that he could hardly be heard, had yet loſt the memory of all that was paſt, neither did he know why, or whereof he was ſick. The Surgeons forbad him to ſpeak: and after they had conſidered of all things that were fit for his recovery, they bethought themſelves of the cauſe of this aſſaſination. No body could imagin from whom it ſhould proceed, for *Liſander* had no enemies, at leaſt which were diſcovered, & thoſe that had ſo wickedly wounded him, being diſarmed after they were dead, could not be known. In the end; the page whom they had at firſt ſent, was found hid behind the door, who being brought unto *Cleander*, confeſſed that this match was ſet by a Cozen of *Clorindons*, who was firſt killed by *Lidian*; he deſiring to revenge upon *Liſander* the blow which was given in the tilting, had with thoſe three others, who were all *Clorindons* ſervants or friends, ſworn *Liſanders* death.

death. *Cleander* and all the company were extremely offended, and went all the next morning at the Kings rising to complain of the attempt, and to demand justice against those whom they had killed: but *Cloridon* demanded it also with them, and witnessing more sorrow for *Lisanders* wounds, than for the others death, testified that he knew nothing of so devillish an enterprize: and the King who loved them all, desiring to make them all friends, expressed that for the love he bare *Cloridon*, he should be glad if they would content themselves with their deaths, who had worthily received it as a chastisement for their fault: wherefore all things so rested, the dead were dead, *Cloridon* and *Lisander* wounded, were afterwards made friends by the Kings command.

The End of the Third Book.

A TRAGI-COMICAL HISTORY OF theſe Times.

The Fourth Book.

THe haſte which I made to have *Liſander* cured, and the neceſſity of his evill remedied, made me forget in my laſt part how *Olinda* and *Argire*, having watched at *Cleanders* almoſt untill day, retired to their houſes, the one conducted by *Alcidon*, the other by *Lidian* and *Clarangeus*, who with the firſt flames of their love felt alſo thoſe of jealouſie. *Olinda*, who by that which had hapned, judged what might happen, fearing to be the cauſe of a ſecond miſchief, determined

termined to go no more unto *Caliſta*; who never ſtirring from *Liſander*, continually kept him company, and ſhewed the beſt countenance to him that ſhe could, feeding him with ſweet hopes, and raiſing in him an Imagination, that aſſoon as he was recovered of thoſe his bodily wounds, ſhe would alſo eaſe thoſe of his mind (which he ſaid ſhe had made.) In the mean time, *Lidian* and *Clarangeus*, not able longer to indure *Olinda*'s abſence, went both of them to her at her houſe, where ſhe intreated them, not to take it in evill part, if for ſome important reaſons which ſhe would not ſpeak, ſhe did conjure them for ſome time to deprive her of the honour which ſhe received by their company. This ſhe ſaid with great demonſtration of ſorrow, ſeeing her ſelf conſtrained to make this requeſt unto them: both of them witneſſing as much obedience unto her as love, promiſed to forbear, although this baniſhment were more cruel unto them, than any torment which her rigour could have inflicted. *Alcidon* (who made the third in this buſineſſe) remonſtrating unto them what extremities they were brought unto by their jealouſie, having made them commit a fault, a relapſe whereinto could not be but inexcuſable and mortall, intreated them to give this paſſion unto their friendſhip, or at the leaſt not to take it away, having once given it before: and if they loved *Olinda*, they ought not to conſtrain her good will by violence, nor make her odious unto all the world, as being the cauſe of dividing ſo ancient, and perfect a friendſhip as theirs was, with many other Reaſons: ſo that they promiſed not to forbear loving of her, for that was not in their power, but at the leaſt abſta[illegible] ſeeing her as they had promiſed

This promiſe was for ſome days religiouſly kept by the two friends, who would not by any means be juſtly taxed for wronging each others friendſhip, but beleeving that they ſhould either vanquiſh, or by diverſion wipe away their love and jealouſie, ſeeing every day all ſorts of objects excepting that which was moſt fixt in their imagination: But *Clarangeus* having taken a lodging neer unto *Olinda*'s, to the end he might ſee at his window, as ſhe went in and out at the door, her whom he durſt not go to ſee in the houſe, (as lovers have ſtrange phantaſies, and content themſelves with what they can get, when they cannot get what they would) made *Lidian* think this his taking of a houſe was no apt means to make him forget her. Wherefore beleeving that he was diſpenced of his promiſe, and no more to be bound to the oath which was firſt broken by his rivall, he found the means to meet *Olinda* one evening in the garden of the *Tuilleryes*, where ſhe was gon to walk, and there (with ſome tears) complaining of the torment which he ſuffered in his abſence, by the commandement which ſhe had given not to ſee her, which *Clarangeus* had diſobeyed, in taking a houſe ſo neer hers; expreſſed his love ſo lively unto her, that *Olinda* who truely loved him, and did not like that *Clarangeus* had taken a lodging ſo neer hers, believing that he had done it to obſerve her actions, ſuffered him to ſee her at certain hours, which ſhe did aſſign unto him ſo ſecretly, that it was not perceived by *Clarangeus*, although her neer neighbour. Theſe viſits were by night: *Olinda* retired her ſelf early and went late to bed; and when every one elſe was aſleep, *Lidian*, without any followers or light, was brought into her houſe, and ſpent a great part

of the night with her, although with all the honeſt reſpect which could be between honourable lovers: But the Moon, envious of *Lidians* fortune, diſcovered him to jealous *Clarangeus*, who watching like a Dragon at a window which looked into the ſtreet a little upon the one ſide from his Miſtreſſes, ſaw him come out from thence about two hours after midnight. The unfitneſſe of the time, and the aſtoniſhment to ſee him come from a place where his word and friendſhip had barred him the entrance, raiſed ſuch humours in his brain, that he could hardly contain himſelf: and to perfect the cauſe of his complaint, *Lidian* being in the ſtreet, and *Olinda* in her window, they took new leave one of the other (without thinking or remembring of their neighbour) with ſuch amorous words from *Lidian*, and ſo favourable from *Olinda*, that *Clarangeus* fell from an ague into a feaver; and *Lidian* (as if he had not had leaſure in two hours, which he was with her, to ſpeak, ſo blind are both love and lovers) intreated her to fling him down her handkerchief, that he might have the contentment to lodge with it, and to embrace it all night, in remembrance of the deareſt perſon unto him in the world. *Olinda*, who was otherways diſcreet and wiſe, ſo far yeelded unto his prayers, that as well to ſatisfie his importunity, as not to let him ſtay any longer there, caſt it unto him, thinking that he would go his way ſo ſoon as he had taken it up: But the wind, jealous of this favor, blew it upon the bars of *Clarangeus* window, who ſaw this action with a motion of ſo violent a paſſion, that impatience & rage were likely to have carried him into the ſtreet, there to decide by a laſt combate the difference and jealouſie of their love. *Olinda* and *Lidian* were

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in no leſſe pain, perceiving (although to late) their undiſcreet improvidence; yet her gentlewoman running ſpeedily with a pole, got down the handkerchief, which *Lidian* catching before it came unto the ground, and in his Miſtreſſes ſight lovingly kiſſing it, retired himſelf, leaving unto her a good night, and unto *Clarangeus* the worſt that ever he felt. The next morning they failed not to meet at the Maſſe, rather to ſee *Olinda* than for any devotion: where *Clarangeus* comming unto *Lidian*, ſaid, You cannot now deny that you have not ſeen Madam *Olinda*, both againſt her command and your promiſe. Againſt my promiſe, I do confeſſe, anſwered *Lidian*, becauſe you have made me diſpenſe with it, in firſt breaking your own; but not againſt her commandement, becauſe ſhe hath permitted me, as ſhe did formerly forbid me.

Clarangeus provoked with this anſwer, ſaid, Wherein have I broken my promiſe? I yet never did it, and do well know the means to compell others to perform what they promiſe. You need not compell (anſwered *Lidian*) thoſe who are ready to pay: and you did break your word, when having promiſed not to ſee Madam *Olinda*, you took a lodging cloſe unto hers. Well Sir, anſwered *Clarangeus*, I would not ſo lightly have departed from your friendſhip, as you have from mine; but this is the truth, herein I am your enemy. Sir, anſwered *Lidian*, I will alwayes oppoſe my ſervices unto your hatred: But I entreat you to conſider, that our promiſe is reciprocall, and hath no more force than my Ladies commandement gave it; and if you (nevertheleſſe) believe that I have ſooner broken my word than you, pardon it unto me, and think that I have no more power of my ſelf than

you have of your ſelf. The holineſſe of the place, and their friends which did accompany them, interrupting their diſcourſe, they heard Maſſe together with *Olinda* who underſtood part of their diſpute, and was no leſſe offended with *Lidians* anſwer, than with *Clarangeus* complaints; who was the more provoked at that time by *Lidians* holding of the handkerchief againſt his mouth. Their friends having ſent to ſeek for *Alcidon* and *Cleander*, and they coming, the beſt means they could find to agree them, was to entreat them that their differences might be determined by her will, who was the cauſe thereof. *Lidian* at the firſt word conſented hereunto, aſſuring himſelf of *Olinda*'s favour: but *Clarangeus*, diſtruſting his cauſe, would not refer himſelf unto the judgment of a Woman, already gained by his adverſary; yet *Alcidon* and *Cleander* uſed ſo many perſwaſions unto him, that he yeelded, if *Olinda* made choice of *Lidian* for her ſervant, *Clarangeus* ſhould leave her ſervice, and ſhould never pretend any intereſt in her love; and in like manner, if ſhe ſhould rather chooſe *Clarangeus*, *Lidian* ſhould forbear any further ſute, and never come in any place where he might hope for grace or favour from her. Commiſſion to deliver this agreement unto *Olinda*, was given unto thoſe who had made it, and their honours were ingaged to the performance of theſe conditions, declaring themſelves enemies unto the firſt breakers thereof. *Olinda* being equally offended with them both, believing alſo that ſhe had power to call back *Lidian* when ſhe pleaſed, and not thinking it fit to make choice of one, and offend the other, reſolved to be rid of them both, entreating both the one and the other to abſent themſelves, and promiſing to chooſe him for her huſ-

husband who ſhould laſt come unto her. The Oracle proceeding from this mortall Goddeſſe, ſo unexpected by thoſe who asked it, ſo aſtoniſhed *Clarangeus*, but moſt *Lidian*, that the next morning, without communicating their deſign, or taking leave of any perſon, they got to horſe, leaving the Court, and all their friends in great ſorrow.

In the mean time feeble *Liſander* by little and little recovered his ſtrength, and no leſſe by *Caliſta*'s charms than by the *Operators* skill (who only applyed his ſalves unto the doublet) leſt the pain of his wounds: the contentment which he received in her company was ſo great, that fearing to loſe that, he was unwilling to be healed; out of which reſpect, when ſhe asked of him how his wounds were, he anſwered, Better than I would, Madam, becauſe the happineſſe which I receive in your moſt dear company, doth infinitely ſurpaſſe the pain which they put me to: and I do ſo much fear the loſing of this glory when I ſhall be healed, that to preſerve it eternally, I could wiſh them incurable. *Caliſta* gently ſmiled at theſe words, and told him, that he ſhould only take care for the healing of them, and after they ſhould enjoy more pleaſure being whole, than in being ſick. But what pleaſure madam, anſwered *Liſander*, can I hope from your rigour, if you uſe me always according unto your accuſtomed manner? You complain without cauſe, replyed *Caliſta*, knowing (as you do well) unto what extremity I have been reduced to pleaſe you: but as it is ſaid, to be willing to be healed is a beginning of health; only be willing to be healed that I may ſee you once do what I deſire. With theſe ſweet words *Liſander* thought that *Caliſta* did but defer the remedy of

his love, untill the healing of his wounds did make him capable of the receiving thereof: and thus deceiving his hope with his evill, unſenſibly he was reduced to his former health. But then when *Liſander* thought to gather the fruit of this love, for which he had ſuffered ſo many rigorous abſences, travels, and wounds, and that, *Cleanders*, *Alcidon*, and *Berontus* riding after *Lidian* and *Clarangeus*, who being gone this very day (as we ſaid) put them all in fear that they were gone to fight; made him hope of a favourable occaſion to enjoy his Miſtreſſe. She entred (with *Clarinda*) into his chamber, ſpake thus unto him: Sir, ſince the time that I ſuffered you to ſee me at *Beauplain*, unknown unto my husband, I have been alwaies followed with a multitude of torments, which have never left me in peace; and I believe that God hath juſtly ſuffered them to puniſh in me the wicked deſign which you have had to diſhonour a perſon who entirely loveth you, although I have committed no other offence, but ſuffering that which I could not hinder, and that I did not give notice of an injury which you procure unto him, who ought to be more dear unto me than you are, and who ought to be more dear unto you than I am. This hath been confirmed unto me in this laſt affliction, which I have had for your wounds; in which time I made a vow to God, that if he ſhewed you ſo much mercy as to ſuffer you to eſcape, I would never draw his anger upon my head, by having any connivence with your crime: I do entreat you therefore Sir, and conjure you by that love which you ſay, and I believe you bear me, that if you will love me, you would love me honourably, and according to the love which I owe unto *Cleander*, and

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the friendſhip which he bears you; if not, I do moſt humbly entreat you to pardon me, if in paying the vow which I have made unto God, and in ſatisfying the juſt obligations which are amongſt men, I am conſtrained to entreat you to retire your ſelf, and uſe that great courage (which you make appear in every danger) to ſuffer conſtantly the loſſe of a perſon, who cannot be acquired lawfully by you.

I would fain have all thoſe who are apprehenſive of love, think with what patience *Liſander* could hear a ſpeech ſo little looked for, at the inſtant when he expected the poſſeſſing of a pleaſure, ſo long, and ſo vainly followed. Ha, Madam, anſwered he, is it poſſible that in the midſt of ſo many fair hopes, which you have made me conceive of your pity, you ſhould uſe me ſo cruelly? is this the recompence of ſo many ſervices which I have done you, of ſo many dangers whereinto I have thrown my ſelf, of ſo many wounds which I have received, and ſo many paſſions which I yet ſuffer? Had it not been better you had then ſuffered me to dye when I was ſo neer death, when I ſhould have felt no pain (it being a kind of pity to kill thoſe quickly which of neceſſity muſt dye) rather than to make me ſuffer it, with ſo much violence after ſo much ſweetneſſe, having prolonged my life to prolong my torment? Alas, it was not without cauſe I feared to be healed too ſoon, ſeeing that in recovering my health I loſe your favour; and then to feign a counterfeit vow to excuſe your ingratitude, and cover your cruelty with the cloak of Religion, will not heaven puniſh this hypocriſie? *Liſander*, ſaid *Caliſta*, I will ſpeak but one word, after which I entreat you not to hope for

any other: I take the ſame heaven to witneſſe (which you do invoke againſt me) that I grieve that I cannot love you as you love me; and do wiſh that I may be puniſhed according to your deſire, if I uſe either hypocriſie or diſſimulation: You wrongfully accuſe me of ingratitude and cruelty, ſeeing I cannot ſatisfie you, without being ungratefull unto *Cleander*; nor have pity upon you, without being cruell unto my ſelf. I have told you that I loved you, and with ſo perfect a love, that it could not be encreaſed nor leſſened ſince the firſt birth thereof; neither am I ignorant of your merits towards me, but withall I told you what hindered me from acknowledging them, and to let you ſee that you loſe the glory of your good turns by the recompence which you require: is there any appearance of juſtice or reaſon, that for having ſaved my Fathers, my Brothers, and my Husbands lives, you ſhould bind me to make them loſe their honour? Do you think, that if I ſhould forget my ſelf ſo far, I could excuſe my ſelf upon the obligations wherein I am tyed unto you, and juſtifie the injury which I ſhould do them by the ſervices which you have done unto me? Content your ſelf that I have no leſſe grief to give you this command, than you have to receive it; and the ſame paſſion which you feel, becauſe you cannot obtain that which you unlawfully deſire, I ſuffer, becauſe I cannot lawfully yeeld unto you. At this word *Caliſta*, went out of the door, leaving *Liſander* in that confuſion and perplexity which may eaſily be imagined. He went three or four times about the chamber, ſat down, and roſe, caſt himſelf upon his bed, and not finding in any place the reſt which he every where ſought for, after a thouſand diſcourſes in his i-

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magination, as little reſolved as he was at the firſt, he uſed theſe words: O ungratefull woman, and I more fool to think the earth could bear other! Well, *Caliſta*, death ſhall free me from thy cruelty (if thy tyranny doth not ſtretch after death) and ſo thou ſhalt avoid the ſight of me, but not of my Ghoſt, which, together with the Furies, revengers of my blood, ſhall alwayes hang about thy neck; yet I will not dye before I my ſelf have enjoyed the contentment of my revenge, and do ſhew thee, that I am as able to hurt thee as to oblige thee. Was there no means but a pretence of courteſie (like a gentle bit to a horſe mouth) to conſtrain me to endure this womans indignities? But ſtay thy madneſſe, *Liſander*; thou thy ſelf art both ungratefull and diſloyall, whereof thou complaineſt: baſe as thou art, thou doſt with infidelity and treacherie go about to deceive thy friend; thou doeſt alſo injure *Caliſta*, becauſe ſhe will not conſent unto thy wickedneſſe. Alas, who ſhall puniſh me for theſe crimes? and if I be not puniſhed, who ſhall ever pardon me?

Thus *Liſander*, ſometimes injuring *Caliſta*, and then crying her mercy, digeſted his Litterneſſe with ſo much anguiſh, that he thought he ſhould end his life with the day: inſomuch that *Cleander*, who in the morning left him in good diſpoſition, coming home at night with *Alcidon* and *Berontus*, without hearing news either of *Iadian* or *Clarangeus*, found him ſick in his bed: Yet he roſe early in the morning before Sun, and went unto *Cleander*, who was abed with *Caliſta*, unto whom (having given him good morrow) he ſaid, that reſting better this night, than he had done (although with terrible

rible diſquiets, out of the fear he had that *Clarangeus* and *Lidian* might fight again) he found himſelf ſo well, that he was reſolved never to reſt untill he had either found the one or the other. But my dear friend (ſaid *Cleander*) the weak eſtate wherein you are, will not permit you; Leſſe will my care ſuffer me to take reſt, anſwered *Liſander*, for if it ſhould happen ſo unfortunately that they ſhould fight again, I ſhould never injoy my life; When (replyed *Cleander*) will you come again? So ſoon as I can, anſwered *Liſander*; who having embraced him, went from him unto the ſide of the bed where *Caliſta* lay; unto whom (in ſaluting her) he ſaid aloud: Madam, I ſhould leave you with more ſorrow, if I did not know how acceptable the ſervice will be which I go about to doe unto you. *Cleander* believed that he ſpake this in reſpect of *Lidian*, but *Caliſta* better apprehending his ſpeeches, referred them to his departure: yet feigning to underſtand them in the other ſence, anſwered thus: Sir, you have tyed us in ſo many bonds, that although you bring back my Brother, hardly can we be more obliged; for debts being infinite cannot be encreaſed; and from this infiniteneſſe it followes, that not only your ſervices are agreeable, but all your other actions in reſpect of them, although they were not ſo in their own nature; but only your departure, which, in regard it doth deprive us of the contentment we receive in your company, cannot be pleaſing unto us. *Liſander* ſaid nothing unto this, but having kiſſed her, went his way ſpeaking to himſelf; O treacherous *Caliſta*, how artificially doſt thou hide thy malice, and mingleſt ſweetneſſe with cruelty! From thence he went to take leave of *Alcidon* and *Berontus*, who would

at any hand accompany him: but he remonſtrated unto them, that it was much better for them to ſeparate themſelves, the eaſier to find their friends. So going alone, he took his way towards *Burgundy*, and ſtayed not before he was come to a Siſter of his called *Ambriſia*, who had been married in that Country, and then was a young Widdow, rich, of a great ſpirit, and of an excellent beauty, who receiving her Brother as the deareſt thing in the world, could not ſo divert his melancholy, but that after he had ſtrove the ſpace of a Moneth againſt his love, he yeelded to the violence thereof, and fell from this melancholy into a ſtrange ſickneſſe, which produced the moſt admirable effects, that ever memory hath heard. In the mean time, *Cleander* having a journey to make into *Italy*, to diſpoſe of ſome poſſeſſions which he had in *Naples*, into which place for the like effect, he was accuſtomed to goe every three years, left *Bevontus* with *Caliſta*, and *Caliſta* accompanied with the heavieſt ſolitarineſſe that ever ſhe was reduced unto. And unto him there hapned this accident, ſo memorable, that I think the like is ſeldom found in any hiſtory.

He being gone a great way in *Italy*, to a place called *Aquapendent*, at which place alwayes in his journey to *Naples* he was accuſtomed to lodge: the place was inconvenient enough, and *Cleander* came ſo late, that the lodgings were all taken, and he forced to travell further, or lye in the ſtreets. He asked to ſpeak with his old Hoſt, who (ſaid he) before he would have ſuffered me to be thus unprovided, would have lyen out of his own bed for me. Anſwer was made, that his old Hoſt was dead; yet there was a Chamber where a bed (if he pleaſed)

ſed) ſhould be made for him, but of late time it had been frequented with ſpirits, for which cauſe no man durſt lye there. Let me have a bed there ſaid *Cleander*, I had rather lye there with them, than in the ſtreets with my men. A bed was then made in a chamber, which he knew to be the very ſame, wherein he was accuſtomably lodged in the life time of his old Hoſt; where having ſupped with his people, and being ready for his bed, his ſervants retired to look for ſuch lodgings as the ſtraitneſſe of the houſe would afford, leaving him with the door ſhut unto him, ſitting by the fire ſide; preſently he heard a noiſe at the door, and turning his head that way, he ſaw a man come into the chamber, of the ſame ſhape, proportion, and countenance that his dead Hoſt was, who coming unto the chair wherein *Cleander* ſate, ſtood ſtill, ſtedfaſtly looking him in the face, without doing or ſaying any thing. *Cleander*, whoſe heart was capable of any thing but fear, felt nevertheleſſe an unknown ſhivering run thorow all his veins, which curdled his blood; yet he had the heart to ſay unto him, Good even my hoſt, I was told you were dead: So I am, anſwered the ſpirit. How then come you here, anſwered *Cleander*? I come to tell you that I am killed (ſaid he) and withall to intreat you, by our ancient acquaintance, that you will cauſe me to be buried: you ſhal find my body in ſuch a pit, under a great heap of ſtons which have been caſt upon me. I do conjure you once again to give me buriall. Well mine Hoſt, anſwered *Cleander*, to morrow I will cauſe you to be buried: Will you no other thing? No, ſaid the Spirit; and giving him good night, retired, leaving *Cleander* more deſirous to ſee day than to ſleep: yet he was not further troubld all that

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night. The next morning riſing very early, he ſent for the Juſtice of the place, unto whom having recited the viſion which he ſaw, not ſleeping but waking, & before he went to bed, he led him unto the pit which the Spirit had told him of, and finding it full of ſtones, they cauſed it to be emptyed, untill they found the body which lay under them, eaſily known to be the old Hoſt. Every body was aſtoniſhed at the fact. *Cleander* left the information of the cauſe unto the Juſtice, and to acquit himſelf of his promiſe to the Hoſt, cauſed him to be buried with an honourable ſervice; wherein having ſpent all that day, he reſolved to lye that night again in the chamber. Being there alone, much about the hour that he came the night before, my Hoſt came again, and at his entrance into the chamber, he ſaid, God give you a good evening Sir. *Cleander*, who could willingly have ſpared this viſitation, anſwered him, Good even my Hoſt: have I not performed my promiſe? Yes Sir, anſwered the Spirit, I am now come to thank you, and to tell you, that if you pleaſe to command me any thing where I goe, there is nothing which I can doe for you, that I will not doe. Friend (anſwered *Cleander*) there is nothing that I have to doe in that countrey which you ſpeak of, wherefore God give you Peace, and the Reſt which you deſire. The like I wiſh unto you, ſaid the Spirit, and ſo Sir I bid you farewell. Farewell my Hoſt, ſaid *Cleander*; unto whom theſe complements began to be troubleſom: Nevertheleſſe the Spirit being at the door ready to goe away, *Cleander* called him again, and ſaid unto him, Mine Hoſt, one word with you. The Spirit returning, ſaid, What is your pleaſure, Sir? I entreat you ſaid *Cleander*, if you have any power where you goe, you would oblige

ſige me ſo farre, as to advertiſe me of my death three dayes before I die. Well, anſwered the Spirit, I will doe it if I can. Thereupon he vaniſhed, and *Cleandor* preſently after going to bed, ſlept till the morning; neither he nor any other ever after either hearing or ſeeing any thing in that Chamber.

In this time *Liſander* lying at his ſiſters houſe in *Burgundy* very ſick, fell into that weakneſſe, that he loſt all knowledge, and was given over by the Phyſitians (who were ignorant of his diſeaſe) unto the prayers of the religious. He loſt both ſpeech and ſight, and when he recovered either, it was onely to ſee fearfull illuſions, or ſpeak raving, or doe ſuch extravagant actions as never entred into the thought of man. *Ambiſia* bewailing his evill, with tears as bitter as the remedy was deſperate, and ſeeing the Phyſitians knew not what to give, nor what to doe (as one who is accuſtomed to have recourſe unto God when human helps fail) ſent for a Capuchin from a Covent which was neer, to exhort him with conſtancy to give up his life unto him who was the author thereof. At her ſending, two Capuchins came, before whom *Liſander* fell into ſo grievous a vomiting, that among other things which he vomited up at his mouth, he caſt up Pen-knives, Ink-horns, Images of wax, Bracelets of hair, Cart-nails: which were not illuſions, and feigned, but ſo reall and true, that they yet remain in the hands of the Capuchins, and are kept as perpetuall Reliques unto their Covent. Theſe good Fathers ſeeing ſo wonderfull a Prodigie, lifted up their eyes and voices to Heaven, praying God to have pity upon this Knights Soul, whoſe body they thought was ſo neer an end. One of the two, who was young, and who hid a goodly

goodly personage, and a beautifull face under this poor habit, began to pour forth so many tears, that all the standers by no lesse wondred at him, than at the unknown and strange sicknesse of *Lisander*; unto whom, seeing him a little recover his spirits, he spake in this manner: *Lisander*, my antient friend, seeing it hath pleased God to reduce you into this pitiful estate, be it either to call you to the glory of a second life, or to let you see the misery of this, pull out of your mind these deceiving thoughts of the World, before you be constrained to leave them, and lift your mind unto heaven, before you goe thither: You shall see that it is the Haven of our Navigation, the end of our Course, and the true land which hath been promised by our Father. This is a cursed one, into which we have been banished for our sins, & our bodies are the Prisons where we are detained: If it please God that it be broken by death, and that you be called from this banishment, resolve your self freely to the liberty of your soul, and unto the glorious return thereof into the holy City of the heavenly *Ierusalem*, which is the naturall Country thereof. There shall you be free from so many travels wherewith you are now enslaved, and there you shall no more remember the stormes wherewith you have been beaten; you shall only there give praise to God, that you have avoided them without shipwrack, enjoying the soveraign good in recompence of all your evils, and changing the miserable condition of man into the happinesse of Angels: Courage then *Lisander*, valiantly meet death in the face, whom you have so many times braved in the most perillous hazzards of this life: the passage from earth unto heaven is not so terrible, nor so painfull as is thought

thought; Our Lord hath himſelf plained the way, and ſo diſarmed death, that he can neither hurt nor fear thoſe who reſt aſſuredly in his goodneſſe. Implore his aid, he neither can nor will refuſe any perſon relying upon him: for, what can he refuſe unto us, having given himſelf for us? ſo much leſſening himſelf, as to be born baſely, to live poorly, to die ſhamefully, that if his divinity had not been witneſſed, not alone by men living and dead, but by Angels and by Devils, the obeying of the winds and waters, by the trembling of the earth, and darkning of the Sunne, it would be impoſſible to receive it in our belief. *Liſander* eaſed by the voiding of theſe things which he had vomited, and comforted by the remonſtrance of this good religious man, lifted up his eyes to his face, and having earneſtly beheld him a good ſpace, labouring to recover his ſpeech, and to remember where he had ſeen him; in a feeble and broken voice, ſpake unto him in this manner. Father, I have alwayes little feared Death, aſſuredly truſting in Gods mercy, wherefore my hope of one ſurpaſſing my fear of the other, I cannot be afraid of a paſſage which is common to all men; I know nothing is more naturall, that living is not more ordinary than dying: And ſo farre am I from being aſtoniſhed at it, that I confeſſe, I have deſired it with leſſe fear than impatience. That which afflicteth me, and feareth me, is to ſee things come out of my body, which never entred into it, nor cannot be framed there, and therefore cannot come naturally from me. And if any wonder can have place in my mind, next unto that, it is to ſee my ſelf known, and to hear my ſelf named in this agony by a man, whoſe face I think I have ſeen, and heard his voice in

another

an other world, and in another habit. This good man diſcovering then his head, which was almoſt hid under his Coul, and making himſelf known unto *Liſander*, with tears in his eyes in kiſſing him, ſaid, If nothing were wanting unto your health, but the removing of theſe two cauſes of aſtoniſhment, I durſt promiſe my ſelf to ſee you well; no leſſe aſtoniſhing the company with the Miracle of your healing, than it is yet with the wonder of your evill: For the things which you have vomited, although they are true, and ſeem to be truly come out of your body, ought rather to be aſcribed to the illuſions of the evill Spirit, who hath deceived our ſenſe, than unto the teſtimony of our own eyes. And it is to be believed that they are reall, ſeeing they are palpable: But it is to be beleeved alſo that he hath charmed our ſight, as the *Operator*, who laſt healed you, charmed your wounds and healed them, in applying ſalves to your Doublet. And it is likely that from this firſt charm, proceeds now this ſecond: For the Devill hath done nothing for nothing, and did not ſuccour you in that extremity, but onely to reduce you into a greater. As for your aſtoniſhment, which proceedeth from my knowing you, I think it is now wiped away: And *Clarangeus*, having been ſo perfect a friend unto *Liſander*, cannot be unknown by ſo ſtrange a change as mine, or by the violence of a ſickneſſe like yours. For the reſt, you have reaſon in ſaying you have ſeen me in another world; for this wherein I now am, is much differing from that wherein I then was. *Liſander*, who knowing *Clarangeus* (who, caſt from ſerving, and baniſhed from the preſence of *Olinda*, had confined himſelf into a Cloyſter) embracing him, with a

joy mingled with ſorrow and aſtoniſhment to ſee him in this habit, anſwered: Is it poſſible that my eyes doe not deceive me, *Clarangeus*, and that it is not one of the illuſions of my ſickneſſe? how have you left the world? As thoſe (replyed *Clarangeus*) who being beaten by ſtorms at Sea, doe ſearch for ſome ſafe Port where they may be covered from the tempeſt. O how happy are you, ſaid *Liſander*, to have that power of your ſelf! Yea, if you knew, the happineſſe, ſaid *Clarangeus*, and if after ſo many ſtormes wherewith you have been beaten, you would (with me) prove the ſweetneſſe and quietneſſe of a religious life, you would deſpiſe and mock at Honours, Loves, and other vanities, which caſt away the moſt part of men. I would to God, ſaid *Liſander*, I could doe it, but I know my ſelf ſo weak, and ſo chained to the world, that though I ſhould leave it to day, I ſhould take it again to morrow; and, as it ordinarily happens, my ſecond entrance would be much worſe than my firſt. You have reaſon, replyed *Clarangeus*, For as there is nothing worſe for health, than to paſſe from one extremity to another; ſo there is nothing more dangerous in the world, than to goe from a religious life unto an irregular one. From thence it comes, that there is nothing more evill than a Monk, who hath caſt away his frock; and that the moſt part of our errours owe their birth unto theſe *Apoſtata's*, who, as vipers, do endeavour in their birth to rend the ſides of their mother. *Ambriſta*, and many Gentlemen of the Countrey, who were come to ſee her in this ſickneſſe of her brothers, were no leſſe joyfull to ſee him ſo well recovered, than of *Clarangeus* his diſcourſe and knowledge

ledge. Unto whom *Liſander* in continuing his ſpeech ſaid, that not finding himſelf ſtrong enough to obſerve ſuch a perpetuall vow, he promiſed (at the leaſt if it pleaſed God to reſtore him to his former health) the firſt voyage he would undertake after his ſickneſſe ſhould be unto our Lady of *Mount Servat*. *Clarangeus* confirmed him in this devotion, and afterwards taking his leave, he returned with the other Religious man into the Covent.

Shortly after, were it by the prayers of thoſe good Fathers, or through *Liſanders* vow, he began to amend; but (as the proverb ſaith) ſickneſſes come on horſeback, and go away on foot, of a Snails pace. It was fifteen dayes before he could riſe out of his bed, and fifteen dayes more after he was out of his bed before he could get ſtrength: which being paſt, and having viſited his friends, but principally *Clarangeus*, and taken leave of his Siſter *Ambriſia*, he ſecretly cauſed a Jacket of gray Serge to be made, and a Cloak of Skinnes over it, and having gotten a Palmers ſtaff, in a fair Evening he began his Pilgrimage. In the mean time ſome of thoſe who had left him ſick, going unto *Paris*, not only carried news of his ſickneſſe, but of the habit which *Clarangeus* had taken; which brought forth no leſſe aſtoniſhment than ſorrow in the minds of their Friends. *Olinda* herſelf witneſſed ſome feeling of pity which ſhe had of poor *Clarangeus*, and it was encreaſed by the grief ſhe had for *Lidians* loſſe; But this was nothing in reſpect of what *Caliſta* ſuffered

for *Liſanders* ſickneſſe, ſhe being ſo much the more afflicted, by how much ſhe durſt not make it appear, although her brothers and her husbands abſence had been colour enough for her to have juſtified her grief. *Alcidon* being advertiſed of theſe accidents, which happened after the departure of his friends, determined to goe ſee them, and taking his leave of *Argire*, took his journey towards *Burgundy*: But finding *Liſander* gon, and being no leſſe glad to hear that he was well recovered, than ſorrowfull becauſe he knew not whither he was gone, he went unto the Covent, which *Clarangeus* had choſen for his abode. He came a little afer their Evening Song, and being guided unto his chamber, found that he was buſied in making a little wooden frame for a window. *Alcidon* embraced him not without ſome tears of Compaſſion, and being joyfully received by *Clarangeus*, they ſate them down, a table being between them, upon which *Clarangeus* had ſet his window frame; and then *Alcidon* began to ſay unto him, Sir, is this the trade of ſo brave a Gentleman as you are? Have you ſo much forgotten what you are in the world, that you will ruine your fortune, together with the hope of your friends? But if you have no reſpect of them, at the leaſt have conſideration what your enemies will ſay; Doe you think that they will beleeve that Devotion hath reduced you unto this Cloyſter? no truly, they will beleeve rather that it is ſome violent paſſion of love, or ſome weakneſſe of ſpirit, which hath rather by deſpair than ſound judgement

judgement tranſported you. I tell you, anſwered *Clarangeus*, that this is an excellent fine frame for a window, and the chamber will be much the better, when it ſhall be ſet up. Ha, Sir, anſwered *Alcidon*, what do you utter? leave theſe frames and windowes, are thoſe things worthy of your courage? Will you ſhut up that greatneſſe which doth attend you within this little chamber? But I tell you, anſwered *Clarangeus*, that with a little oyl of Spike it will be cleer, and the ſmell will not be amiſſe. *Alcidon* ſeeing that he anſwered ſo from the matter, in the end ſaid unto him, Sir, I ſee well that this diſcourſe doth not pleaſe you, I will follow it no further, but only to aſſure you, that it proceedeth from affection which I have long born unto you, and which I will preſerve unto you, ſo long as I ſhall remember your merits which doe oblige me. Sir, ſaid *Clarangeus*, when you ſhall ſpeak of any thing to me which is not againſt my ſalvation, I ſhall be glad to hearken unto you, and to anſwer you, as one who hath alwayes dearly eſteemed, and will eternally cheriſh the memory of your friendſhip: But I pray ſpeak no more of returning into the arms of ſo dangerous an enemy, as the world; I am exceeding happy that I have eſcaped ſo good cheap, and I ſhall alwayes bleſſe my diſgraces, which have wrought me this felicity. *Alcidon* would not further importune him, but taking leave of him, and lodging one night at *Amboiſia*'s houſe, took poſt the next day to return to the Court, where being come, he delivered unto *Caliſta* the newes of *Liſanders* health, and confirmed unto *Olinda* that which ſhe

had formerly heard of *Clarangeus* his vow, leaving them both in care to know what was becom of *Lidian* and *Liſander*.

Caliſta in this time led ſo ſolitary and retired a life, that ſhe was neither viſited, neither did ſhe viſite any body, but *Olinda* and *Argire*. And although the braveſt and greateſt in the Court ſighed for her love, and that ſhe was the ſubject of the richeſt Pennes, and of the beautifulleſt Spirits in *France*, who all together aſſailed her Chaſtity; they were nevertheleſſe but as waves againſt a rock, which break themſelves without moving it: So that ſhe was no leſſe admired for her vertue, than adored for her beauty. But, as we ſeem to have more inclination to evill than to good, *Clarinda* was not able to imitate her in this perfect example of chaſtity, which ſhe practiſed before her, as ſhe did in the favour which ſhe had lightly yeelded unto *Liſander*, then when ſhe permitted him to ſee her: Yet had ſhe contented her ſelf within the bounds of her Miſtreſſes honeſty, her example had with reaſon ſerved her, but ſhe paſſed ſo far in love to a young Gentleman named *Leon*, who often viſited *Berontus*, more for the love which he bare unto *Clarinda* than unto him, that *Caliſta* was conſtrained to open her eyes: But her misfortune was ſuch, thathaving communicated unto this Maid the honeſt love which ſhe bare unto *Liſander*, ſhe durſt not chaſtiſe her, nor reprehend her with the free liberty of a Miſtreſſe fearing nothing; doubting (that as the falſe glaſſes which repreſent all faces much

different

different from the naturall) ſhe ſhould make her own affection ſeem clean otherwayes than it was, ſhe onely gently remonſtrated unto her her fault, and not daring to ſearch the ſore unto the bottom, ſhe ſuffered it to encreaſe to that height, that it was paſt all hope of cure, and grew the Spring of all misfortunes, which we ſhall ſee in the ſequell of this Story.

The End of the Fourth Book.

A TRAGI-COMICAL HISTORY OF theſe Times.

The Fifth Book.

IN the Book going before we have left *Liſander* going towards our Lady of Mount *Serrat*, who (becauſe he would not be drawn to ſtay in towns, thorow which he might paſſe, nor at ſtrange ſights which he might ſee) travelled forty days after his departure, over thoſe high mountaines, which ſerve as an everlaſting barre between two of the greateſt Kingdoms in the world; and entring by the countrey of

of *Roſilion* into *Catalonia*, he came in the end to the holy Monaſtery of the bleſſed Virgin. After he had paid his vowes, confeſſed his ſinnes with teares, and prayed with fervency, as he roſe up from before the great Altar where he had kneeled, beholding the beauty of the Temple, and the rich tapeſtry wherewith it was adorned; he ſaw three or four men apparelled like Slaves, ſtanding under a Lamp of ſilver, which was lighted before the holy Image: and one of them who by his ſhape, faſhion and action ſeemed to be Maſter of the other, although he was no better cloathed than they, asked the Sexton why this ſilver Lamp was placed before the other of gold, which was much richer and bigger than the other? who anſwered unto him in this manner; That Lamp of ſilver which you ſee there, was heretofore vowed by the King of *France*, and that which is after it, was given by our King: and as well becauſe it is gold, and ſo to be preferred before the other (being ſilver, leſſe alſo in quantity and quality) as becauſe it ſeemed unjuſt that any other whatſoever ſhould precede our great King in his Kingdom, he preceding all others in extenſion of Empire; we have divers times endeavoured to place that of *Spain* before that of *France*, and as often loſt our time as we did endeavour it, becauſe in the next morning we found them again in their firſt order; ſo that we have been conſtrained to let them alone, after we had in vain a thouſand times changed them. Your King (ſaid the Slave then) ought hereby to know, that there is a ſuperiour power which will not ſuffer him to diſpute the right of elderſhip with the King of *France*, neither did he ever diſpute it but to his

loſſe

loſſe, nor ever ſhall but to his confuſion. Preſently did *Liſander* by his geſture and ſpeech know this ſlave; yet the ſtrange habit wherein he was cloathed, and great diſtance from the place where he had left him, contradicted his judgment, and made him doubt of what he ſaw. But the ſlave beholding him, and being in the like perplexity and doubt, could not imagin that this Pilgrim was the ſame *Liſander*, who four or five months before had left him in *Paris*; wherefore to clear his doubt, he came unto him, and then knew him plainly both in face and voice.

Liſander ſeeing it was his friend *Cleander*, running to embrace him, with tears of joy, asked him by what good or evill fortune he was met in a place ſo remote from his own, and in a habit ſo differing from his condition. *Cleander* no leſſe raviſhed with the ſame aſtoniſhment and joy, asked him the like queſtion. The admiration of this meeting ceaſing, they entred into greater, when they told unto one another the accidents which happened unto them. *Liſander* told him how he had been ſick, and of thoſe ſtrange things which prodigiouſly he had vomited at his mouth, and how having been viſited by the Capuchins when all hope of life was loſt, he was known by *Clarangeus*, now entred into a religious Order, whoſe converſation, together with his own extreme ſickneſſe, had cauſed him to make that vow which he had there to pay, never once thinking of ſo happy an encounter. *Cleander*, more wondring than before at his friends relation, in exchange, told him the diſcourſe of his own journey, and the viſion of his Hoſt; and proceeding in telling what you

have

have heard, he alſo ſaid, how being returned from *Naples* to *Rome*, and from thence to *Lygorn*, the convenience of a ſmall Galley which was bound for *Marcels*, and the deſire which he had to haſten his return into *France*, made him unbarque himſelf: but being upon the coaſt of *Genoa*, they were encountred by a Pirate of *Argier*, named *Marrabut*, who having quickly taken them (being altogether without arms, and ſo without any means of reſiſtance) was carrying them into *Africk*, when a ſtorm, favourable unto all us Captives, caſt him in the Gulf of *Barcelon*, where being retaken by a Galley of *Malta*, which a Spaniſh Knight commanded, they were ſet a liberty; and ſeeing himſelf ſo neer unto our Lady of Mount *Serrat*, he had come thither to give thanks unto God for his deliverance.

That day, and the night following they ate and reſted together, they and their people, (for the other Slaves with *Cleander* were his Servants, and *Liſander* had a Gentleman and two Lackeyes with him:) *Cleander* enquiring if he had learnt any news of *Lidian*. I did perſwade my ſelf (anſwered *Liſander*) that I ſhould have learnt ſomething of him from *Clarangeus*, but he told me, that he had neither ſeen him nor heard of him ſince the time they departed from *Olinda*. I much fear, ſaid *Cleander*, that the ſame deſpair which wrought upon *Clarangeus*, hath alſo brought him to the like extremity. With this talk, ſleep, aſſiſted with wearineſſe, took faſt hold of them, untill it was fair day next morning, which was a great feaſt unto our Lady: upon which occaſion a number of Pilgrims were come unto the Covent, when word was brought them

them, that they ſhould riſe if they would hear a Hermit of the Mountain preach; unto whom (in regard of the great fruit of his eloquence) it was permitted, being otherways againſt the rule which forbid them, the better to follow their contemplative life. This news made them riſe, and go to the Church, where the Sermon was already begun, and ſo great a number of Pilgrims, that they could not come neer the Pulpit. At the firſt they perceived this Hermits eloquence to be accompanied with great youth, and excellent beauty, whereby he no leſſe delighted his auditors eyes with his ſight, than he charmed their ears with his words: He had ſuch action in his ſpeech, and ſuch grace in his action, that he raiſed attention, with no leſſe admiration than ſilence; and although he ſpake Spaniſh, he was ſo neat in his diſcourſe, ſaying nothing which could well be omitted, nor omitting any thing which ought to be ſpoken: his words were neither curious nor affected, but did properly ſignifie the things which he would expreſſe, and were received by long uſe and cuſtome; a rule which who ſo follows cannot fail. He ſpake not alone from his lips, but from his heart: neither did he always obſerve one ſound in his voice, but did vary it according to the diverſity of the ſubject; alwayes grave and deliberate, full of ſentences, without ſtaying upon after-repetitions for the ſpending of his hour; ſometimes more earneſt, ſometimes more gentle, but never idely wandring from his matter. And as his words were not affected, ſo his countenance was not compoſed but naturall and without art, His diſcourſe was free, but orderly: in brief, ſo excellent, that our Pilgrims, who

who were born and nouriſhed in the pure *French* ayr, did wonder that *Spain* could bring forth ſo excellent a ſpirit: but at the end of his Sermon, having diſcovered his head, and *Liſander* conſidering him more nearly, judged by many circumſtances, but principally by the ayr of his countenance, that he had nothing in him of *Spaniſh* but his tongue; and leaning unto *Cleander*, ſaid unto him in his ear, What think you of this Hermit? is he not an able man? So good, anſwered *Cleander*, that if he did appear to me but little leſſe, I would ſay I knew him: but fearing to witneſſe my being deceived, I dare not ſpeak what I think. Think you what you will, anſwered *Liſander*; but if I did beleeve that *Lidian* were learned, and ſpake ſo good *Spaniſh*, all the world ſhould not perſwade me, that he were any other. For *Spaniſh*, anſwered *Cleander*, he ſpeaks it as naturally as *French*, and ſo he doth *Latine* and *Italian*: But for the doctrine, although he be not ſo ignorant as the moſt part of our *French* Gentlemen, who (out of an unexcuſable ſottiſhneſſe) doe take it as a glory to be ignorant of learning; yet I doe not think him capable of treating of this point, whereof this Hermit hath ſo happily acquitted himſelf. Whilſt they thus diſcourſed, *Lidian* (being the ſame Hermit of whom they ſpake) whom deſpair (whereinto his Miſtreſſe had driven him as well as *Clarangeus*) had brought into this Mountain, comming out of his Pulpit, went into a little Chappell, and kneeled before the Altar: whither *Cleander*, together with *Liſander*, and their ſervants following, the better to clear the ſuſpition which they had that he was his brother-in-law, after the Hermit had finiſhed

ſhed his praying, ſaid unto him, Father, we are here three or four *French* Slaves, who within ſmall time have been taken captives by the *Turks*, and have been delivered, yet have loſt all that we have; I do therefore pray, if you preach again this day or to morrow, to do us the favour to recommend our poverty unto the charitable alms of your well diſpoſed audience. *Lidian* looking ſtedfaſtly upon him who thus ſpake, and ſeeing *Cleander* cloathed in thoſe rags, which were no other than a red Waſtcoat of poor Cotton, a pair of Breeches of coarſe cloath, and a blew Cap which he had in his hand, not being able to imagin that it was his brother-in-law, who was reduced to this fortune, asked him with a troubled countenance, and an unaſſured voice, in what part of *France* he was born, how he was taken, and whither he was going when this misfortune happened? We are born in the Iſle of *France* (anſwered *Cleander*) at leaſt I am, and thoſe whom you may ſee in this habit, for this Pilgrim, and thoſe who accompany him, they are of another part: we were taken coming from *Italy*, whither we went in queſt of a Knight whom the cruelty of a Lady hath baniſhed out of *France*. While he was thus ſpeaking, both he and *Liſander* had always their eys fixed upon *Lidian*, who with an unconſtant countenance often changing colour, confeſſing what he could not deny, in embracing him, ſaid, Oh brother you have found him, for how can I hide my name from you, from whom I could never hide my heart? It is not poſſible to deſcribe the firſt motions of this meeting; yet after long embracing in ſilence, *Cleander* ſaid, Brother, embrace this

This Pilgrim, who is alſo of the Countrey, and will tell you newes which will be no leſſe welcome unto you than my comming. The joy wonderfully encreaſed by *Lidians* knowledge of *Liſander*, who in few words told him, how his almoſt mortall ſickneſſe had wrought in him this heavenly vow. In which ſickneſſe he had been viſited by *Clarangeus*, who had changed the worldly pomp, and his vain pretences to *Olinda*'s love, into a Capuchins habit; which brought ſo great admiration into *Lidians* mind, that he did not know whether he ſhould think them dreams or truthes. For who would have thought young men ſo ingaged in love, that they thereby had ruined the foundations of an antient friendſhip, and had been carried unto ſuch dangerous extremities, through ſuch ſmall occaſions, ſhould in one and the ſame time chooſe for their retraict, the one the Cloiſter of ſo auſtere a profeſſion as the Capuchins, and the other the Cells of ſo retired an Hermitage? Who alſo could have beleeved, that two friends, whom the *Alpes* and *Pyrenean* Mountains had divided by wayes and deſignes ſo diſtant, and contrary one unto the other, ſhould meet in one time, in a place ſo remote from their affairs, and in habits ſo differing from their conditions? But to return unto our diſguiſed Knights, who ſeeing the other Pilgrims aſſemble about them, as curious to know how theſe extraordinary embracings would end, retired themſelves into the Covent, where dining together, after many diſcourſes, they reſolved to leave the Hermitage, and Mount *Serrat*, and the next morning to take their way towards *France*. After dinner *Lidian* made another Sermon, at the end whereof (praying God to bleſſe the aſſembly, and

and graciously to accept of those vows which were paid in the Temple) he took leave first of the holy Virgin, of the religious order, and of the holy Mountains, where he had led a life so solitary and so sweet; delivering his last farewell in such pitifull words, and with demonstrations of so tender an affection, that they pierced the very Rocks, and the walls of this devout house. The next morning, together with their people, all three of them began their journey: and because *Lisander* could not leave his pilgrims habit, without breaking his vow, *Cleander* and *Lidian* also determined to wear theirs untill they were come home; so one under the habit of an Hermit, and the other of a Slave, accompanied our Pilgrim, with as much contentment in their return, as they had sorrow at their going out. They entred *France* by *Languedock*, and by easie journeys they came in a month into *Burgundy*. *Ambrisia* was then at *Paris* with *Calista*, who loved her both for her own merit, and her brothers sake, although she knew nothing of their affections. But *Clarangeus* was in the same Covent where *Lisander* left him, who together with his companions going one afternoon to see him, they found him walking alone in a garden. Now it was not hard for him to know *Lisander*, because he knew the vow which he had made in his sickness; but when he saw him accompanied with an Hermit and a Slave, he knew not what to think of either, but saluted both without knowing of them. Afterwards turning himself unto *Lisander*, I think, said he, in a low voice, that instead of amendment in your Pilgrimage, you debauch others,

and have reduced this young Hermit from the ſolitary life of Mount *Serrat*, to intangle himſelf again with the world. It is true, anſwered *Liſander*, but it is upon ſo good occaſion, that there is more merit in the action, than offence. What merit, replied *Clarangeus*, can you find in cauſing him to break his vow made unto God; and yeeld himſelf to the ſervice of his enemies? Vow he made none, anſwered *Liſander*, and ſo broken none; for he hath not taken this habit, but to leave it when the evill influence of a ſtar (the only cauſe why he took it) is paſſed over. And of merit it cannot be ſaid that I have leſſe than is acquired by reconciling of two perſons who were alwaies one, and lately upon a light occaſion divided.

You have reaſon (anſwered *Clarangeus*, not imagining of whom he ſpake) for charity is recommended unto us above all vertues, and without it all other are unprofitable; For this cauſe are we commanded to leave our Offering at the foot of the Altar, and reconcile our ſelves unto our brother, and then return unto our Offering void of all paſſion. I am well aſſured, anſwered *Liſander*, that you know this better than I doe; but diſpute with this man, whom you will not find ignorant, and I think, it is with a religious man of this houſe, with whom he deſireth to be reconciled. This word coming neer unto *Clarangeus*, made him remember the difference he formerly had with *Lidian*, and in the inſtant earneſtly beholding him, he cryed out: O God how marvellous are thy works! *Lidian* approching unto him, they embraced, nor without ſorrow for their paſt follies, yet mingled with ſuch

ſuch joy, that it brought ſhew of tears into their eys. Sir, ſaid *Lidian*, by that love which you bear unto the religion which now you have undertaken, I do entreat you to pardon thoſe diſpleaſures which I have done you, and believe, that the ſorrow which I apprehend doth far exceed the puniſhment due unto the fault. It is I, ſaid *Clarangeus*, who doe cry you mercy for the grief which I have fooliſhly raiſed unto you, and if I have received any from you, I am ſo much the more obliged unto you, as unto the cauſe of this celeſtiall happineſſe which I enjoy in thls Cloiſter, and it maketh me hope for the glorious life which is in heaven. Enjoy therefore (O *Lidian*) your love without fear ever to be troubled by *Clarangeus*, and ſuffer me to poſſeſſe the contentment which I have in my ſoul, by having none in this world. But this is not all (ſaid *Liſander*) you muſt needs go with us, not to ſtay, ſeeing you will not, but to help us convert a Mooriſh Slave, whom we have in our company, who would willingly be of our religion. *Clarangeus*, who at the firſt thought that he mocked him, was about to tell him, that he had profited little either by his ſickneſſe or Pilgrimage, when intentively beholding *Cleander*, upon whom (ſo buſie was he in embracing *Lidian*) he had not yet ſo much as caſt a look, and leſſe imagined that he was there preſent, he fell from his firſt admiration into amazement. It were a new ſtory to relate the words, the imbracings and entertainments which paſſed between them; wherefore I will omit them, and only ſay, that after the firſt motions of this ſudden joy were over, it was agreed that *Clarange-*

us ſhould aske licence of his ſuperiours to go ſtay ſome time in the houſe of the Capuchins at *Paris*, and that they would ſtay for him at *Dijon*, from thence to go all together to *Paris*. Departing in this reſolution, that very night *Clarangeus* demanded and obtained of the Fathers, leave to go to *Paris* in the company of another of the Order, whom they gave to him for a companion: and having received their benediction, he went the next morning to his friends, who waited for his coming. Thus went theſe four together, whilſt *Caliſta* in the mean time afflicted with an extreme ſorrow, which dayly increaſed in her, through *Cleanders* not returning, and by *Clarinda*'s evill deportments, which by *Caliſta*'s gentleneſſe were now grown inſufferable; neither was *Liſanders* and *Lidians* abſence a ſmall cauſe.

In this adverſity, beſides the ordinary viſiting of *Olinda* and *Argive*, ſhe was ſeldom without the company of *Ambriſia* and *Otranta* her Mother; whoſe preſence would have diverted much of her evill, if it had been curable by Company: yet ſhe ſet a merrier countenance upon it, than the ſadneſſe of her mind would well ſuffer. But diſloyall *Clarinda* being come to ſuch a degree of impudency, that ſhe made no ſcruple to admit *Leon* into her chamber after her Miſtreſſe was in bed, ſo far wounded *Caliſta*'s patience, that breaking into a moſt juſt choler, ſhe diſcharged her, giving her but three days warning, either to retire to her friends, or otherwayes to provide for her ſelf. *Clarinda* growing deſperate at this putting away, knowing that together with her Miſtreſſe ſhe loſt her friend, beſides the diſcre-

credit which it would be, to be turned away upon ſuch an occaſion, which ſhe did believe *Caliſta* would never conceal, determined to prevent her in accuſing her Miſtreſſe for her own fault; like as falling into one depth haſteneth unto another, ſo ſhe endeavoured to cloak her ſin with a crime, and to weave the baſeſt and treacherouſeſt infidelity, that ever came within the compaſſe of any wicked womans heart.

In this thought weeping, *Berontus* coming unto her, whileſt *Caliſta* entertained *Otranta* and *Ambriſia*, who knew nothing of *Clarinda*'s act, asked her the cauſe of her tears; and finding that they proceeded from her turning away, more curious to know the cauſe thereof, than of her tears, ſaid unto her, *Clarinda*, my ſiſter is moved to this extremity by ſome great cauſe; I pray thee tell it me, and I promiſe I will either reconcile thee again unto her (if I can) or if I cannot, I will otherways work you ſo good conditions, that you ſhall not ſorrow for your departure from her, and this I promiſe upon my honour; alſo if it be for a cauſe not fit to be ſpoken, I ſwear never to utter it to any. Sir, (anſwered *Clarinda*, who knew that *Berontus* envied *Liſanders* vertue) under the aſſurance of your promiſe, and to diſcharge my conſcience of the treaſon which I have been conſtrained to uſe againſt my Lord *Cleander*, in ſerving my Lady *Caliſta*, I will tell you that, which to my great grief I have concealed untill this time: After that my Lady had heard *Liſanders* plaints which he made for her in the woods of *Beauplain* (where I think you then were) ſhe ſo far imprinted his love in her mind, that her heart

never took reſt, nor I ever ſaw good time about her. From thence proceeded the Alarum which one night you had at *Beauplain*, occaſioned by *Liſander*, whom my Lady had brought into her Chamber unknown unto any body, whatſoever I could ſay to divert her, and with ſo ſmall diſcretion, that he was very likely to be ſurprized by my Lord. Then mingling this truth for the greater credit of her lies, ſhe told him at large what you have heard of *Liſander*, when he ſaved himſelf out of *Caliſta*'s chamber: and continuing her diſcourſe, ſhe added that from thence proceeded her Ladies ſadneſſe, and affliction, wherwith ſhe was ſo continually overwhelmed, unceſſantly bewailing *Liſanders* abſence, under the colour of her brothers and husbands. Finally, ſhe told him, that from thence proceeded her diſgrace, becauſe ſhe could not applaud nor approve an action ſo contrary unto her honour, and ſo deteſted by God and man: adding ſo many tears and oathes unto her words, that *Berontus* (who knew the ſubject was both amiable and worthy) was drawn to a belief, at the leaſt of part, and wondred that *Liſander* was the theef who would have ſtoln away his brothers honor; yet reſpecting his ſiſter-in-law, and withall deſperately of late loving *Ambriſia*, by conſequence was obliged to do nothing raſhly againſt *Liſander*, but only deſired to cleer ſo dangerous a ſuſpicion, and never to ſpeak of it but when he could verifie it. He judged that theſe lovers would never ſtay in ſo fair a beginning, if *Liſander* were once returned, and that by *Clarindas* means it would be eaſy to ſurpriſe them; or if *Liſander* did never return, he reſolved to take it

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up in silence, and never trouble his brothers mind or house with discovering an evill, which could never be helped: wherefore he forbad *Clarinda* to speak any word, or to make any shew that she had spoken of it, promising that he would worke her into her Ladies favour and service, upon condition that she would adverrise him of her actions, and chiefly of *Lisanders* comming. Instantly going to *Calista*, and taking her apart, said so much of *Clarinda*'s fidelity, of the affection she bare unto her service, and of her sorrow to leave her (concealing what had past between them) that *Calista*'s easie and pitifull nature, overcome by his prayers, and deceived by them both, *Clarinda* was again received into favour, at least into service, and *Calista* nourished an enemy in her house, who lightened forth strange and miserable effects in small time after.

But at that time *Argire* willing to acknowledge her *Alcidons* faithfull affections, determined to affiance her self unto him the presence of *Otranta*, *Calista*, *Ambrisia*, and *Olinda*, who were all entreated by her, and onely *Berontus* and *Leon* by *Alcidon*, the solemnity being deferred untill the return of their friends. Thus being all together after dinner with *Argire*, who, as we have said, seldom went from *Calista*'s house, a Page came in and told them, that a man was at the door who desired to deliver them some news of *Cleander*. *Calista*, who most of all desired to know them, cryed, I pray thee let him come in: and not having patience enough to stay his entrance, was rising up to goe meet him, but was prevented; for there entred in a straight young man, with a brown hair, and sparkling eyes, a

ſweet and ſpritely look, his face being no leſſe excellently compoſed than was his body: His gate, his motion, and his Pilgrims habit made him known unto *Ambriſia* for her brother, ſooner than unto any other, becauſe ſhe had ſeen him put on this habit, and onely of all the Company knew the ſecret of his voyage; wherefore ſuddenly riſing up, ſhe caſt her ſelf with her armes about his neck, before *Caliſta* had leiſure to behold him, ſaying onely, Brother, Brother, is it you? *Caliſta* hearing this name, and beholding this face, which was ſo lively imprinted in her mind, was ready to ſnatch him out of his Siſters arms, to receive the kiſſes which with an envious eye ſhe ſaw gathered from his lips. But ſhe diſcreetly retained her ſelf, ſeeing the aſſembly, of all whom he was known, unleſſe it were of *Otrania*, who hearing that this was *Liſander*, unto whom ſhe was ſo much obliged, and whom ſhe had ſo earneſtly deſired to ſee, received him with no leſſe joy than if he had been her onely ſon *Lidian*. *Argire*, *Olinda*, *Alcidon* and *Berontus* for *Ambriſia*'s ſake, entertained him with no leſſe joy for his happy return, ſo much deſired of all, but onely of *Leon* and *Clarinda*, who feared, in regard of their fooliſh words which they had ſpoken. All this contentment might in ſome meaſure be expreſt, but *Caliſta*'s can onely be apprehended by thought, who having with great impatience ſuffered all the company to ſalute him, in the end, ſaid unto him; Sir, is it you who was ſaid to bring newes from *Cleander*? Yea, Madam, anſwered he, for going (upon my recovery out of a ſickneſſe, whereof it may be my Siſter hath told you) in this habit to our La-

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dy of Mount *Serrat*, I met with a Slave, who told me, he had met him at *Rome* comming from *Naples*; and that he had followed him to *Ligorn*, where being embarked both for *Marcels*, they were taken upon the Coast of *Genoa* by a Pyrate of *Argier*, who in his carrying them unto *Africk*, was by a storm driven into the Gulf of *Barcelon*, and there taken by a Galley of *Malta*, who set all the Slaves at liberty. This man is come along in my company all my journey, and can tell you more particulars, if you please to see him. O God, said *Calista*, where is he? Here hard by (answered *Lisander*) and I doe assure my self, that his sight will bring you contentment. The Slave then appearing at the door in his Wast-coat of red Fryse, his Breeches of course Canvas, and his blew Cap; *Calista* would have demanded news of *Cleander*, but finding that it was he himself, she for Joy (for his unexpected, but most welcom comming) fell almost in a swoun in his arms. Being thus busied in knowing *Cleander*, and entertaining of *Lisander*, *Clarangeus* entred into the room, who was presently known by *Alcidon* and *Ambrista*, who had seen him in that habit before, and went before all the other to salute him: *Otinda* was not long after before she knew him, and witnessed by the change of her colour, the trouble which his presence brought her. *Calista* being hardly come out of her husbands arms to suffer others to salute him, and going to salute *Clarangeus*, whom she had but now seen, she turned her self unto *Otrant*, who was talking with *Lisander*, and said unto her, Madam, here wants none now but my Brother to satisfie our desire. You ought, Sir, said

ſaid ſhe unto *Liſander*, to have brought him back alſo, aſwell as the other. Madam, ſaid he, it is true that we have found him preaching at our Ladies of Mount *Serrat* in the habit of a Hermit, and have uſed our beſt endeavours to bring him with us; but he told us, that he would never come back but by her command who baniſhed him: and having heard her ſay that ſhe would witneſſe moſt affection unto him, that ſhould be moſt obedient unto her, of *Clarangeus* or himſelf; he was reſolved not to be the leaſt obedient. Madam, ſaid *Clarangeus* then unto *Olinda* (who attentively hearkned unto this diſcourſe) it doth now wholly depend on you to give contentment unto this fair company, and to ſatisfie what you owe unto *Lidians* love and your own promiſe, in calling him back again: You know you promiſed to receive into your favour him of us two, who ſhould come laſt unto you; I am upon this occaſion come firſt, that you may not have any pretence to break your word with him. I beleeve the time hath been, when you did think I would never have ſummoned you to this promiſe, in favour of any other: But thoſe things are the bleſſings which God beſtoweth upon them who doe ſeek him. It is certain, Madam, that nothing but he hath made me reſolve, nothing but he hath ſweetned the ſorrow I had for your loſſe, and as I left the world becauſe I could not find any thing which might incite my ſtay after this loſſe, ſo having ſequeſtred my ſelf from it, I have found that reſt and contentment, which I could never finde before: Live therefore happily with him, ſince that you deſire it;

and

and beleeve, that he cannot be ſo obliged to your favours due unto his affection, as I am unto your cruelty, by which you have procured unto me this happy eſtate of life. *Olinda* not knowing what to anſwer unto this ſpeech, and more deſiring *Lidians* return than they did, who perſwaded her; *Caliſta* ſpake in this manner unto *Olinda*, Why dear heart wilt thou confine my brother in thoſe deſerts? wilt thou deprive me of ſo dear company? hath he committed any offence worthy of this uſage? And ſhall I (ſaid *Otranta*) having but one Sonne, loſe him for your diſdain? I pray thee ſweeteſt fair, be contented that you have made this Knight become a Capuchin; and accept of the acknowledgment of the power of your beauty, without *Lidians* becoming a Hermit Alas Madam, anſwered *Olinda*, my greateſt ſorrow is, that he is not here now, that I might witneſſe before this company, how much I honour him: but I doubt not, but the occaſion which made me ſeparate my ſelf from him, is remembred by you all and will ſerve to excuſe me. It is ſufficient, anſwered *Liſander*, ſeeing *Olinda* conſenteth to his return; and if ſhe pleaſe to permit me, I will go ſeek, and undertake to bring him back in leſſe time than any one can go thither. At theſe words *Lidian* making the laſt in the dance entred, eaſing *Liſander* of the pain of ſeeking him, and *Olinda* of the ſhame to ſuffer him. Who can tell you the aſtoniſhment and joy of the company? eſpecially *Caliſta*'s and *Otranta*'s, which exceeded all expreſſing. He was a long time in the arms

arms of theſe two laſt, not being able to break from them: afterwards he kneeled before *Olinda*, ſaying, Pardon me, Madam (although I have not offended) if not for the penance which I have ſuffered, yet for the reverence of this habit, which I here lay at her feet who made me take it. I know not whether he blaſphemed in ſaying ſo, or no; but *Clarangeus* was offended with hearing, and *Olinda* with underſtanding: yet all things being permitted to the amorous, this word was given to *Lidians* paſſion, who was not accuſtomed to preach unto others what he practiſed: ſo indulgent are we in our own faults, and ſevere in others. *Olinda* anſwered, that he ſhould not excuſe faults imagined, not done, with ſuch low humility, nor make her bluſh with his ſubmiſſion, which was the greateſt fault whereof ſhe could accuſe him. And at theſe words *Liſander* enterpoſing, and particularly entertaining *Olinda*, told her ſo much of *Lidians* love and fidelity, made now ſo clear by ſo ſtrong and manifeſt a proof, that firſt *Clarangens*, and after all the company joyning to *Liſanders* prayers, who interceded for *Lidian*, the fair *Olinda* promiſed mariage: and the ſame prieſt who had betroathed *Argire* to *Alcidon*, did alſo the like for *Olinda* and *Lidian* the ſame day, and in the ſame place; ſo that *Lidians* being made ſure, was known before his coming home: The contentment of all the company is eaſier imagined than expreſſed. Preſently was it known through the Town that *Cleander*, *Lidian* and *Liſander* were returned (for they were men of that eminent quality, that their preſence was no more to be concealed than the light of the Sun) with the

the religious man *Clarangeus*, who that night retiring himself into his Covent, left *Lidian* in company with *Olinda*, *Alcidon* with *Argire*, *Berontus* with *Ambrisia*, *Cleander* with his mother-in-law *Otranta*, and the valiant *Lisander* with the incomparable *Calista*.

The End of the Fifth Book.

A TRAGI-COMICAL HISTORY OF theſe Times.

The Sixth Book.

WE left our lovers joyfully met to all their great contentments; where long they could not enjoy their miſtreſſes preſence: for Fortune, an irreconcileable enemy, and a continuall torment unto vertue, would never have believed that they had ſufficiently ſuffered, if they had continued in this contentment. The day of their arrivall being expired, and every one of them being retired with the pleaſure of ſo favourable a ſucceſſe, they roſe the next morning to go to Maſſe, about

about eleven of the clock: *Cleander* led his Mother-in-law, *Liſander* led *Caliſta*, *Berontus Ambriſia*, the two contracted either of them their betroathed, and *Leon* led *Clarinda*; who ſeeing her ſelf ſupported by *Berontus* (although he were ignorant of her wicked life) and placed again with her Miſtreſſe, abuſed her patience, and beleeved that in marying *Leon*, which ſhe hoped to doe, ſhe ſhould not need to care for her. The Maſſe was almoſt finiſhed, when a Gentlewoman comming behind *Liſander* gently pulled him by the cloak, and ſeeing him turn towards her, ſhe intreated him to pleaſe to hear a word which ſhe had to ſpeak in private. Ieſus, Gentlewoman (ſaid *Liſander*) command me what you pleaſe, and, where you pleaſe. In this little Chappell upon the right hand, replied ſhe, where I will attend you. Saying this ſhe departed, and *Liſander* letting her go a little way before, went into the Chappell by another way, becauſe he would not be obſerved; diſcourſing with himſelf as he went, what buſineſſe the Lady might have with him, hoped of ſome good fortune. Being come into the Chappel where they were all alone (but for a Lacquey who waited upon the Gentlewoman) ſhe gave him a love letter, which ſhe entreated him to read and anſwer. *Liſander* opens it, and finds it ſaid thus.

Cloridons Letter to *Liſander*.

THis Page (whom to come to you with leſſe ſuſpicion both of your friends and mine, I have put into gentlewomans appareil) will give you, together with this Letter a Lacquey, who will ſhew you the

the place where I ſtay for you in my ſhirt, and without any company but my horſe and my ſword, to demand reaſon of you for the blood which you had of me. I know you ſpilt it nobly, and without advantage: but to avoid blame, for being leſſe ſenſible of my evill, than thoſe who dyed to revenge it, and indeed rather to conform my ſelf unto common opinion, than to ſatisfie my own proper feeling, I am conſtrained to recover that with my ſword, which you gained of me with the Lance; Not that I approve their action, or blame yours, only I will ſhun the reproach which may fall upon me, for leaving mine honour in the hands of ſo brave a Knight, who will never refuſe any honourable condition to reſtore it. Our combat (at the leaſt on my part) ſhall be without any paſſion, but what proceedeth from glory, for which a great courage ought always to deſpiſe his life.

Cloridon.

Liſander receiving this Letter contrary to his expectation, was ſorry to ſee this new occaſion which fortune did prepare to ſeparate him from his love, and deſiring to avoid it, ſaid to the diſguiſed page, that if the Lacquey did follow him to his lodging, he ſhould have an anſwer; which being yeelded to by the Page, *Liſander* returned with all the company into *Cleanders* houſe, where retiring himſelf into his chamber while dinner was getting ready, he anſwered *Cloridons* Challenge in this manner.

Liſanders *Anſwer.*

I Do not conceive what reaſon you would have done you for an injury which was never offered you: and ſeeing it is the will onely which offends, and that I never had any to offer you the leaſt injurie, I think you doe unjuſtly complain of an action, which you confeſſe you doe not blame. I will alwayes avow, that the advantage which I had of you, proceeded rather from your misfortune than your want, and to be aſcribed to my good fortune, and not to my valor; and I had your blood with ſo feeling a ſorrow, that, my honour ſaved, I would willingly give you as much of mine to ſatisfie you: You are too wiſe to ſuffer your ſelf to be tranſported by other mens paſſions, rather than your own reaſon, and have too much courage and honour to propound perſons, whoſe memory is rather to be aboliſhed than their example followed. I repreſent all theſe things, having your friendſhip in dearer eſteem than your honour, which I doe entreat you to beleeve, cannot reſt in any others hands than in your own; and to accord my affection with that which the King bears you, my naturall obedience, and the deſire I have to pleaſe him in honouring you, beſides your own merit, which doth oblige me unto it, and enforceth me to deſire you to ſatisfie your ſelf any other way than by the ſword: yet if you doe not apprehend theſe reaſons, ſend me a Gentleman, upon whoſe word I may ſend you anſwer; for I ſhould juſtly be accuſed of raſhneſſe, if after narrowly eſcaping with my life, when I went out of my chamber upon the aſſurance of a Page, I ſhould now again goe out of the Town upon a Lackeys word.

Liſander

Liſander having cloſed this Letter, went himſelf down unto the ſtreet door, where having found the Lackey, who ſtayed for him, he ſaid, Hold friend, tell thy Maſter I will wait all day to morrow to hear newes from him; ſo turning into the hall where dinner was ready, he ſate down with the reſt of the company. All that day, and the next night he was in a deep meditation of what ſhould become of him after the combat, if God were ſo merciful unto him that he were the laſt alive; knowing well, that in reſpect of *Cloridons* favour with the King, he could have no ſure abode in *France*. The next day he ſtayed in his chamber all the morning, expecting every hour when he ſhould be challenged, and therefore cauſed a man to ſtand at the ſtreet door, to bring him who ſhould be ſent (without any further enquiry) directly unto him. But when he ſaw noon paſt, and after the whole day without hearing a word, he did think that *Cloridon* was ſatisfied with his reaſons, or was contented in himſelf that he had witneſſed his courage in challenging. That night there was a Cook, who, amongſt other meat wherewith they were plentifully ſerved, dreſt ſome roſt-meat made with the marrow of Beef; and inſtead of chopping of Parſley, which was uſuall, he put in Hemlock, which was likely to kill all the company, and eſpecially *Liſander*, who having had a moſt ſick night, was conſtrained to be let blood, and take Phyſick the next morning. Hardly had he ſwallowed it, when one came to tell him that a Gentleman at the door deſired to ſpeak with him. Preſently he imagined that he came from *Cloridon*: and although he did not then look for him, and that things which come be-

yond our expectation do moſt nearly and moſt lively pierce our minds when they happen, yet without any alteration he commanded he ſhould be let in. The other (who was a brave Knight called *Chryſantes*) as ſoon as he came into the chamber, ſeeing the Surgeons ſawcers full of blood upon the Table, and the glaſſes wherein the Phyſick was, empty, was about to return back without a word; yet hearing *Liſander* ask who was there, he entred in: And being ſet down cloſe by the bed, every one being commanded away, he ſaid thus; I came hither, Sir, to have ſpoken with you about a buſineſſe, but now I ſee the ſtate wherein you are, will not permit you to hear of it, wherefore if it pleaſe you, I will hold other diſcourſe, expecting a time when the diſpoſition of your health may better fit both you and me for the uttering thereof. Pardon me, ſaid *Liſander*, my ſickneſſe is not ſo great, that it can let me from hearing, and leſſe from giving you ſatisfaction; I pray therefore forbear not to deliver your meſſage, for I know already the contents thereof, and if you had come yeſterday, as I did expect, it had been by this time diſpatcht. Sr. anſwered *Chriſant*. I could not come yeſterday, and I beleeve you cannot go this day, whither I would have you, without endangering your health: for by the tokens which I ſee upon the table, you have been let blood, & taken Phyſick this morning. It is true (replied *Liſander*) but he who by the conſideration of the danger of his life cannot be retained, will not refrain in conſideration of his health which is leſs. You have reaſon, ſaid *Chriſantes*, becauſe ſomtimes one may loſe his health without loſing his life, but never his life without his health: yet becauſe

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in this buſineſſe, the conſervation and loſſe of one dependeth upon another, I would perſwade you to ſtay untill you are in better health. Sir, anſwered *Liſander*, you cannot be my enemy & my counſellor in one and the ſame buſineſſe: I know you come from *Cloridon*, and the notice he gave me two dayes ſince of his deſign, may make him think that my indiſpoſition is rather fained than true; therefore to make him loſe this thought, or to keep him from having it, tell me where he is, and I will goe to content him with my arm in a skarf, and my phyſick in my belly: for ſeeing he wil not receive the ſatisfaction which I would have given him, he ſhall never have it now. Seeing you are ſo reſolved, replyed *Chriſantes*, I will onely entreat you to take a friend with you, who may witneſſe with me your endeavour in this action. I have no friend, anſwered *Liſander*, having too many; for there are many in this houſe, who will not yeeld that point one unto the other: ſo that inſtead of a particular combate, we ſhould fight a battell, and put you to trouble in finding friends to oppoſe them. But to ſatisfie your deſire which you have, not to be idle, I promiſe you, that if *Cloridon* leave me with life, I will give you ſome exerciſe. Let us goe then Sir, ſaid *Chriſantes*, and not ſuffer him to wait any longer: for he hath ſtayed a great while in his ſhirt. *Liſander* preſently roſe, and his faithfull footman, who only ſtayed in his chamber (no body doubting of a quarrell) having made ready a Courſer, which *Cleander* had ſent him out of *Naples*; he went out of the houſe with *Chriſantes* (accompanied onely with his Footman) to find *Cloridon*, who ſtayed without S. *Honorius* Gate, in a wide field, which

is between *Roul* and *Mountmartre*. *Chriſantes* ſeeing him, ſaid unto *Liſander*, Sir, yonder is my friend, if you pleaſe I will go ſpeak with him one word, yet if you think not fit, I will preſently leave you together, untill a better or worſe deſtiny part you. Doe what you pleaſe replyed *Liſander*, but diſpatch: He then ſet forward towards *Cloridon*, who came towards him; and ſeeing *Liſander* have one arm in a skarf, he asked the cauſe. *Chriſantes* in few words told him what had paſt, and ſo retired two or three hundred paces on the one ſide. *Cloridon* then gallopping towards *Liſander*, who made towards him (wearied with ſo long ſtay) ſpake unto him in this manner: Knight, ſo farre as I can perceive, your indiſpoſition makes me diſpence with you for fighting: we will therefore, if you pleaſe, deferre it untill your health will better permit it, for this preſent eſtate of yours, can neither be commodious for you, nor honourable for me. No, no, anſwered *Liſander*, two men of our quality and making, cannot return out of this medow without fighting: Reſolve therefore to overcom or die, ſeeing you will not live in friendſhip with him who hath fought it at your hadds. Go too then, ſaid *Cloridon*, let us prove whether you have done well or no in deſpiſing a courteſy from one, who did think to have obliged you thereby. I will neither ask it, nor afford it you, anſwered *Liſander*, and therewith furiouſly ſpurred one upon another. *Liſander*, who (as we have ſaid) rid upon a luſty and ſtrong Courſer, but ſuch a one, as in regard of his long reſting idle in the Stable, (was not ſo ſteddy a runner as *Cloridons* which was one of the braveſt and readieſt horſes that ever came out of *Andoluſia*) ſpurred

red lively upon his enemy, intending as he did ſtrike with his ſword, to ſhock alſo with his horſe; but *Cloridon* fearing the ſhock, and deſiring to get the crupper of his enemies horſe, turned his own ſpeedily to ſhun the ſhock of *Liſanders*, unto which he gave ſo great a reverſe blow upon the noſe, that he cut him into the mouth; but he ſtayed not his courſe, were it that the horſe being chaft, felt not the pain of the blow, or that being in his courſe he could not ſuddenly ſtay himſelf: ſo that *Cloridons* little horſe could not turn ſo nimbly, but that *Liſander* joyning unto him with an incredible ſpeed, thruſt his ſword clean through him from ſide to ſide, wherewith *Cloridon* fell down dead to the ground in the ſight of *Chriſantes*, who was a ſpectator of this pitifull tragedy. He ſeeing his friend upon the earth, turned his horſe toward *Liſander*, who in this inſtant was troubled as well with his horſe, the wound which he had received making him bound up and down, and run in the field, without being able to ſtay him, as alſo by his being let bleed, and the pain of his phyſick; ſo that in an inſtant of time, he was to reſiſt the gripings of his phyſick, the bounding of his horſe, and the fury of his adverſary: who taking *Liſonder* in this diſorder, and having more reſpect to revenge the death of his friend, than to the diſadvantage of his adverſary, after he had cryed unto him two or three times, Turn, *Liſander*, turn, or I will ſtrike thee, thruſt the point of his ſword ſo far into his back, that he did think he had revenged *Cloridon*. Heaven nevertheleſſe kept it from being mortall, thereby reſerving *Liſander* unto other adventures, who, moved with the ſmart of the wound, with

great violence turned his horſe almoſt upright upon his hinder feet, and with a reverſe blow met with *Chriſantes* his arm ſo ſtrongly, that he cut it clean off above the elbow, it falling down unto the ground with the ſword; and *Liſanders*, with the ſtrength of the blow, and with the reſiſtance which he met withall, was broke in the handle. *Chriſantes* thus without a ſword, & without an arm, was carried away by his horſe croſſe the fields, ſo long, that growing feeble by the loſſe of his blood, he fell down, and afterwards dyed, as you ſhall hear. But *Liſander*, having diſpatched both his enemies (although wounded in his reins, bleeding by his arm through the opening of the vein, and his ſword broken in the handle) as well as he could accommodated himſelf with *Cloridons* ſword and horſe, which had not his fellow in the world, when he perceived both his adverſaries footmen upon his man: wherefore with ſpeed he ſpurred unto them, and came timely enough to ſave his life (who was wounded) by the loſſe of theirs; their obſtinacy to defend themſelves, and the fury wherein he was (being wounded himſelf, and his footman all bloody) ſurmounting the ſweetneſſe of his diſpoſition. After this execution, *Liſander* would have taken again his own horſe, but he would not ſuffer him to come near him; and as he rode upon *Cloridons* after him, he eſpied *Chriſantes* his horſe, which he took with ſmall labour, upon which ſetting his footman, he retired himſelf unto the Capuchins, unto *Clavangeus* his chamber, no leſſe pained with his phyſick than his wound, nor leſſe glad for the victory, than ſorry that he had bought it with ſo much blood, and fouled it with ſo many murthers.

Leon in the mean time, having ſeen *Liſander* go

go from *Cleanders* house with *Chrisantes*, whom he knew to be one of *Cloridons* friends, advertised *Berontus*; they doubting of the quarrell, went out after them, but dividedly, the beter to find them, in which having spent long time in vain (and the longer, because, the combat being short, *Lisander* had retired himself before they came) they came in the end, the one to the place where the miserable *Chrisantes* was ready to give up the Ghost, and the other where poor *Cloridon*, and the two Lackeys lay dead. *Leon*, who first found *Cloridon*, took up the sword wich *Lisander* had left, with the horse which ran about the fields, and hiding the sword, shewed only the horse to *Berontus*, whom he found talking with *Chrisantes*; of whom they two demanded the cause of this misfortune: he told the combat that hist *Cloridon*, & then he had with *Lisander*, as you have heard, exalting in the pangs of death the free courage, and valour of him, who had handled them so ill: and contrarily blamed *Cloridons* passion, which had ingaged him rashly in so unjast a qurrell. *Berontus* would have given him his hand to lift him up, but *Chrisantes* wringing him with his left hand wch was left him spake these words, *Berontus*, there is nothing so unjust as the *Devill*, nor any thing just but God; keep thy self from the one, and pray unto the other for my soul, for my body is no longer to be reckoned of: and with this last word he gave up the Ghost, leaving *Berontus* and *Leon* no lesse astonished at his death, than at *Cloridons*, and at *Lisanders* powerfull *Genius*, which brought him so happily victorious over all his adventures. God was pleased to prolong *Chrisantes* life, that *Berontus* and *Leon* might find him before his death, and might from his own mouth know the history

hiſtory of this combat, that *Liſanders* vertue might be witneſſed by thoſe, who were moſt envious of it. *Leon* led *Berontus* unto the place where *Cloridon* and the Lackeys, of whom we have ſpoke, lay, which augmented *Berontus* his aſtoniſhment, who, without learning any news of *Liſander*, returned into the Town with *Leon*, where the report of this combat was preſently ſpread: as the humors and affections of men were divers, ſo alſo their diſcourſes and judgments were different: *Liſanders* friends, who had heard ſo many proofs of his valour, did not wonder to ſee a new example, and did eaſily beleeve the truth, which ſounded from the mouthes of *Berontus* and *Leon*, his enemies: But *Cloridons* and *Chriſantes* their friends could not imagin that one man could ſo ſoon have killed them with their Lackeys; & the King himſelf, who dearly loved *Cloridon*, and eſteemed him for a valiant man (as certainly he was) could not beleeve, that *Liſander* had killed them without ſome diſadvantage, perſwading himſelf, that in reſpect *Cloridons* friends had formerly done the like unto him, now he had not made difficulty to render the like again. Howſoever it was, he was ſo angry, that he commanded diligent ſearch to be made for *Liſander*, neither would he hear *Cleander*, nor any other who ſpake in his behalf, who all this while was at the Capuchins in *Clavangeus* his chamber, where a religious man healed in a ſmall time, as well him as his footman, without applying any thing unto his wounds but Wine and Oyle. It is not to be asked if *Cleander*, *Lydian*, and *Caliſta* were not grieved for *Liſander*, of whom *Clavangeus* went (yet ſecretly) and carried them news, entreating them not to ſee him, leſt by their viſiting he might be diſcovered:

vered: neither is it to be demanded whether they had more joy to ſee him out of danger of his wound, or fear to ſee him in the Kings anger, or ſorrow that they were deprived of his ſight. Ten days after, *Liſander* finding himſelf able to travell, determined to leave *Paris*; which he preſently made known unto *Cleander*, who reſolved to have him unto *Beauplain*, it being then Autumne; when all the world is invited to the fields to taſt the fruits: Not that he thought to keep him long there, for it was too neer the Court, but untill he had conferred of the means which was to be holden in his affairs, wherefore early in a morning ſending away *Caliſta*, *Otranta*, *Ambriſia*, *Olinda*, and *Argire* before with *Berontus*, he followed after in the evening, with *Lidian*, *Alcidon*, and *Liſander*, whom he went to receive at the Gate of the Capuchins, where *Clarangeus* made him a Chriſtian remonſtrance, remembring unto him the graces which God had beſtowed upon him, and the puniſhment which he did incur by neglecting them: for there is no doubt, ſaid he, but as God in this life cannot give us any thing more excellent than his grace, ſo we cannot offend him more than in abuſing it. After bidding him adieu, and unto the whole company, who alſo took their leaves of him, recommending themſelves unto the prayers, as well of him as of the other religious men, they departed in the night, and came unto *Beauplain* when it was day light, where having reſted themſelves, they roſe to dine with the Ladies: There began new welcomings unto *Liſander*; there began alſo his love unto *Caliſta*, & with the pleaſure which he received in her company, an extreme ſorrow that he muſt part from her: for he truly conſide-

red

red that there was no long abiding, and firſt entred into the diſcourſe of his departure, as well to avoid the danger which threatned him, as becauſe he would not enwrap friends in his evill fortune, and make them fall into the Kings diſpleaſure. *Cleander* thought it fit that he ſhould retire into *Flanders* untill the Kings anger was over, which was preſently reſolved, and thereupon all this fair company brake up, for his ſiſter went into *Burgundy* with *Berontus*, *Otranta* returned into *Normandy*, whether ſhe was conducted by *Lidian*, and accompanied by *Argire* and *Alcidon* unto *Paris*.

Behold how unto this ſhort pleaſure ſucceeded long ſorrow, teares, and farewels, a pitifull departure: the grief and words, which were conceived and utterd between perſons ſo near of blood, and ſo knit in affection, go beyond all expreſſing. *Cleander* remained at *Beauplain* with *Caliſta*, in ſo great a ſolitarineſſe, that it ſeemed to preſage the miſchief which happened. Now muſt I foul my ſtory with the miſchievous and lewdeſt accident that ever befell, and I do abhor to write this bloody and ſad diſcourſe; but it is not to be omitted. *Leon* (when *Cleander* withdrew himſelf unto *Beauplain*) remained at *Paris*, were it that he had particular buſineſſe which held him there, or that they did not ſo much rely upon him as upon the others, he was not intreated to go with them thither: and *Clarinda*, who could not live without him, ſeeing this company ſcattered, unwilling to loſe ſo fair an occaſion of ſeeing him, determined to uſe the ſame means which her Miſtreſſe formerly uſed to ſee *Liſander*: but there hapned firſt a prodigie, which cannot be told without wonder.

Cle-

Cleander, being in this evill humour through the loſſe of ſo good company, was viſited by a Kinſman of his named *Veraſco*, who ſometimes had been his Tutor, unto whom he being willing to to give all the pleaſure he could, and thereby endeavour to divert himſelf from this melancholy which did conſume him, he made a match to go hunt the wild Bore; unto which ſport (beſides the Domeſticks) he ſent for ſome of his Tenants, who were better acquainted with the waies and layers of the beaſts, commanding them to call him early in the morning, and bear him company. In this determination having ſupt very early with *Veraſco*; and left him in his chamber, he himſelf went to bed: it was not day by a great while, when he heard knocking at the gate of the Caſtle, which awaked him: and remembring what he had commanded his huntſmen over night, he thought they were come to call him unto his ſport; wherefore he called up him who waited in his chamber, commanding to go let them in, while he made himſelf ready: The Gentleman went, and opening the gates found no body; therefore ſeeing it was not neer day, he went to bed again, thinking his Maſter had dreamed that he heard. He was no ſooner laid, when they heard again great knocking at the gate, by the hammer thereof. *Cleander*, who upon the anſwer which was made, that it was not yet day, thought his people were gone back again, hearing new, and more violent knocking, thought that day did now appear, and that they were returned, cauſed his ſervant to riſe the ſecond time, and goe unto the Gate, who finding no body there, went to lie down again. Morning began to ſhew the brightneſſe of her beams

above

above the Horizon, when *Cleander* hearing one knock the third time, roſe himſelf out of his bed, and putting on his night-gown, without calling any of his ſervants, went himſelf unto the door, where he found his Hoſt, whom he had cauſed to be buryed in *Italy*, who ſaid unto him theſe ſad words: Good morrow Sir, I come to acquit my promiſe that you may the better diſcharge your duty to your ſoul: think upon death, for within three dayes you ſhall ſuffer it. This ſhape vaniſhing after theſe words, left *Cleander* in that fear which may be imagined; ſo that lying down by *Caliſta*, he told her the fearfull viſion which he had ſeen. *Caliſta* ready to ſwoun at this diſcourſe, yet ſo well as ſhe could hid her aſtoniſhment from *Cleander*, for fear ſhe ſhould adde unto his fear, and like a woman of great ſpirit and courage, comforted him as well as ſhe could, telling him that he ought not to tie his beleef unto theſe fantaſtick illuſions, although it were well done alwayes to prepare himſelf to the loſſe of this life, that death might not ſurpriſe him; and riſing both up, they went to prayers. *Verafco* alſo roſe ſhortly after, from whom *Cleander* would not hide what he had told unto *Caliſta*, whereupon, as well by the counſell of the one, as by the prayers of the other, he altered his determination of hunting, and ſent for a Prieſt to reconcile himſelf unto God, waiting with a quiet mind what it ſhould pleaſe God to ſend. Theſe three dangerous dayes, wherein he had been threatned, were ſpent in prayers, faſtings, watchings, and Chriſtian meditations. *Cleander* feeling no indiſpoſition of body, whereby he might apprehend a naturall death, neither did he ſuſpect any enemy, from whence he ſhould fear

fear a violent one; ſo that the night of the third day being come, ſeemed to aſſure *Cleanders* life, and to convince his Hoſt of a lye: then did he accuſe himſelf of weakneſſe, and blamed his overmuch credulity, which had over lightly given ſuch an alarum upon the uncertain report of a ſhadow, being aſhamed that *Veraſco* and *Caliſta* ſhould be witneſſes of the fear which he had: and *Caliſta* gave thanks unto God, for making vain ſo evill a preſage, when the curſed *Clarinda* having brought *Leon* into the houſe by the garden gate, whereof we have formerly ſpaken, and having made him enter into *Caliſta*'s chamber, thinking that ſhe would lye with *Cleander*, as ſhe had done ſince this laſt voyage.

It chanced for all their miſchiefs, that *Caliſta*, wearied with her paſſed watching, and ſick with the affliction of her precedent fear, whereof ſhe thought her ſelf now free, ſeeing the three dayes expired wherein her husbands life was threatned (after ſhe had born him company untill midnight, together with *Veraſco*) would goe unto her own Chamber, to ſleep alone, and with more quiet. *Clarinda* who had carried her night-cloaths into *Cleanders* chamber, hearing her ſay ſo, carried them preſently back into her Miſtreſſes, from whence ſhe made *Leon* preſently depart, that he might not be ſurpriſed: But he could not goe down the ſtairs, becauſe *Veraſco* withdrawing himſelf into a chamber upon the ſide of *Cleanders*, *Caliſta* going with him, they ſtayed themſelves betwen the two doors; both which opened upon the ſtairs, with ſo much light of divers candles, that he could hardly hide himſelf there where he was, neither durſt he go higher for fear of making a noiſe: and being deſirous to

eſcape

eſcape at any hand, he no ſooner heard her bid *Veraſco* good night, but he came down againſt the light which was going up into *Caliſta*'s chamber with her ſelf. The Page who carried the candle, frighted to ſee this man come haſtily down the ſtairs, unknown unto him, with his ſword in his hand, and ſhe alſo cried out: *Cleander*, who was at his chamber door, going in, hearing his wife cry, came ſuddenly out, and was juſt in *Leons* way, having nothing about him but his night-Gown; yet he ſtept unto him and ſtayed him, and ſo took hold of the ſword, that both the one and the other had ſtayed, if *Leon* finding himſelf taken, and not being able otherwiſe to get away, had not ſtabbed with his dagger, which made him let goe his hold. This wretch *Leon* having deadly wounded him, and by this means got clear of him, was yet happy in this, that he eſcaped by the way which he entred, and ſaved himſelf, without being followed or known, becauſe that every body ran preſently to *Cleander*, and the remedy which they did endeavour to bring for his life, ſaved his murderer, together that this accident did ſo ſurprize them, that he was ſooner gotten from *Beauplain*, than it could be imagined that he was entred. *Cleander* being carried to his bed by *Veraſcus*, and his ſervants which were run thither at the noiſe, together with diſcomfited *Caliſta*, who grew deſperate at this miſchance, having alwayes the ſword which he had taken from this curſed hand which hurt him; looking earneſtly upon it, knew that it was his friend *Liſanders*, (you have heard how *Leon* found it, and having amended it in the ſame hilts wherein it was before, wore it in *Liſande* 's abſence.) *Cleander* judging himſelf dead, without

without knowing by whom; or how, not being able to comprehend that it was *Iſander*, and not knowing how his ſword ſhould come into any other mans hand, was no leſſe aſtoniſhed to ſee it, than at his own death: In the end, finding that he fainted, and having a greater feeling of *Caliſta*'s ſorrow than his own, he took her hand, which he wrung, and looking upon her with a firm countenance, in comforting uſed theſe words, *Caliſta*, I ſuffered your tears theſe three laſt days, in which we both feared what is now happened, beleeving that they might have prevented this ſtroke, and been of uſe to prolong the time which I had to remain with you, but now being unprofitable, I cannot ſuffer you vainly to afflict your ſelf for me, who find no other evill in death, but my leaving you: for beleeve, the ſeparation between my ſoul and body troubleth me but little, in compariſon of that from you. But knowing that I cannot poſſeſſe you, but upon condition of parting from you, that our life is ſo knit unto death, that we cannot enjoy one without the other. I infinitely comfort and rejoyce my ſelf, that God doth now grant (which I have ever begged of him) that I might not live to ſee thee dye. To this favour he hath added ſo many more, that I ſhould dye in unexcuſable ingratitude, if I did not acknowledge how uncapable I am worthily to acknowledge them: but there is no bleſſing which I have received, wherein I account my ſelf more happy, or more ſatisfied, than in the ſweet life we have led together, which I may well call a mariage without thornes. I conjure you *Caliſta*, by the deſire wch you ought to have to ſweeten the anguiſh and pain of my death, not to encreaſe it

by your grief, but conform your ſelf to Gods will, who hath done me this favour, to advertiſe me of the time, that I might have leaſure to prepare my ſelf: In time you ſhall know from whence this ſtroke came, for Gods juſtice will never leave it unpuniſhed before men; yet take ſpeciall care that this ſword do not deceive you, for I had rather dye twice more than enter into any diſtruſt of the true Maſter thereof, whom I do entreat you to love above all perſons next me, as I did love him next unto you above all things in the world: but good God, ſaid he, how is it poſſible that it ſhould come into the hands of this murderer? with theſe laſt words he fainted, & calling upon the name of Jeſus, he dyed even upon the break of day, at the ſame hour wherein the ſpirit appeared, with that diſcomfort unto *Caliſta*, and ſuch aſtoniſhment unto *Veraſco*, and all the ſervants, that no humane diſcourſe is able to expreſſe it. *Cleander* thus dead, and *Caliſta* extremely ſick, and overwhelmed with inſupportable grief. *Veraſco*, who was a grave wiſe man, not being able to call again his life, reſolved to revenge his death, and to find the ſpring from whence it came. The dead man had no neerer kinſman than *Berontus*, who was then abſent; wherefore *Veraſco* was obliged to procure juſtice upon the crime: firſt he began to inform himſelf which way this man came into *Beauplain*, and he found that it was by the garden gate, whereof we have ſpoken, which of neceſſity muſt ſome of the houſe open; for ſince the alarum, when *Cleander* took *Iiſanders* coming in the night for theeves, he had been carefull to keep it ſhut: this evening it had ſo rained, that the prints or marks of ſhooes did plainly appear

in

in the alleys, where was manifeſtly ſeen that there were two prints of different bigneſſe, from whence he collected that one had opened the gate for the other. *Veraſco* perceiving this, cauſed all the ſervants of the houſe to come into that alley, whoſe feet he meaſuring with the prints which were made in the ſand, there was none found any way agreeing, but only *Clarinda*'s, whoſe ſhooe did perfectly fit the leſſer print, which ſerved as a great proof, at the leaſt for a violent ſuſpicion againſt he; who (otherwiſe accuſed and convinced by her own Conſcience) did not deny the fact: But alas, it had been much better ſhe had diſavowed this truth, than to have added ſo execrable and notorious a lye; For it is very true (ſhe ſaid) it was I who opened the gate, notwithwanding it was by my Miſtreſſes command.

Veraſco not willing to proceed further in examination of a cauſe ſo criminall, made *Clarinda* faſt, and ſent for the Juſtice, ſtrictly forbidding every body to ſpeak of it unto *Caliſta*, who was ſo plunged in ſorrow, and drowned in grief, that her ſickneſſe moved no leſſe pity than *Cleanders* death. The Judges, who for the moſt part are like Surgeons, ſeeking for nothing more than for wounds and ſwellings, quickly came unto the place, viſited the body, and examined *Clarinda*, who perſevering in what ſhe had formerly ſaid, added, that *Liſander* was the man who had killed her Maſter, as might eaſily be ſeen by the ſword which he had left; that ſhe had let him into the houſe by *Caliſta*'s command, as formerly ſhe had done, although to her extreme ſorrow, which ſhe no longer able to bear, had diſcovered to *Berontus*, whom ſhe called to

witneſſe theſe words. *Caliſta* being upon this accuſation heard, for the fulneſſe of her miſfortune, ſaw her ſelf accuſed of her husbands death, by her who was the cauſe thereof, and for her laſt calamity (that ſhe might the more lightly paſſe this troubleſome paſſage) was carryed unto priſon in the little Caſtle in this proud City of *Paris*, where in former times ſhe had been often ſeen in ſo much pomp and glory.

The End of the Sixth Book.

A TRAGI-COMICAL HISTORY OF theſe Times.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

ALISTA being thus in priſon, the very centre of miſery, and a ſepulchre unto thoſe who live therein, muſt not be forgotten, nor ſuffered to lye long there: yet her comming forth cannot be ſo ſoon, for innocency doth not eaſily appear in dark dungeons, neither is the getting out of priſon ſo eaſie as the entrance thereinto. *Clarinda* was alſo placed in another chamber, and in her ſtead there was a ſtrange woman

man appointed to wait upon *Caliſta*, whom ſhe had never before ſeen, in appearance to ſerve her, but in truth to obſerve her words, and eſpy her actions. As for *Veraſco*, he remained at *Beauplain*, unto which place having ſent for *Beronius*, and there celebrated *Cleanders* Funerall, and ſetled his houſhold, he afterward went unto *Paris* to become *Caliſta's* adverſary, who being brought into this pitifull eſtate, began firſt to tear her hair, and to doe miſchief againſt her ſelf, after having remained in ſilence a long time, without ſpeaking one word, as one whoſe grief took away her ſenſe, at the length her preſent miſchief bringing unto her mind her former fortune, brought tears into her eyes, and theſe words into her mouth, ſtirring pity in that place, where it never had been: O *Caliſta*, where art thou! what are become of all thy pleaſant dayes? unto what is all thy glory and vanity reduced? O *Cleander*, my onely joy and comfort, was it not affliction enough to loſe thee, without being accuſed for thy loſſe? Ah *Liſander*, the ſervices which you have done me heretofore, are now dearly ſold unto me, and I pay thoſe honeſt acknowledgments of your love, with a high price; *O Liſander*, why doſt thou not know of my impriſonment? And you my Judges, why doe you not know mine innoceny? And thou *Clarinda*, why doſt thou accuſe me? In the middeſt of theſe complaints (much more grievous than I can expreſſe) nothing comforted her but the hope of death, which was preparing for her, which ſhe would have much more deſired than her liberty, if ſhe could have received it without incurring infamy for the crime whereof ſhe was accuſed: But not to be long upon ſo grievous a ſubject, I will

will briefly ſay, that *Berontus* being come from *Burgundy*, and (being no leſſe aſtoniſhed than ſorry for thoſe accidents ſince his departure) was heard by the Provoſt, and confronted with *Clarinda*, unto whoſe former ſpeeches, his being conformable, it ſeemed that *Caliſta* was ſufficiently attainted and convicted of her husbands death, ſo that her proceſſe was (in the worlds opinion) judged both to the loſſe of her life and honour. I muſt not forget the grief which this misfortune brought unto *Olinda*, *Alcidon*, and *Argire*, who were then at *Paris*; the ſorrow which *Ambriſia* had, who was in *Burgundy*, and that which was ſuffered by *Lidian* and his Parents in *Normandy*, when they knew of it. *Argire* and *Olinda* imployed all their friends to ſpeak with *Caliſta*, but were not able to obtain it. All the world wondred that *Liſander* had ſo fouled the glory of ſo many brave deeds, by ſo diſhonourable an act. There was none but *Cloridons* friends, who (beleeving that he was cowardly murdered) rejoyced that he had committed this laſt baſe act, as a proof of the former. *Liſander* was then at *Bruſſels*, far from thinking upon ſuch an act, where a faithfull Poſt, whom *Alcidon* had ſent, let him underſtand the newes of this deplorable diſaſter. When he heard of *Cleanders* death, he uttered great ſorrow, as for a perſon whom next unto *Caliſta*, he truly loved above all creatures; but when he knew that the common belief was that he had killed him with his wives privity, who was for that cauſe a priſoner, and upon the point of her puniſhment, he was ſtrook with ſilence, the newes taking from him both his feeling, and all his ſenſes, like a great ſtroke which is not felt at the inſtant, but ſometime after it

is receiued. When he had gathered his ſpirits unto him, which were wandred away with the violence of the firſt motion, and that griefe had given place unto his words; O God, what did he not ſay! his griefe cannot be repreſented, but by that of *Caliſta*; for never two ſouls were ſo equally wounded with one ſtroke, and their wounds unlike unto all others, had nothing to parallell either the others, but themſelves: yet being a man, and having his liberty, he did reſolve to loſe it together with his life, or elſe to aſſure *Caliſta*'s. Now if he durſt appear, he had don e his Lady a great ſervice, for his flight was one main argument againſt her, and his preſence would have much ſerved for their juſtification. But *Cloridons* murder being freſh, and his blood almoſt warm, repreſenting it ſelf every day to the Kings memory, who would never grant him his pardon, he thought that his preſence inſtead of ſatisfying things, would exaſperate them, and that unprofitably he ſhould carry his head to be loſt at *Paris*, without ſaving *Caliſta*'s: but what cannot love doe in a gentle heart? he reſolved to goe thither, and ſo taking Poſt with the ſame Meſſenger which was ſent unto him, he came in the night unto *Alcidons*, truſting both his honour and life into his hands, although being of *Cleanders* friends, he had cauſe to have feared (if he had been guilty.) Having conferred with *Alcidon*, *Argire*, and *Olinda*, whom he alſo ſaw, and having told them how he left his ſword in the field, and took *Cloridons*, which he ſtill wore, they all rejoyced at the appearance of his innocency: He asked them, if they had not ſeen *Caliſta* in priſon, and they telling him, how farre they had endeavoured, and how little they had effected,

effected, he said, He had thought to intreat *Clarangeus* to goe thither, who through the reverence of his habit, might have the more easie entrance under colour that he came to confesse her, being so neer her sentence: But this could not be, for some three or four dayes before this unfortunate accident, *Clarangeus* was gone towards *Rome*, and had taken his leave of *Alcidon* the morrow after his comming from *Beauplain*. As they were upon these terms, one came to tell *Alcidon*, that *Berontus* was at the gate, who had not seen *Alcidon* since his comming from *Burgundy*, which was some two days before, and that time he had spent in visiting *Orasco*, the Judges, and *Clarinda*, whom he did confront. *Alcidon* was not of opinion that he shold see *Lisander*; wherfore leaving him in the chamber with *Olinda*, he with *Argire* led *Berontus* into another: They found him much afflicted, as he who did not alone bewail *Cleanders* misfortune, but *Calista*'s and *Lisanders* also, for *Ambrista*'s sake; so that their first embracing was mingled with tears, which being over, *Berontus* could not forbear, saying, Well Sir, would you ever have thought that so brave a Knight as *Lisander*, and so honest a Lady as *Calista*, should have agreed together in committing so base a wickednesse, the one against his friend, the other against her husband? No truly Sir, answered *Alcidon*, & doe lesse beleeve it than ever I did, although I know the world is possessed with this opinion. Oh (replyed *Berontus*) I would to God it were false, upon condition it had cost me some of my best blood; but alas it is too true. Sir, said *Alcidon*, condemn not those which are absent without hearing them: it may be they have reasons which you know not: and although I doe not know

know them, yet the experience which I have of *Lisanders* vertues, is sufficient unto me to repell the beleef of a thing, so farre from the nobleness of his former actions. Sir, answered *Berontus*, this very knowledge hath also stayed my judgement: But let me say to you, it is six moneths since *Clarinda* told me the very same things which she now speaketh, and it is more than a year since *Calista* and I, walking in the woods at *Beauplain*, heard the loving complaints which he made for her sake. And as for my brothers death, would you have a clearer proof than his sword? For the rest (said *Alcidon*) it is for him to answer, and I beleeve, were it not for *Cloridons* death, whereof you well know the importance, he would not fail to be here to acquit himself: but whereas you allege the sword for so sure a proof of his killing *Cleander*, I will say that *Lisander* by the reverse blow wherewith he cut off *Chrisantes* his arm, having broke it in the handle, left it in the field, together with his horse, and took *Cloridons* horse and his sword, which he wears yet: From whence it necessarily followes, that it is somebody else who hath found his sword, wherewith this unfortunate stroke is happened. No person, replyed *Berontus*, knows that better than I, for I went first after them into the field, accompanied with *Leon*, who found his horse, but not his sword: Speak unto *Leon*, Sir (answered *Alcidon*) and know of him if he saw it not, for the consequence is not small. *Berontus* upon those speeches retired himself, not knowing what to think of this sword, and lesse the next morning when he could not hear of *Leon*, who was lost. *Alcidon* returning unto *Lisander*, told him what had passed between him and *Berontus*; but when he touched

ched the complaints which *Berontus* had heard in the wood at *Beauplain*, *Liſander* changing colour, and not willing to deny a thing ſo true, It is true, ſaid he, that I loved *Caliſta* before *Cleander* knew her, and not being able to reſiſt the powerfull charms of her beauty, nor the amorous ſhafts ſhot from her eyes at me, without her will; and knowing her to be as vertuous as fair, I did bewail my ſelf in the midſt of the wood, for that which I never durſt declare unto her, beleeving that I had ſpoken only unto trees, and not unto her, or unto *Berontus*: but let him remember, ſeeing that he was there, that I blamed my paſſion for the injury it did unto *Cleander*, as well as for that which it did unto my ſelf, and that I did not forbear to preferre his friendſhip before my own love, although it were after in time: It is alſo true, that I ſaw her one time, as *Clarinda* hath ſaid, but if *Cleanders* honour did then receive any offence, I deſire that neither Gods juſtice, nor mans may pardon me; and leſſe his death, if I had ſo much as a thought thereof: And how is it poſſible, that I ſhould think ſo baſely to compaſs his death whom I had (pardon what I ſay) ſo bravely ſaved? They ſaying many other things which would be too long to recount, went to ſupper, and from thence to bed, waiting the days comming, when they firſt reſolved that *Liſander* ſhould ſend for his ſiſter into *Burgundy*, for to mediate ſome agreement with *Beroncus*, over whom ſhe had a great command; and that *Olinda* ſhould write unto *Lidian*, who might openly defend the innocency of his Siſter and *Liſander*, in requitall of ſo many obligations wherein he and his Father *Dorilas* were tyed unto him: and that in the mean time the beſt ſhould be don to ſuſ-

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pend *Calista*'s judgement. All these remedies did not cover the moytie of the evill, besides they were far remote, and the evill hard by, neither would they serve unto any purpose: But *Lisander* looking nearer, as he who had greatest interest, after a thousand thoughts tost up and down in his heart, which kept him waking all night, resolved to provide by another means; and to that purpose rising the next morning before there was any store of people stirring in the streets, he went (not awaking *Alcidon*) unto the gate of the little Castle, which he found shut: between the Castle and the little bridg there is a street, where dwel none but Butchers, and whither none do goe but such as will buy meat, because there is no way out at the end thereof. *Lisander* having learned by *Alcidon* that *Calista*'s chamber did look into the street, entred thereinto, waiting the opening of a little wicket, and lifting up his head, he perceived the iron grillis of one of the prison windows just opposite unto the window of a house, and so near unto it, that there was nothing but the bredth of a narrow street which did separate them, although the grillis was a little higher: *Lisander* coming unto the house, found the Mistresse thereof at the door, not yet ready, who wondred to see a man of that appearance in this street so early. With her he stayed, and entreating her to hearken unto one word which he would say for her profit, for a preface unto his discourse, gave her a purse with some store of Crowns in it, which did more captivate her good will, and raised more attention than all the eloquence in the world could have done; afterwards he said, Madam, there is in this Prison a Lady, who is my Kinswoman, whose affairs

fairs are ſolicited by no man but my ſelf, and whereof I can neither give, nor receive from her any inſtruction: That which I deſire of you, is nothing which can either hurt you or prejudice any perſon, for I do not deſire any other thing, but that you would for a day or two lend me the chamber in your houſe, which is over againſt the priſon window, thereby onely to ſee if I can convey her a letter: and it is for this favour that I do entreat you to take the hundred crowns which are in the purſe, aſſuring you (if it pleaſe God I juſtifie her innocency, which I hope to do) ſhe and I will give you more. She, who was a woman, and more, of *Paris*, and beyond, of that common ſort which will give themſelves unto the Devill for money, hearing him ſpeak of an hundred crowns in ready money, and a promiſe to have more for lending her chamber two days, in receiving the crowns, ſaid unto him, Jeſus Sir, this coſt need not, the houſe is at your command, and I hope alſo you have not much failed, for this barred window, which you ſee a little higher than ours, is one of beſt chambers in the Caſtle, and where they are accuſtomed to lodge their priſoners of the beſt quality, ſo that I am much deceived if this Lady whereof you ſpeak, doth not lodge there: and with this gracious ſpeech, ſhe brought him into the chamber, which was a beaſtly one.

The husband, who ſaw the Courtier (as he thought) go ſo early into his houſe with his wife, being not uſed to ſuch viſits, rudely asked of him what he came for into his houſe. Man, ſaid his wife, he is an honeſt *Monſieur*, who hath entreated me to ſtay here only one day. How? ſtay here? ſaid he, how long have you accuſto-

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med to lodge gueſts? Sir, ſir, you may get you into ſome other place, it is time enough, for here is no lodging. To this *Liſander* anſwered nothing, letting the wife alone, whom he had paid ſo well, that he doubted not of her ſpeaking for him: ſhe drawing her husband aſide, and ſhewing him the hundred crowns which ſhe had received in earneſt for ſo ſhort a hyring out of her chamber, made him more gentle than a glove; ſo that changing both his countenance and voice he ſaid unto *Liſander*, that he ſhould diſpoſe not alone of his chamber, but of all his houſe, and of himſelf, who was at his ſervice, excuſing his rudeneſſe upon two Gentlemen, who having taken their meat and lodging with him upon credit, had gone away without paying, which had put him into this humour: but God forbid (ſaid he) that I ſhould take you for ſuch a kind of man? for upon the ſight of your countenance, I would lend you all my wealth. Although *Liſander* was vexed, yet could he not forbear laughing at the Butchers ſpeech, who was a true Pariſian: ſo thanking him for his honeſt courteſie, he intreated him to lend him an inkehorn and paper, which was preſently brought him, and having written a ſhort letter, he tyed it, with pen and inkhorn of the leaſt ſize he could get, to caſt it in to the window thorow the bars thereof, which being double, made the entrance very difficult. But becauſe the Letter ſhould not fall into the ſtreet, and that he might pull it unto him untill it went in, be tyed it with a thread of the length the ſtreet was broad, and ſomewhat more, and ſo flinging it, and drawing it again, he continued it ſo long till he flung it in. *Caliſta* was then upon her knees, at her prayers before

before this window, and was not then risen; but when she saw this letter fall she thought it fell from Heaven, whose help she then implored: at the first she could not imagin what the inkhorn and pen meant, untill opening the letter, she found this which followeth.

Lisanders *Letter unto* Calista.

MAdam, I have felt your misfortune, not as mine, but as mine and yours together; the first and chiefest is to get out of prison, to which I am resolved, Madam, easier than to dye, and rather to dy than suffer either your life or honour to run any hard fortune: have only patience and courage, and believe that God wil never forsake our innocency. I have tied this Pen, and this inkhorn unto the Letter, that you might write back, and command him, who in obeying you can find nothing impossible; you need but cast the letter through the window without caring for the taking it up, or for any other thing but for your self. Farewell.

Calista knowing the Letter both by the writing, and by the stile, felt strange motions in her soul; for although she rejoyced to see that *Lisander* took her cause into his hands, thereby hoping for a happy successe, according to that great fortune which did accompany him in all his actions: yet remembring the common opinion which was had of his killing *Cleander*, she had as willingly dye, as preserve her life by his means, who was accused of her husbands death, although he were innocent: for she thought (as it was true) that the succours which she should receive from him would be a proof of his love, and consequently confirm the opinion that he had murdered him, so that if she had seen any other door of safety o-

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pen, ſhe would never have paſſed that way: but neceſſity (which is a hard and intolerable miſtreſſe) conſtrained her to take that part, which ſhe could not refuſe without a moſt inevitable ruine, and thereby hazard her reputation in appearance to aſſure it, together with her life in effect: wherefore after ſhe had conſulted ſome time with her ſelf; having told the woman who waited upon her (whoſe good will and love ſhe had already gained; for *Caliſta* had ſuch admirable graces, that ſhe did eaſily take the moſt churliſh hearts) that it was a kinſman of hers, who moved with pity & compaſſion of her miſerable fortune, endeavoured to comfort her, ſhe wrote back.

Caliſta's *Anſwer*.

SIR, I doubt not, you do lively feel a misfortune, whereof in part you are the occaſion, although I think you as innocent as I know my ſelf to be. The chiefeſt (as you ſay) is to get out, but withall it is the moſt difficult: the enterpriſe is not ſmall, I pray you therefore guide your ſelf ſo wiſely, that while you endeavour to preſerve me, you loſe not your ſelf; and if you fear not for your own ſake, yet fear for love of me, for from your loſſe follows mine moſt unevitable: you know the dangers which threaten you beſides this, which breeds more care in me, than you would I ſhould take, but I firmly hope in God, that with the courage and patience which you entreat me to take, he will (if it be his good pleaſure) give me means to make my innocency and his juſtice ſhine, as he now gives me affliction and adverſity to try my conſtancy. I know not what to command you, nor what to forbid you, but only that you will bring with you in this buſineſs, the leaſt of your courage, and the moſt of your wiſdom, and have a care to gather up my letters, ſeeing you would not that I ſhould have any. The

The time which *Calista* spent in her answer, was by *Lisander* passed in such unquietnesse that he could not rest, his eyes being with much impatience, as it were fixed upon the window to observe the comming of it through the barres thereof, untill the end he saw it fall into the streete: for *Calista* could not cast it into a window which she did not see. As soone as he saw it upon the ground, he speedily ran to take it up; but the chamber wherein hee was being upon the highest floar of the house, hee could not be there so soone, but that a Sergeant of the barre (which is hard by that place) who was there by chance to buy some meat, had taken it up, and as hee began to read it, *Lisander* came, who snatching it out of his hands upon the difficulty which the other made to deliver it, hee gave him so great a boxe on the eare that hee overthrew him, and believing that hee had astonished him, hee ranne away under the Castle, towards our Ladies Church, followed by all the Sergeants which were at the barre, and an infinite rabble, who cryed after him, Take him, take him, stop him, he hath killed a man; all the rascall people (who are as the Hangmans hounds) rose upon *Lisander* in the most inhabited part of all Paris, so that he had no fewer behinde him than before him: being alone in the middle of all environed with a great number, who eagerly pressing upon him, hee set his hand unto his sword, and having wounded two or three of the most impotunate, so scattered the rest, that hee had meanes to save himself among Coaches and Carts, wherewith this Bridge is alwaies plentifully furnished: having freed himself like a Lion, he crept away like a Hare from corner to corner by the most unfrequented streets, until he had gotten into *Alcidons* house unmarked of any body, having (besides the

danger of being taken) runne a great hazard of being knowne. There hee had firſt leiſure to read the letter, which hee alſo ſhewed unto his friend, and told him all that had hapned *Alcidon*, who had beene all the morning in a continuall alarum for his abſence, greatly blamed his raſhneſſe, praiſing God that it had ſo happily ſucceeded: for without thruſting your ſelfe into this danger, ſaid hee, this which you have done might as well have beene done by a third as by your ſelfe. By whom (anſwered *Liſander*?) there is no man in the world in whom I would rely, but in your ſelfe, and there is no leſſe danger for you than for my ſelfe: for if it be knowne that you meddle either in *Caliſta*'s buſineſſe or mine, you loſe *Berontus* his love (whereof wee have now neede) the Kings favour, and I my retiring place, together with the aſſiſtance of all my friends, who cannot openly helpe in a buſineſſe ſo perilous. But how will you now doe to have newes from *Caliſta* (ſaid *Alcidon*?) for to fight againſt the Serjeants at the barre againe, is a manifeſt ruine, and belongs onely to a mad-man to bee ſo deſperate. I will tell you, ſaid *Liſander*, a conceit which is come into my minde: I will apparell my ſelfe at night like a poore man, and I will ſo diſguiſe my ſelfe that you ſhall hardly know mee, ſo will I goe begging towards the Caſtle, where I will attempt two things; one is to write againe unto *Caliſta* by the ſame meanes I did before, the other to ſpeake with the Porter, to ſee if he will deliver her unto me, for though it coſt me all that I have in the world, I ſhall thinke my ſelfe both happy and rich, if I may ſee her at libertie. You muſt then (replyed *Alcidon*) do two things more: The one, that I may follow you a great way off on horſeback to prevent any miſchiefe that might happen, if you were known,

or if any accident ſhould happen like this firſt: The other is, that you take money to give unto the Porter, for if you ſpeak in any other language, he will as little underſtand you, as if you ſpake Greek, and if he can, will apprehend you. I have (anſwered *Liſander*) yet five hundred Crownes in gold left, wherewith I hope to dazle his eyes, before I do prepare him to heare me, that with a thouſand more which I will promiſe him upon his delivery of *Caliſta*, I believe I ſhall ſhake his fidelity. There muſt yet another thing be done, ſaid *Alcidon*, which is, that in writing to *Caliſta*, you adviſe her to diſpoſe the Gaoler who bringeth her meat, to hearken unto one who ſhould ſpeake with him from her, and that ſhe promiſe him, and give him what ſhe pleaſe; for it ſhall be performed: and ſhe may much better negotiate this buſineſſe in the chamber, than you in the open ſtreet, with the danger of your life, together alſo that ſhe hath ſuch meanes to practiſe the good will of men, that he muſt be a Devill if he can deny her. This reſolution taken, they went to dinner with *Argire* and *Olinda* (who were together) it being paſt one of the clocke, and yet had neither eat nor drunk.

It was a little before the feaſt of Chriſtmas, after which time *Caliſta*'s proceſſe was to bee judged: neither was there any meanes to hinder her condemnation, according to her Councels opinion, but in juſtifying *Liſander*, who durſt not preſent himſelfe for the reaſons aboveſaid, ſo that every one did with ſeverall paſſions expect this faire Ladies publique execution, and ſhee her ſelfe was not ignorant thereof, being courageouſly reſolved. All theſe things concurring in *Liſanders* memory, preſſed him in ſuch manner, that hardly had he patience to dine, much leſſe to ſtay untill night for the executing of his deſigne;

wherefore having put on the moſt tottered beggars weede that hee could finde, and being ſo diſguiſed that hee was unknowne to his friends, before hee went out of the houſe, hee wrote the letter which hee intended to fling unto *Caliſta*; and accompanied with *Alcidon* and two ſtout footmen that followed a farre off, he went againe into that narrow ſtreete by the Caſtle, not without feare of ſome miſadventure, as well in regard of what hapned in the morning, as becauſe hee was to enterpriſe without a ſword, or any other armes, but onely a poniard which he had under his weedes: when he had paſt the Caſtle, leaving the bar of Sergeants on the left hand, he entred into the Butchers ſtreete upon the right hand, and *Alcidon* walking up and downe betweene the little bridge and Saint *Iames* ſtreete; hee went directly into the houſe, where hee had formerly written unto *Caliſta*. But this woman who had ſo courteouſly received him in the morning, ſeeing him enter by her ſtall, and taking him for a cut-purſe, or rather for ſome poore man who would ſteale ſomething out of the houſe, as hee looked more like ſuch a one than as hee was indeed, cryed aloud unto him, Friend, get you gone, you are a notable fellow to come into the houſe before you begge; you ſhould have done very well to have made choice of another ſtreete to begge in, farther from the Caſtle, and not like a flye come to ſcorch your wings here: this is a houſe for ſuch Pigeons as you are, and by Gods mercy if I cauſe you to be ſhut up there, you will not get out, but with a *Flower de-luce* upon your ſhoulder. Madam (ſaid *Liſander*, who much doubted the ſcandall which might ariſe from this ignorance) I am come hither to doe you good, and not to begge or to take, onely take the paines to heare a word which I have

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to ſay unto you at this doore. O. anſwered ſhe, behold the Gentleman with the little ſword, who will doe us good; by Saint *Iohn* I muſt call my husband to fly-flap you. But Madam (ſaid *Liſander*, who was deſperate hearing this diſcourſe, not knowing how it might end) will you not make one ſtep for your profit? She then believing he was one of thoſe who ſold counterfeit chaines, and would deceive her, in ſhaking her head, ſaid unto him, No friend, you miſtake me, get you gone, or I will——But let us ſee, ſure he hath ſome chaine to ſell: Saying this, ſhe came neere unto the doore, looking more upon *Liſanders* hands than upon his face, who then ſaid unto her; Madam, I am the Gentleman who came this morning unto you, having thus diſguiſed my ſelfe in regard of an accident which hapned at my going from hence: I pray ſay nothing, for you will get nothing by my hurt, and may hope for much profit by my proſperity, which conſiſteth in comforting this poore priſoner. This woman hardly knowing him, ſaid, Jeſus Sir, and my good Maſter, who would have knowne you in theſe cloaths? how could you get away from their hands? how durſt you come againe? enter quickly for feare you ſhould be knowne, for I tremble ſtill for love of you. He without more entreaty enters, and having caſt his Letter through the barres into the window, he preſently went into the ſtreetes, becauſe he would be ready to take up his anſwer. The letter was in this manner.

Liſanders *Letter unto* Caliſta.

MAdam, I have catched your Letter, and have found the meanes to convey this unto you, thereby to entreat you to diſpoſe the Porter who ſerves you, to heare a Word from me, which I Would ſpeak for his good and ours, and aſſure him of five hundred Crownes, Which I Will give him at the firſt word, in earneſt of a thouſand more: but let him not thinke to deceive me, for I would kill him a thouſand times, if he had ſo many lives, What puniſhment ſoever ſhould come unto me. You may ſpeake unto him at ſupper time, and he may ſpeake with me at ten of the clocke at night, ſo neere unto the Caſtle as he Will, provided it be not within: make haſte (if pleaſe you) to give me your anſwer by the Window preſently, and ſhortly you ſhall tell me newes your ſelfe, if at the leaſt We can bring it to the paſſe we doe deſire. Farewell.

Caliſta having received this ſecond Letter, and upon *Liſanders* deſigne had already taſted the Porter, whom ſhe found not altogether averſe from her purpoſe, although ſhe had offered nothing in particular, nor he promiſed any thing but in generall termes, onely ſhe had proceeded ſo farre, that thee might have ſome hope from his mercenary and barbarous minde, whom ſhe had with gifts and faire words ſo ſoftened, that contrary unto his cruell

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and ſtony diſpoſition, he had witneſſed a ſorrow for her misfortune, and a deſire to helpe her; which ſhee preſently writ unto *Liſander*, who with an incredible joy conceived ſome good hope of this enterpriſe: but as he retired himſelfe with this Letter, alwaies accoſted with *Alcidon* and his footmen, who never loſt ſight of him, being gotten from under the Caſtle, and in his opinion free from danger, hee met a Marſhall with many Archers, who apprehended as priſoners all that were poore, and begged in the ſtreet, becauſe it being (as wee have ſaid) a little before the feaſt of Chriſtmas, in which beggars are very importunate, they were taken and ſhut up in a place, where they were cloathed with the money which was put into the poore mens Boxe in Churches, and a ſtraight command was given, that none ſhould begge upon paine of whipping, and that none ſhould give upon paine of Fines. Theſe men meeting *Liſander* at the end of our Ladies Bridge, and taking him not for ſuch as he was, but for ſuch as hee ſeemed to bee, would have had him to priſon; but hee, who would not goe with them, ſo ſhooke off the Marſhall and his Archers, that hee made them leave him at liberty: hee being aſſiſted by *Alcidon*'s footmen, who came as if they would know what the matter was, and *Alcidon* himſelfe riding among them with his horſe to know the newes; ſo that *Liſander* (by whoſe apprehenſion the Marſhals men thought nothing was to be gained) got unto his lodging without any further trouble, where having left his beggars weedes, and put himſelfe into his owne habite, hee ſhewed the laſt letter which *Caliſta* had flung out, and told not onely what had happened unto him with the Marſhall; but alſo with the Butcher's

wife, which *Alcidon* knew not. It being now night, they went to ſupper with the faire Ladies (who did ordinarily beare them company) reſolving after ſupper to goe on horſeback about ten of the clock to the Caſtle, ſo ſtrong, that although the Porter ſhould goe about to betray them, they would bee able rather to revenge themſelves upon him, than bee taken. While they were talking with *Olinda* and *Argire*, (who continually prayed to God for the deliverance of their companion, believing that if ſhee were once at liberty, and *Liſander* out of *Cloridons* buſineſſe, both of them would eaſily juſtifie themſelves) *Caliſta* was with the Gaoler and his wife, who attended upon her, and having given them jewells which ſhee had about her, to the value of foure or five hundred Crownes, ſhee ſaid unto them, that it was not for the ſervice which ſhee hoped to receive, that ſhee gave them this, but for that they had already done; for if God bee ſo mercifull unto mee, ſaid ſhee, that I may verifie my innocency, it is the leaſt good which you ſhall hope for from my liberality; but if it pleaſe God to diſpoſe otherwiſe of mee, this little at the leaſt ſhall remaine with you, that you may pray for mee, and cheriſh the memory of one, who is extremely grieved that ſhee cannot binde you further. In ſaying this *Caliſta* wept, and by her words and teares raiſed ſuch pity in their hearts, beſides that which the preſent gifts (which as the Spaniſh proverb ſaith, breaketh downe rockes) and the hope to have more,) wrought, that they themſelves p evented the requeſt which ſhee would have made unto them, and encouraged her to ſave her ſelfe, offering their perſons, and their lives to ſerve her: the Porter offering further to deliver her, ſo that ſhee had any truſty friend who would convey

convey her out of the City, after hee had delivered her out of the priſon. *Caliſta*, who ſaw ſhee had touched them, and perceived plainly that it was not counterfeit to betray her, added unto her former ſtroakes, ſaying, My friends, although you ſhould loſe the miſerable gaine, which you ſo wretchedly and with ſo much paine get here, by ſetting mee at liberty: yet you ſhould have no cauſe to complaine, for, beſides that which you may hope for, and promiſe your ſelves from mee, I have a friend who will give you this very night five hundred Crownes, if you will, and at your delivering mee into his hands, will give you a thouſand more: and be not affraid that hee will deceive you, for you ſhall receive it all before you deliver mee; but withall take heed you doe not deceive him, for if you ſhould doe ſo, no place in the world would aſſure your lives: and you ſhould bee moſt wicked (which I will never beleeve of you) if you ſhould procure hurt unto them, who intend ſo much good unto you, for, by doing this good worke, and binding ſo many perſons as have intereſt in mee, by this act, in one day without labour, or running any danger, you may raiſe a fortune worthy of your ſelves, and live honourably either with us, or elſe whe e you pleaſe, all the reſt of your lives, without being conſtrained to practice this courſe of life, in my opinion too baſe for your hearts: With theſe words and many others, *Caliſta* being aſſured of the Porter, and drawing from him he ſtrongeſt oathes he could give, ſhee ſhewed him *Liſanders* letter; whereupon it was concluded that hee ſhould goe out that night about ten of the clocke, to receive five hundred Crownes, and agree upon a day for her deliverance.

As they had agreed, it was done; the Porter going

going about ten of the clock without the barre of the gate, ſaw two men, who walking up and downe on horſeback, ſome twenty or thirty paces from the gate, one of them who was *Liſander*, ſeeing him without the barre, left his companion (who was *Alcidon*, with two footmen who followed him) and going unto him, asked him if hee were not the man which carryed meat unto the Lady who was priſoner there? Yes, Sir, anſwered hee. Hath not ſhee advertiſed you, replyed *Liſander*, that I would bee here at this time about her buſineſſe? Shee hath told mee (anſwered the Porter) that a Gentleman would about this time come hither to ſpeake with mee, but I doe not know that it is you. *Liſander* hereby knowing that *Caliſta* had made the bargaine, ſaid, hold friend, here is five hundred Crownes in gold in this purſe, which I give for a token that it is I, and if thou canſt deliver her to me to morrow, I will give thee a thouſand more, which ſhe hath promiſed unto thee, before thou put her into my hands: But doe not think to deceive me, for if thou doeſt, I vow to kill thee, though I fall into all the hangmens hands in France. Sir, ſaid the Porter, (taking the Crownes) I will not deceive you, but I cannot promiſe to deliver her before the feaſt of Kings. How (anſwered *Liſander*?) what if the proceſſe ſhould be judged betweene this and that? Sir, ſaid the Porter, I will doe what I can to deliver her ſooner; but to aſſure you that I can infallibly doe it before that time, I will not. Thou doeſt promiſe, ſaid *Liſander*, to bring her then hither into this place in the night before that day at the furtheſt. Yes Sir, ſaid the Porter, I doe promiſe you to bring her hither about ten of the clock at night, upon paine of my life; and untill that time let mee heare no newes from you, nor expect any

from

rom mee, for feare wee ſhould bee taken ſpeaking together. Tell my Lady then (anſwered *Liſander*) what wee have agreed upon, and ſo farewell. In ſaying this he turned towards *Alcidon*, and both together went unto their lodging, where they told unto *Olinda* and *Argire* what they had done, who received an unſpeakable contentment to ſee *Caliſta*'s deliverance proceed ſo well, although the length of the time bred ſome griefe, and made them feare ſome croſſe: but leſt the proceſſe in the meane time might bee judged, they concluded that *Olinda*, who was betrothed unto *Lidian*, *Caliſta*'s brother, and might openly declare her griefe for her ſiſter in law, ſhould goe and intreat the Reporter not to report her proceſſe, untill the comming of her parents, leſt the innocency of this Lady might runne ſome danger for want of a defence: foraſmuch as ſhee was ſo afflicted with her husbands death, and with ſeeing her ſelfe accuſed, that ſhee wiſhed nothing more than to bee quickly out of this world, which was the cauſe (as indeed it was) that ſhee had not thought upon any juſtification, nor any perſon for her; but her friends being come, they might peradventure bring *Liſander*, who being heard, would wonderfully cleere *Caliſta*'s right. Theſe words full of conſideration and weight, with the credit and grace of the Speaker, had ſo much power over the Reporter, that hee promiſed to ſtay the comming of *Caliſta*'s friends, untill the feaſt of Kings were paſt, and rather goe into the Countrey with the Proceſſe, than bee conſtrained to deliver it into the Court. Thus the feaſt paſſed happily amongſt theſe foure perſons, *Liſander* never ſtirring abroad, but once under his beggers weeds, to let *Caliſta* underſtand what *Olinda* had done for her, and to know from her alſo whe-

whether the Porter had faithfully told her what was reſolved to bee done by night before the feaſt of Kings, whereof being ſatisfied, hee expected the Eve of the feaſt of Kings with great longing. In the meane time *Berontus* knowing that *Olinda* had ſolicited for the deferring of *Caliſta*'s judgement, went upon that occaſion to viſit her, made offer to joyne with her in her requeſt, deſiring not onely a delay therein, but *Caliſta*'s freedome; ſo that hee who was guilty of his brothers death might appeare: And although *Olinda* was in a faire way of agreeing them, and that *Berontus* for *Ambriſia*'s love did deſire it; yet *Caliſta* was ſo farre in the hands of juſtice, that it was not thought poſſible to get her out by any agreement. When the Eve of the feaſt of Kings was come, the Maſter Gaoler of the priſon intended to make merry (according to his ancient cuſtome) with his wife and his friends, the chiefeſt of whom was the Regiſter, and the Hangman his Goſſip; they were to chooſe a King by a beane, and afterwards fall to drinking: for this cauſe the Porter had made choice of this night, as fitteſt for this purpoſe, well knowing that ſleep doth ordinarily follow drunkenneſſe: *Caliſta* and *Liſander* were advertiſed to bee ready, the one to goe out of the Caſtle, the other to bee out in the ſtreet about eleven of the clock (as it was agreed) with this charge, that if they loſt this opportunity, they muſt hope for no other, nor yet thinke to prolong *Caliſta*'s judgement any longer, which muſt needs bee both mortall and infamous. *Liſander* came about ten of the clock with *Alcidon* and foure other Gentlemen, every one armed with Piſtols, and well mounted, to prevent all Treaſon, and rather to kill all the provoſts and Archers of Paris, than ſuffer themſelves to bee taken. The

Porter

Porter had received the thouſand Crownes which were promiſed, and *Liſander* and *Caliſta* did impatiently wait for the clocks ſtriking eleven, which in the end ſtrucke, yet in vaine both for the one and the other: when *Liſander* heard the clock ſtrike eleven, and could not ſee his man, hee thought hee was betrayed, yet long hee was not of this opinion before the Porter appeared; but when *Liſander* ſaw him come alone, hee was about to have killed him, verily beleeving that he would breake his promiſe: nevertheleſſe hee forbore, deſiring to heare what hee would ſay, which was, that having heard the clock ſtrike eleven, and not being able to execute his deſigne, hee came now to intreat him to have patience, and not thinke much at his waiting, for if his Maſter were aſleep, who was not yet retired into his chamber, he would without faile deliver the priſoner. This comforted *Liſander*, but not *Caliſta*, who having expected eleven with ſo much longing, and told it with ſo much earneſtneſſe, when ſhee ſaw it paſſe without hearing any body, ſhe accounted her ſelfe loſt, and confirmed her ſelfe in that opinion, becauſe the Porter had no meanes to come into her chamber, to give her that advertiſement which hee had done unto *Liſander*; yet there remained ſome weak hope which flattered her griefe while the clock ſtruck twelve, but that being ſtruck, ſhe utterly deſpaired of her liberty, and conſequently of her life.

In this agony more deadly than death it ſelfe, came the Porter (when ſhe had loſt all hope) who opening the doore of her chamber (a thing ſo farre from her thought and expectation, at an houre when all things elſe ſlept) troubled ſo much her minde with his unexpected comming, and

with

with the firſt motions of a ſudden joy, from an extremity of the contrary paſſion, that in ſtead of going out (as they had projected) ſhee fell downe upon the floore in a ſwound. The Porter was infinitely aſtoniſhed, and running unto her, ſaid, Madam, will you undoe mee, who have had a deſire to ſave you? Take courage, riſe up, and ſee your friends who are here hard by waiting for you. Yet at theſe words *Caliſta* ſtirred not: the Porter was mad, his wife, who was appointed to wait upon *Caliſta*, was deſperate, all was in diſorder and confuſion: if *Caliſta* had not come to her ſelfe againe, who ſeeing the danger which ſhee did run by her ſtay, with a lively apprehenſion of her infamy and puniſhment, roſe up, and inſtantly went out of the chamber, to the Porters infinite contentment and his wives: But as ſhee was haſtily going downe the ſtairs, which were an ill favoured paire of ſtone, her feet light againſt an old Cauldron of braſſe (wherein they did uſe to put fire in cold weather) which tumbling downe from the top unto the bottome made ſuch a noyſe that all had beene ſpoyled, if (by great good fortune for them) the Gaoler and all his friends had not been ſo buried in wine & ſleep, that they would not have heard a Petar. *Caliſta* thus went out of the Caſtle with the woman who tended her, and the Porter, leaving the gates open, and with no leſſe feare than joy came into the ſtreet, where ſhe gave her ſelfe into *Liſanders* armes and *Alcidons*, who received her with an incomparable joy; and having placed her in a Caroch (with the woman who alwaies after remained with her) they retired themſelves unto *Alcidons*, bidding the Porter firſt farewell, who was reſolved to retire himſelfe into ſome other place. To tell you *Liſanders* joy, *Alcidons* pleaſure, the thankes which *Caliſta* gave them, the words, the teares, the kiſſes

and

and embracings which afterwards paſt betweene *Olinda*, *Argire* and ſhee, I ſhould never have done: Onely, having ſpent the beſt part of the night, they went towards morning to reſt and ſleepe, after ſo many dangerous ſtormes, and ſo many ſorrowes; where I will ſuffer them to remaine in peace, as unwilling to trouble their reſt, untill wee come to the eighth part of this Hiſtory, where with more contentment wee ſhall ſee her innocency verified, whoſe impriſonment and liberty we have already ſeeen.

The end of the ſeventh Booke.

A TRAGI-COMICALL Hiſtory of theſe times.

The Eighth Booke.

THe accidents of this world are ſo mingled one with another, that feare ordinarily ſucceedeth hope, and good and evill doe follow one the other like day and night; ſo unto the joy for *Caliſta*'s delivery, ſucceeded the ſorrow for her departure, with a thouſand important reaſons made neceſſary. And whereas ſhee had thought, that being once out of the Caſtle, ſhe had been free from all care, more than to juſtifie her ſelfe with time, ſhee then ſaw her ſelfe wrapped among difficulties and griefes, which gave little place unto the former. A poore condition of mortals, who alwayes longing for what is to come, and earneſtly thirſting after them, when we have ſwallowed them, we finde our ſelves as unſatisfied as we were at the firſt.

After then that the Gaoler had digeſted his wine, and riſing early in the morning, according to the manner of ſuch people (who never ſleepe but when the Devill rocks them) found his priſon doors open,

his Porter gone, and *Caliſta* with her keeper eſcaped, there was no ſmall noyſe in the houſe: yet after he had in vaine tormented himſelfe, not knowing where to ſearch for her, nor what to doe, he advertiſed the Juſtice, and the adverſe parties, who were *Berontus* and *Veraſco*, who diverſly apprehended this news: for *Berontus*, who was moſt intereſſed in the death of his brother, and who ought to have ſtirred moſt at *Caliſta*'s flight, was leaſt troubled, although he dearely loved *Cleander*s memory, and extremely deſired revenge. But were it that he would doe it himſelfe with more courage and knowledge, or that he did thinke *Caliſta* innnocent, he was in his heart very glad that ſhee had made an eſcape: But contrariwiſe *Veraſco* made earneſt requeſt, that he might be ſuffered to ſearch *Olianda*'s houſe; who ſoliciting for her, ſeemed to have been the onely cauſe of her eſcaping from the puniſhment of her crime.

Alcidon was not yet riſen, when *Berontus* came unto him, and being brought into his chamber, told him, how *Caliſta*, with the woman who kept her, and the Porter of the priſon, had broken priſon, advertiſing him further of his uncles deſigne to cauſe *Olianda*'s houſe to be ſearched, entreating him to let her know ſo much from him, to the end that if *Caliſta* ſhould be retired thither, care might be had that ſhe were not taken againe, becauſe it would much impaire her condition, and doe her more harme than ſhe thought to doe her ſelfe by eſcaping. *Alcidon*, not knowing whether this were a pretence, and diſtruſting *Berontus* in a matter of this importance, anſwered him, that there was no appearance of *Olinda*'s medling in this buſineſſe, eſpecially without his privity, who was her neighbour and her Friend, and who ſaw ſo clearly through her actions: that it was not the enterpriſe of

of a woman, but of a man, yea and of a valiant man, and as much as *Liſander* (if he had beene in France) durſt have attempted; yet he would not faile to advertiſe her what he had ſaid, though it ſerved but to let her know the good will which he bore unto her ſiſter in law. With this *Berontus* departed, ſeeing no body but *Alcidon*, who going inſtantly unto *Liſanders* chamber, and both of them into the Ladies, who were up and ready, told them all that which he had learnt of *Berontus*. A remedy for this there was none but to be gone, yet whither they knew not: for to retire into Normandy unto *Caliſta*'s parents, the ſmall account which they had made of her life, beleeving her guilty of *Cleanders* death, did ſufficiently witneſſe that they would not receive her; neither could ſhe have been more aſſured there than in any other place, for the King doth force obedience all over his Kingdome, which *Liſander* ſwore rather to dye than ſuffer: ſo that *Caliſta* muſt reſolve not alone to leave ſuch deare company, unto whom beſides her ancient affection, ſhe was newly ſo much bound, but her native country France, where ſhe had been ſo tenderly brought up, and take upon her a flight into a ſtrange countrey, from all her acquaintance, under the conduct of a man, unto whom in effect ſhe was obliged for her life and her honour, but who in appearance and in the opinion of the world, had been the ruine of them both, together with the loſſe of her husbands life: judge if *Caliſta*, a woman of a vertuous and noble carriage, could be ſenſible of this. *Olinda* and *Argire* had no leſſe feeling than ſhe her ſelfe, yet the bitterneſſe muſt be digeſted. *Caliſta* reſolved to depart in the beginning of the night with *Liſander*, his faithfull footman, who was come from Flanders during the feaſt, and this woman who waited upon

her in priſon, with a Gentlewoman whom *Olinda* offered unto her. *Alcidon* made proviſion of ſixe good Horſes in a Coach, to the end that during the long night (alwaies at this time of the yeere) they might make a great journey; and *Olinda* retired her ſelfe unto her owne houſe, expecting the ſearch whereof *Berontus* had advertiſed her, which (nevertheleſſe) was afterwards hindred by himſelfe, ſo that this whole day was paſt with much feare, care, and teares, and as much griefe for *Caliſta*'s departure, as joy for her deliverance. In the evening, *Olinda* being come from her lodging, they ſupped together in great ſadneſſe: after followed ſuch pitifull adieues, that I will not by relating them affli& the reader of this ſtory, ſorrow having ordinarily this contagious quality, that we cannot ſee it in others, without feeling it in our ſelves. After the laſt embracings, upon this ſeperation, *Caliſta* and her woman entred alone into the Coach, about eight of the clock at night, and going out of *Paris* by S. *Denis* gate, ſhe tooke her way towards Flanders through Picardy, followed on horſeback by *Liſander* and *Alcidon*, who (with the ſame Gentlemen who had aſſiſted him the night before) accompanied him beyond *Senlis*, where he tooke his leave of *Caliſta* and *Liſander*, with more hearts griefe unto all three than can be ſpoken; and there leaving the two Gentlemen, he tooke his way back to Paris in poſte, fearing that if his abſence ſhould be knowne, hee might be ſuſpected to have beene of the party. *Caliſta* and *Liſander* after their departure from *Alcidon*, uſed all the diligence poſſible they could untill they had gotten into Cambray, where having reſted themſelves two dayes, they tooke their way to Bruxels with more eaſe and leiſure, *Liſander* entring into the Coach with her, and cauſing his horſe to be ledde by. But they

were

were no ſooner out from the ſtroaks of Fortune wherewith they have been ſo beaten, when *Caliſta's* beauty wiping away in *Liſanders* minde the remembrance of former ſorrowes, and the apprehenſion of thoſe which might come, renewed the cruell flames of love: nevertheleſſe conſidering the pitifull aſhes of his friend, *Caliſta's* preſent eſtate, hardly recovered from the aſtoniſhment of ſo many bloody diſaſters, whereof his love had in part beene the occaſion, and his owne miſerable condition, who by his former unhappineſſe was fallen into diſgrace with his Prince, and into the evill opinion of all France, he thought although it were by anothers fault, yet his love had done injury unto *Cleanders* friendſhip, and unto *Caliſta's* chaſtity, to whom as yet he durſt not touch upon that ſtring. Being come unto Bruxels, the *Arch-Duke* (who knew *Liſanders* valour, both by the report of what he had done in France, and what he had done for the Hollanders againſt himſelfe) having welcommed him according to his worth, and ſhewed him extraordinary favour, which hee did communicate to few, made him offer of two thouſand crownes penſion by the yeere, to draw him to his ſervice, which *Liſander* would not accept, humbly intreating his Highneſſe to pardon him, if he could not be penſionary unto any man beſides his King, with whom although he were now in diſgrace rather by his misfortune than through his fault, yet he would not commit this errour, to take pay of any man but of him: nevertheleſſe humbly thanking his Highneſſe, whoſe moſt obedient ſervant he would remaine all his life without wages. And although in this *Liſander* performed the duty of a brave and generous Knight (as he was) yet he had occaſion to repent himſelfe ſhortly after, though in the end it fell out happily for him

as we ſhall ſee in the progreſſe of this Hiſtory.

As for *Caliſta*, ſo ſoon as ſhe knew the name of the French Embaſſadors wife, with whom ſhe had been acquainted at *Paris*, ſhe went (with *Liſanders* conſent) to lye at her lodging, thereby hoping to avoid the ſcandall of lying at his Chamber. And as nothing is impregnable to her graces, ſhee drew the Embaſſadors wife ſo much to her friendſhip, that ſhee was afterwards very profitable unto her: for the King (being advertiſed that they were both retired unto Bruxels, and humbly entreated as well by *Cloridons* friends as by *Cleanders*, that he would not ſuffer the murder of two ſuch Knights to paſſe unpuniſhed, whom they thought had been murdered by *Liſander*, who (ſaid they) not content wickedly to have killed his friend *Cleander* by the help of his wives conſpiracy, is not now aſhamed to live with her in the face of all the world) writ unto his Embaſſadour that he ſhould ſeize upon them both: which had been done without faile, if the Embaſſadours wife, who heard an inkling thereof, had not firſt advertiſed *Caliſta*, who (together with *Liſander*) getting away as well they could, went both together into Friſland, and ſo eſcaped this danger with no leſſe labour than the former.

I know that ſome Authors, leſſe faithfull than ſlanderous, or willing rather to imitate the Roman of *Amadis*, than to follow the threed of a true diſcourſe, have ſaid, that in the courſe of this voyage, and during their abode in theſe parts, *Caliſta* vanquiſhed with *Liſanders* importunities and ſervices, yeelded in the end unto the violence of his deſires: But ſuch Authors having had more knowledge of the falſe report which in that time was ſpread againſt her, than of her vertues, have been eaſyer tranſported by the paſſion of her enemies, than by the truth of the Story. But leaving them in

Friſe-

Friſeland, and this diſcourſe of them in the world, we will returne unto *Paris*, unto which place *Ambriſia* came (a little after their going) upon a letter which ſhe had received from *Liſander*, and ſhortly after came *Lidian* upon a letter of *Olinda's*. They met all together at the ſame *Olinda's* houſe with *Alcidon*, who received them with no leſſe contentment than they gave, by telling of *Caliſta's* innocency and liberty; *Ambriſia* was as joyfull for her brother, as *Lidian* for his ſiſter, and for *Liſander* himſelfe, whom with reaſon above all men living he loved.

Berontus knowing of *Ambriſia's* comming, would, according to his accuſtomed manner, have gone to ſee her, as one whoſe love was not altered by any former accidents: But ſhee entreated him not to think evill, if ſhe could not accept of this honour, untill there were better correſpondency betweene him and her brother; although ſhe ſo viſibly loved him, that *Lidian*, offended with *Berontus* his proſecution againſt his ſiſter, had challenged him into the field, if the reſpect unto *Ambriſia* and her teares, had not prevailed; wherein ſhe was aſſiſted by *Alcidon* and *Argire*, and by *Olinda*, who was alone more powerfull in this, than all of them As for *Veraſcus*, the conſideration of his age kept *Lidian* from quarrelling with him: But *Alcidon* having told unto *Berontus* all the treaſon of *Clarinda*, as you have heard, who for to hide her ſhamefull life with *Leon*, had accuſed her Miſtriſſe of her owne fault, and finally cauſed *Cleanders* death, who could not be killed but by *Leon*, ſeeing it was he who found *Liſanders* ſword, who was at the time of *Cleanders* death in Flanders (as he ſaid) he had learnt as well from *Liſander* as from *Caliſta*, and that it was to be believed in regard of *Leons* flight. To be ſhort, having demonſtrated unto him, that in the taking of *Leon*

conſiſted the cleering and proofe of the whole buſineſſe, he made both *Lidian* and *Berontus* ſweare to enter in queſt with himſelfe, never giving over untill either one or the other of them had found him, and that he who firſt ſhould finde him, ſhould lead him to *Paris*, and make it knowne to the other. So leaving their Miſtriſſes at *Paris*, they all three one after another departed to ſeeke for *Icon* in all places of the world; where we will let them go, and returne unto *Liſander*.

We have left him in *Friſland*, diſputing *Caliſta*'s favours, whoſe beauty gave ſo full into the eyes of a young Friſon Lord, called *Berengarius*, with ſo great lightning, that he was too weake to ſuffer it; for although her minde was poſſeſt with ſorrow, and mourning covered her face, yet could not the luſtre of her excellent perfection, wherewith ſhe was inriched, be defaced. *Liſander*, who did not lead her thither for him, ſeeing that he did openly declare himſelf confident of the friends and means which he had in the Country, from a lover, which he was, became jealous, and fearing to inwrap himſelfe in new miſchiefs, yet languiſhing under the ruines of thoſe which had overwhelmed him, he knew not what order to give, when as *Caliſta* preventing him in this care, intreated him to lead her into ſome other place, alledging for her reaſon, that this aire was unwholſome, and hiding the feare ſhe had of the events which the raſhneſſe of this lover might produce, who being an Almain, and leſſe ſubtile than naturall, did ſo ill diſguiſe his affection, that one not ſo clear-ſighted as *Liſander* might eaſily obſerve it, which was the true cauſe that moved her to make this requeſt: *Liſander* was glad that this motion came from her, for he thought it was liberty enough for him to let her ſee his love, without making his jealouſie known, neither did he give her any occaſion

caſion to thinke that any ſuch hammer beat in his head; but repreſenting unto her how far they were from their friends, deſtitute of all goods, which were ſeized upon and confiſcated, and had no meanes long to ſupport the expence which they were conſtrained to be at, he intreated her to be willing that he might carry her into *Gaſcoigne*, where he had ſome places ſo farre from the Court, that there would be none to diſcover them, and ſo ſtrong that they could not be ſurpriſed though they were diſcovered; whereunto *Caliſta* yeelded, to avoid a greater miſchiefe, (which nevertheleſſe they could not ſhun) upon condition that he ſhould firſt have her into Normandy, to endeavour to recover the favour of her parents, that having juſtified themſelves with them, they might make their innocency appeare before all the world, and ſo recovering their ancient glory and reputation which they had in *France*, together with the Kings grace and favour, they might with the approbation of all their friends contract together a lawfull marriage.

This being concluded and agreed upon between them, early in the morning without taking leave of any body, they truſſed up their baggage, and entring into a Caroch, *Liſander*, *Caliſta*, and her two women, followed with two Gentlemen well horſed, and with ſome other ſervants, who, with his faithfull footman, ledde *Liſanders* good Horſe along with him; they tooke their way towards *France*, following the leaſt beaten wayes, that they might not be known. Already were they come upon the confines of *Friſland*, *Liſander* loſing both the remembrance of *Berengarius* and his countrey, ſtudying nothing more, than how to eſtabliſh himſelf in his own; when they diſcovered five or ſixe horſmen comming after them, whom *Berengarius* (vexed at *Caliſta*'s departure) had aſſembled together to take her away from

from him upon the way. At the firſt they did not think that they were enemies, wherefore they haſtned not their way; but when they ſaw them come a gallop, *Liſander* leapt out of the Coach, and was hardly on horſeback, when he knew *Berengarius* in the head of his men, who ſaluted him with a Piſtoll ſhot, and in the ſame inſtant all the others diſcharged theirs aſwell on him as on thoſe who accompanied him, who returning fire for fire diſcharged theirs; ſo that at this firſt encounter four fell to the ground, which were *Liſanders* two Gentlemen, and two of *Berengarius* his men. But it was Gods will that *Liſander* ſhould eſcape, although he were covered with flames and blood, that by his hands might be puniſhed *Berengarius* his rapine, who fell unto the ground mortally wounded with the ſhot of a Piſtoll, which was given him by *Liſander*, who like a Lion flew among the reſt with his ſword, and either ſcattered or killed them all; acting in the furry wherein he was, and in *Caliſta*'s ſight, ſuch vallancies, that thereby he did leſſen all thoſe which heretofore he had done, to the aſtoniſhment of the world. Having revenged the death of his men with ſo bloody an execution, and no body left with him but a little Flemiſh boy, and his old faithfull footman, who was wounded with a Piſtoll in the ſhoulder, and he with two ſhot, although not ſo dangerous, and with ſome blowes of ſwords which were but ſleight, he was conſtrained to retire himſelfe in great diligence, and no leſſe ſorrow, untill he were gotten out of the limits of Friſland, cauſing his faithfull Footman to get upon his Horſe, he himſelfe going into the Coach with *Caliſta*, untill they came unto their lodging, where he himſelfe dreſſed firſt his own wounds, and then his footmans, waſhing them with wine and oyle, as he had learned of the Capuchin, who healed him of the wound which

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Chriſantes had given him: but becauſe the Footmans ſhoulder-bone was broken, wher by he was not able to endure travaile, he was conſtrained to leave him behind in the ſame lodging, to whom he gave money in large manner for the charges of healing his wounds, commanding him ſo ſoone as he ſhould be well to follow him in Gaſcoigne: he himſelfe (making the little Flemmiſh boy ride upon his Horſe) went into the Coach, having no wound which could keepe him from travaile, and being but foure, drawn by ſixe good horſes, they made ſuch haſt that in ſeven or eight daies they came into *Normandy*, within ſixe leagues of *Bellaire* (ſo was the houſe called where *Caliſta* had received her Birth.) It was then in the beginning of *Aprill*, at what time the earth begins to waxe beautifull, and the dayes long. There they entred into deliberation, how they ſhould proceed with *Dorilas*; for to go directly to *Bellaire*, not knowing how they ſhould be received, they were none of them of the mind: and although *Liſander* had infinitely obliged him, as well in ſaving his owne life, as in ſaving his Sons twice, yet (as it is ſaid) benefits are written in the ſand, and injuries in mettall: he believed with great appearance, that this laſt act which he (as it was believed) had committed againſt *Cleander*, did utterly deface and wipe out of the minde and memory of *Dorilas*, the remembrance and merit of all his former obligations; And that if he would not ſee his owne daughter, becauſe ſhe was accuſed for the death of her husband, he would leſſe ſee him, who had been her inſtrument therein, and for whoſe love ſhe had cauſed him to be killed; wherefore they reſolved that *Caliſta* ſhould write a letter full of compaſſion to her Father, and another to *Otranta* her Mother, to move them to have ſome pity of a daughter who had been ſo deare unto them, and upon their anſwer they would

would reſolve either to go thither, or paſſe by. *Caliſta* wrote preſently, but then they were more troubled than before for an apt meſſenger: The faithfull footman was not there, and the Flemming was but a block-head, and they had need of a quick ſpirited man, who might know and report backe their true diſpoſitions, and helpe abate, and put by the ſtroaks of her parents anger: So that *Liander* could not find better meanes than to diſguiſe himſelfe, and make himſelfe the Carrier of *Caliſta's* letters; for *Dorilas* had never ſeene him but one night at Fountaine Bleau, and then when he had no beard: As for *Otranta*, he had ſo well known the affection which ſhe bare unto her daughter, and unto him, that although ſhe ſhould know him, yet he feared no diſpleaſure from her; but contrarily they hoped ſhe would much help to convert *Dorilas*, and to wipe away the evill impreſſions which he had conceived againſt his daughter: Wherefore the next morning he put himſelfe into a ſerving-mans habite, and having hired a horſe, taking his Flemmiſh boy with him, leaving *Caliſta* in the lodging, he galloped ſo faſt, that he came unto *Bellaire* before dinner, where having made knowne that he came from her with letters unto her Father and Mother, and being brought in unto them, he humbly preſented the letters together with their daughters duty unto them: *Dorilas* made ſome difficulty to receive them, yet having opened them with a ſevere countenance, never imagining that *Liſander* was the meſſenger, he found it ſaid thus.

Caliſta's *letter to* Dorilas.

SIr, among all the calamities wherewith I have bin miſerably afflicted ſince the loſs of my husband (the unfortunate ſpring of all the reſt) I have felt none equall unto the grief which I ſuffer, in being unjuſtly deprived of the be-

now

nour of your good favour: for ſince that deplorable accident which made me widow unto a perſon whom I held deareſt in the world, I made ſo little account of my ſelf, that the loſſe of goods and honour which I had acquired, was light unto me, & the living an exile out of my native country was ſupportable, but to be conſtrained to live out of the good opinion of my Father, having loſt the honour of your love, it is a miſery which cannot be imagined but by her who ſuffers it, and if you were able to conceive it according to my feeling, it may be it would ſtir up as much pity in you, as it worketh grief in me. For your good will, Sir, was the only good which was remaining unto me in this world, and was in ſtead of a recompence, and by which I hoped to be comforted for him whom I had loſt: But clean contrary unto my hope it hath been the increaſe of my affliction, & the inflamation of my wound is proceeded from the remedy which I hoped to apply. Sir, you are my Father, I moſt humbly intreat you to be my Iudg, and take knowledge of your daughters fact, as you would of the greateſt ſtrangers in the world, I aſk no favour but juſtice, and do entreat you to execute it as rigorouſly as the crime (whereof I am falſly accuſed) doth deſerve, not only if it may be found that I am culpable, but if it be not evidently ſeene that I am innocent, and your moſt humble daughter, Caliſta.

After that *Dorilas* had read this letter, he found terrible cuttings with grief and pity in his minde, which nevertheleſſe he diſſembled, and giving back the letter unto *Liſander*, for anſwer, ſaid, My friend, tell *Caliſta*, that if ſhe were innocent, as ſhe writeth unto me, ſhe need not (to aggravate her crime, rather than juſtifie her ſelf) break priſon, nor flie with him, who is the cauſe of her doing this wickedneſſe; but if ſhe be ſo aſſured of her innocency, as that ſhe can verifie it, let her returne into the place from whence ſhe is eſcaped, I will become her Solicitour, and will employ all that I am worth to recover her honour,

and

and aſſure her life, ſhewing my ſelfe as good a Father as I have been in former times, when ſhe lived according to that blood and nobleneſſe from whence ſhe is iſſued: but to thinke, that ſhe living in the opinion of having killed her husband, and now converſing with his murderer, I ought to account her my daughter, or regard her letters or tears, ſhe is much deceived, and ſo I pray tell her. *Liſander* never heard words ſo grievous as thoſe, not daring to anſwer againe, yet he was conſtrained to ſay that he knew *Caliſta* and *Liſander* ſo well, that the quality of a murderer was no way fitting to the one, nor of an adultereſſe unto the other, and that he would ſwear they ware both innocent of what they were accuſed; but by that which he had heard, the cauſe which hindred them from juſtifying themſelves, was, *Liſanders* not daring to preſent himſelfe. And why doth he not preſent himſelfe, if he be innocent (anſwered *Dorilas*?) Becauſe (replyed *Liſander*) he had ſome ſmall time before killed *Clouidon* and *Criſantes*, and thereby incurred the Kings diſpleaſure, and he (you know) is a ſtrong adverſary. *Dorilas* with pleaſure hearing this diſcourſe, and being glad to underſtand *Caliſta*'s juſtification, eſpecially *Liſanders*, unto whom he was ſo exceedingly obliged, entreated him to relate all that he had heard reported. *Liſander* then told him how he had left his ſword after he had killed *Chriſantes*, which was found by *Leon*, who was ſince gone out of the way; he being in love with *Clarinda*, had been the cauſe of this pitifull tragedy (as you have heard:) with this diſcourſe *Dorilas* was much pleaſed, yet was not reſolved to ſend for his daughter *Caliſta*, neither did he know that ſhe was ſo nigh, *Liſander* having told him, that ſhe was in Friſland; but asking if *Liſander* were with her, and the ſame *Liſander* aſſuring him that he was not, he ſaid, he was the onely man of the

the world unto whom he was bound, and that he ſhould rececive no leſſe contentment to underſtand his innocency than his daughters; that in truth he did wiſh him ill, being carried away with the common beliefe of this falſe report: But ſeeing it was ſo, he would go ſpeedily to the Court, (whither he had ſent *Lidian*) to employ all his friends to reſtore him to the Kings favour, to the end that purging himſelfe together with *Caliſta* from the murther of *Cleander*, he might receive them both into his houſe as his children. And that in the meane time *Caliſta*, in the place where ſhe was, ſhould expect newes from him, and ſhould endeavour to preſerve that, which he did aſſure himſelfe, ſhe had not loſt. Whileſt *Dorilas* thus ſpake unto *Liſander* without knowing him, *Otranta* not marking him, read *Caliſta*'s letter which contained theſe words.

Caliſta's *Letter unto her Mother.*

MAdam, *when Fortune had ſo wounded me, as to take from me, together with my Husband, the contentment, the glory, and the liberty which I had in the world; one of my greateſt comforts, next unto that which I had in God, and in my Conſcience, was to remember, that yet I had left a pitifull Mother, who, according to thoſe deare affections which ſhe had ever witneſſed, would never abandon me in ſo great a deſolation, believing, that I had not loſt all, and that if God had taken from me the beſt husband in the world, yet he had left me the beſt Mother under Heaven, and a Father who had ever ſhewed himſelfe kinde unto his daughter and yours. Nevertheleſſe, Madam, I have been driven to fall from this comfort, to my extreme griefe, when I knew that you had not onely left me, but for the top of all my misfortunes, that thoſe whom nature had given me for my Parents,* were

were become mine enemies. Thoſe things which are moſt to be eſteemed, are ſuch, as ought moſt to be ſorrowed for when they are loſt; and I have not onely loſt your affection, Madam, which of all things in this world is moſt deare unto me, but it is turned into hatred towards me, and from being honourable and profitable, as it hath been, it is become ſo ruinous unto me, that I ſhould have been buried in the miſerableſt reputation that ever poore woman was, if my honour and my life had not miraculouſly beene preſerved by him, who is falſely accuſed of Cleanders *death, and* Caliſta's *overthrow. I have ſaid (and doe moſt humbly entreat you, Madam, to pardon me) that your hatred doth me injury many wayes; for beſides that it maketh every one beleeve that I am juſtly accuſed of that which is imputed unto me, or at the leaſt hath confirmed the beliefe which was already had of my guiltineſſe (ſeeing that my Parents would not embrace my defence;) it hath conſtrained me, if I would not dye without juſtifying my ſelfe, and in the opinion of an infamous Adultereſſe and Murtherer of my Husband, to receive ſuccour and refuge from him, who is yet all bloody with my Husbands death, if it be true that he is guilty: which is the faireſt pretence, and the moſt lively appearance wherewith mine enemies have been able to colour the falſe cauſe of their impoſture, and whereat I cannot complaine, but onely at the hardneſſe of my Parents. Madam, I doe once againe intreat you to pardon me; my juſt and incomparable greifes cannot frame ſmall complaints: If you knew what I have ſuffered, you would abhor that ever you had brought into the world ſo miſerable a creature; if you will not take pity of my life, at the leaſt take knowledge thereof, be not more cruell than my Adverſaries, nor more criminall than my Iudges: Shall it be ſaid that a Mother refuſeth her eyes to the deportments, or her cares to the juſtification of her Daughter? and if you would not that I ſhould have recourſe unto you, Madam, unto whom would you then*

that

that I ſhould have recourſe? Tell me from whom I ſhould hope for more, or in whom I may better rely than in you, who are my Mother. And let fortune ſhoot all the arrowes of her anger upon me (if ſhe hath any remaining which I have not felt,) yet ſhe ſhall never do ſo much, but that (Madam) I will be alwaies your moſt humble and moſt obedient daughter,

Caliſta.

It cannot be ſaid that two letters ſo pitifull, from a daughter ſo faire, did not touch hearts ſo noble as thoſe of her Parents; for they were pierced even to the very ſoule: but it may be truly ſaid, that they were not ſo touched, that either of them would reſolve to ſend for their daughter to their houſe, which often made me think, it is not without cauſe ſaid, The Norman is a terrible nation. *Otranta* nevertheleſſe, who was a woman, could not ſo well cover her affection as *Dorilas*; for her teares wherewith ſhee had wet the letter while ſhee read it, did witneſſe it ſufficiently without ſeeing her face, and having her heart ſo oppreſt with ſurrow that ſhe could not ſpeake, ſhee commanded that *Liſander* ſhould be had to dinner with the ſervants, ſaying that after dinner ſhee ſhould give him anſwer: In the mean time ſhee and *Dorilas* ſate downe to dinner, where they reſolved what they ſhould write, and ſend back to *Caliſta*; for they judged ſhe could not unwinde her ſelfe from ſo many troubles without exceſſive charge. After dinner *Otranta* being retired into her Chamber, ſhe called for the meſſenger, unto whom, not yet knowing him, ſhe ſaid: My friend, I am a mother, and conſequently cannot deny but that I love *Caliſta*, who is my child, and the more, becauſe ſhee hath hitherto obliged me unto it by her good nature, which never belyed her birth; but this wicked accident hath given ſo great a wound unto her renown,

that together with her vertues, for which ſhe hath been honoured over the kingdome, ſhe hath loſt the naturall affection of her parents, who had rather deny their blood, than avow it in favouring ſo deteſtable a crime. Nevertheleſſe, ſeeing you ſay there needs onely but the preſenting of *Liſander* to juſtifie *Caliſta*, there ſhall neither be wanting our meanes, nor the favour which we can have in Court; all which we will employ to the uttermoſt of our friends, and of our eſtate, to the juſtifying both of the one and the other: for the obligations which lye upon us from *Liſander*, are ſuch, that we will not employ our ſelves leſſe for him than for her. But tell me friend, are they not alwaies together? No Madame, anſwered *Liſander*, they are not I aſſure you, but though they ſhould, whither would you that ſhe ſhould retire her ſelfe, rather than to him, who is at this day the onely proppe both of her honour and her life? Alas, ſaid *Otranta*, he will never ſo well ſupport it as he hath ruined it. If he hath ruined it (replyed *Liſander*) it is but in appearance, but in effect he hath preſerved it, and will maintaine it againſt the world; and if you thinke evill of her being with him, why doe you not take her home unto you? I know that *Caliſta* never longed after any other thing, and of her will dependeth *Liſanders*, who will as willingly render her into your hands, as he drew her from the hands of juſtice: but would you that ſhe ſhould wander up and down the world as a caſt-a-way, as you have left her? With theſe laſt words *Liſander* was ſo tranſported in paſſion, that forgetting the part which he played, he loſt both the countenance and faſhion of a ſervingman, and tooke upon him his owne true carriage So that *Otranta* marking him more curiouſly, knew him no leſſe by his geſture, than by his words, and remained

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almoſt tranſported with aſtoniſhment. He ſeing himſelfe knowne, and that from thence came *Otranta's* perplexity, proceeded in his diſcourſe in this manner; Madam, be not aſtoniſhed to ſee me thus diſguiſed, *Caliſta's* vertues deſerve that all extraordinary enterptiſes ſhould be attempted for her ſervice: But that you may know it is with that honour wherein I am tyed, I doe entreat you to take her home unto you, and to believe that this requeſt is the fartheſt from my deſire (which is to be alwayes with her) and onely to conforme my ſelfe to hers, and to let you ſee how much I preferre her contentment before that which I receive in her ſight. O *Liſander*, ſaid *Otranta*, who can deny you ſo juſt a requeſt, and ſo fitting to *Caliſta's* reputation? Alas, if it be true (which I doubt not) that you are innocent of her misfortune, and *Cleanders* death, what ſatisfaction can equall this your merit? Merit, anſwered *Liſander*, there is none, and for my innocency, I hope God will doe me the favour to make them ſee, who will not now beleeve it. Many other diſcourſes paſſed between them, which would be two tedious to relate; after which *Liſander* having told her where he had left *Caliſta*, they agreed that he ſhould returne unto her, without diſcovering himſelfe to *Dorilas*, who going two or three dayes afrer unto the Court, would leave *Otranta* at liberty to be able to ſend for her daughter.

Thus was our meſſenger ſent backe, who having found his Flemming, returned a gallop the ſame night unto *Caliſta*, and gave her a faithfull account of his Meſſage: *Caliſta*, who was wearied with leading ſo miſerable a life from one countrey to another, with ſo ſmall pleaſure and leſſe honour, ſeeing the evill opinion was conceived of her love unto *Liſander*, and ſeeing how freely he had em-

ployed himſelfe for her in this laſt action, did no leſſe eſteeme this ſervice than any of the former, becauſe in thoſe former he had ſerved her againſt her enemies, and in this againſt himſelfe. When he drew her out of priſon, it was to ſave her life, without which hee could not live, and to enjoy her preſence, which was his ſoveraigne good; ſo that it was to content himſelfe as well as *Caliſta*: But here he laboured to loſe himſelfe with her ſight, and to condemne himſelfe unto a perpetuall torment to leave her in reſt, and he will repent himſelfe at leiſure. During thoſe three dayes which they ſtayed in their lodging, expecting *Dorilus* going to the Court, *Caliſta* never ſpake of any thing but of *Liſanders* goodneſſe, and how much ſhe was beholding unto him, which ſhe proteſted to engrave in her memory with an eternall character: *Liſander* entreated her to take pity of the grief, which the apprehenſion of this departure wrought in him, and the languiſhings which would conſume him in her abſence.

Above all things Madam (ſaid he) remember the promiſe which it pleaſed you to make me, and the honeſt affection wherewith I have endeavoured to merit it. Give me not cauſe to repent the great reſpect I have born you, and the incomparable obedience wherewith I have moderated the violencies of my paſſion, otherwiſe you will convert my patience into fury, my diſcretion into folly, and you vvill reduce me to the greateſt deſpaire that ever vvretched ſoul vvas brought unto. Whereunto *Caliſta* anſwered, *Liſander*, either you have forgotten who I am, or elſe you think my judgment is not capable of knowing what you are, yet I do not think that any of my actions or words could lead you to theſe diſtruſts; remember that *Caliſta* cannot be accuſed of ingratitude, but by ſuch as do not know her,

and

and although mistortune ſhould carry her to this vice againſt all the world, yet it is not poſſible ſhee ſhould be ſo to you, to whom ſhee oweth more than unto all the men in the world. So did theſe lovers comfort themſelves, expecting newes from *Otranta*, who failed not to give them notice immediately after *Dorilas* his departure, which was within three dayes that *Liſander* had delivered *Caliſta*'s letters. The day of his departure being come, *Liſander* conducted *Caliſta* within the veiw of Bellaire (not willing to go in with her, fearing leſt the over much ſorrow which would poſſeſſe him at his departure, might give more knowledge of his love to *Otranta*, than hee deſired ſhe ſhould have;) and there, as they would have bid one another farewell, the faire words which were accuſtomed to have birth in their mouthes, dyed now there, and that which they had premediated to ſpeake, vaniſhed; witneſſing that a mean griefe ſharpneth the ſpirit, but an exceſſive one aſtoniſheth it. In the end *Liſander* ſaid, this departure ſhould be leſs cruell than it is, if it did leave me power to bid you farewell, and my griefe would be leſſe, if it would ſuffer me to complaine: that which comforteth me is, that I ſuffer for you, who merit more, and the cauſe of my martyrdome allaieth the cruelty; receiving alſo ſo great glory in obeying you, that there is no kinde of torment, which my obedience and your ſervice would not make agreeable. And I conjure you my faire one, by the eternall lights of your faire eyes, the only Sun, whoſe raies and eclipſes I am not able to beare (yet whoſe light I am conſtrained to loſe) that you wil forget me the leaſt you can in theſe darkneſſes, wherein I go to inwrap my life during your abſence. *Liſander*, ſaid *Caliſta*, you ſee this great light which ſhineth over our heads, I doe call it to witneſſe, that it ſhall ſooner ceaſe to

lighten the world, than I will ceaſe to love you: you have obliged me too much, and when my ingratitude ſhould come to this height of forgetfulneſſe, your valour is ſo neceſſary, that it would cauſe it to be ſought for unto the worlds end. Farewell, ſince the influence of the ſtarres do condemne us to this ſeparation, preſerve me alwayes in your memory, and believe me, your name and repreſentation ſhall be alwaies the deareſt jewels of my life. In ſpeaking theſe words, *Caliſta* lovingly kiſſed her *Liſander*, with more liberty than ever ſhe had done, and *Liſander* embraced her with feelings of joy almoſt incomprehenſible: In the end (almoſt forceably) they ſnatcht one the other out of their armes, ſeparating themſelves with ſorrow no leſſe pitifull, than the love which produced it was true. *Caliſta* followed her away to *Bellaire*, and *Liſander* being on horſeback followed her, with his eyes fixed upon her as ſtedfaſtly, as immoveably, as if they had been a Statue, untill he ſaw her Coach enter into the Caſtle: & when he had loſt his North-ſtar, O God, what darkneſſe, what trouble, what confuſion roſe in his minde! I make a conſcience to abandon him in this ſolitarineſſe, more purſued and more torn by his own affection, than *Actæon* by his dogs. *Caliſta* being come to Bellaire, was received by *Otranta* with great teſtimony of love, ſorrow, and pitty of her misfortune: There were their teares renewed; there motherly affections ſucceeded amorous, and amorous gave place to motherly: cleane contrary unto poore *Liſander*, who onely entertained himſelfe with imaginations, and lived onely with hopes of love. Hee (after he had loſt his faire Beare) tooke his way towards *Paris*, determining to enter by night, and ſee his friends as he paſſed by, or elſe to learne ſome newes, although it were with hazard of his life: And as he paſſed by S. Germyn, it being late, travailing

vailing in the freſh of the evening upon the banks of Sein, ſoftly, as well becauſe he would ſpare his horſe, as becauſe he would not come by day-light to *Paris*, he perceived foure Archers of the Provoſt Marſhall, who came upon a trott after him, and amongſt them he perceived a ſouldier, a priſoner upon horſeback, with his legs tyed under the belly. *Liſander* had no ſooner beheld him, but he remembred he had ſeene his face, yet he could not call to mind where; wherefore a little mending his pace, he entreated the Archers to tell him who he was, and whither they carryed him: We carry him to priſon (anſwered one of them) unto the Caſtle at Paris, where he was ſometime Porter, and to tell you more, we ſhould have ſomething to doe, if we ſhould render an account of all we take, unto all that aske us.

By this anſwer, *Liſander* knew that it was the Porter who had delivered *Caliſta*, who by ill fortune was fallen into thoſe archers hands; and being deſirous to deliver him, he ſaid unto them, Friends, this poor man if you carry him unto Paris will be hanged, and it will but breed ſorrow unto you for having been the cauſe of his death: but if you will give him unto me, I will give you twenty crownes to goe drinke, and he ſhall be bound to pray for you all his life. We neither care for his prayers nor your crownes (anſwered another) and it may be, it had been better for you, you had been leſſe officious, and not ſo charitable. How (ſaid *Liſander*) will you alſo take me priſoner, becauſe I am charitable? Not ſo, anſwered the Archer, but if the party who cauſeth him to be taken priſoner, knew the care you have to deliver him, it may be he would make you be further examined. Leave that care unto the party (ſaid *Liſander*) and deliver me your priſoner, for I deſire much to have him. You doe but jeſt (anſwered an Archer) we will anſwer him unto the Juſtice. By

your leave (replyed *Liſander*) you ſhall not have him to priſon, before I know whether he be willing or no to go: and withall he ſaid unto the priſoner, ſpeak unto me friend, Is it willingly or by conſtraint that thou goeſt to priſon? By force Sir (anſwered the priſoner) Truly then (ſaid *Liſander*) this is a great injuſtice in this manner to force free perſons: Well, my maſters ſeeing you will not let him goe for mony, free him for nothing, or elſe reſolve to dye by my hand. The Archers at the firſt thought he had been in jeſt, or that he had been mad; but ſeeing him come violently upon them with his ſword in his hand, they began to defend themſelves, which ſerved them to little purpoſe; for *Liſander* was well horſed, and knew ſo well to take advantage by the nimbleneſſe of his Horſe, and with the goodneſſe of his ſword, that he layed two of the ſtouteſt along upon the ground; the reſt betooke them to their heeles, leaving him the priſoner, who knowing by whom he was freed, could not give thanks ſufficient. *Liſander* made his Flemmiſh boy ſpeedily unbinde him, and both of them to follow him, who in ſtead of going to *Paris* (as he projected) left it upon the left hand, and in taking his way towards Gaſcoigne, rod ſo hard all night, that before day he came unto Eſtampes, where having reſted himſelf a while, he took Poſt with the Porter (who never forſooke him after that day) and his good horſe, with the Flemming, to come after by eaſie journeyes unto Tholoſe.

In the mean time *Dorilas* being at Court, emplored the Kings mercy for *Liſander*, urging his valour, and the fidelity of this Knight, heretofore ſo remarkable for his combats and by his ſervices, he touched (as in paſſing by) the penſion which he had refuſed from the Arch-Duke, although he had no means from his Majeſty, but contrary that he was in diſ-

grace,

grace, having loſt the honour of his favour: I do intreat you, Sir, ſaid he, in compaſſion of this old age, and of the diſaſter wherewith I am miſerably afflicted in my laſt dayes, in the perſons of *Cleander* and *Caliſta*, to adde unto ſo many favours which you have beſtowed upon your nobility, that which I demand in *Liſanders* name for the death of *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes*; ſlaughters which are the moſt pardonable that ever were, ſeeing that *Liſander* being firſt almoſt murthered by *Cloridons* friends, and after challenged by *Chriſantes*, he alone had killed them both, not onely by his valour and fortude ſbut by the juſtice of his cauſe, which had been manifeſtly aſſiſted by the hand of God.

The King poſſeſſed of the love which he had born unto *Cloridon*, and with the falſe report which ran of the combat, ſo much to the diſadvantage of *Liſanders* free and noble heart, and wondring that *Dorilas* with ſo much earneſtneſſe ſhould ſue for the pardon of a man who was accuſed for the murther of his ſonne in law, ſaid unto him, that he had granted pardons unto his Subjects for combates nobly decived, but for murtherers he never gave any, marvelling further, that he would begge pardon for a man who had branded his reputation with ſo foule a fault, and who had ſo mortally offended him in the perſon of one moſt neare unto him, whereby he had deſerved to have his condemnation purſued. It is for this cauſe, Sir, anſwered *Dorilas*, that I demand *Liſanders* pardon, touching *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes* deaths, whereof I accoumpt him innocent, that he may be puniſhed for the murther of *Cleander* (if it be true that he be guily.) Cleane otherwiſe (replyed the King) *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes* friends thinke him guilty of their deaths, and innocent of the other, ſo either of you is tranſported with his particular paſſion; But I, who am or ought to be guided

ded with reaſon only, will give unto every one that juſtice which is due unto him. Sir, anſwered *Dorilas*, to the doing of juſtice, firſt belongs to the knowing and to the konwing of the cauſe, belongs the hearing of the parties: Your Majeſty cannot juſtly condemn *Liſander* without firſt hearing his juſtification; but agreeing that hee killed *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes*, it followes that he did well or ill kill them; if well, it followes that your Majeſty may pardon him; and if ill, you may puniſh him after you have given him pardon; for juſtice doth not allow of pardons gotten upon a falſe ſuggeſtion; ſo your Majeſty may in time be cleare of *Liſanders* innocency in reſpect of the combat. For I am ſure he will offer himſelf, not only to prove that he killed them like an honeſt man, but alſo to purge himſelfe from *Cleanders* murther; which I the rather deſire, Sir, becauſe upon his juſtification dependeth *Caliſta's*. But how ſhould he juſtifie himſelfe (ſaid the King) of two crimes, both committed without witneſſe? Sir, ſaid *Dorilas*, it is for his adverſaries to convince him, and for him to defend himſelfe: I doe not know what proofs they can have againſt him; But in reſpect of the combat, *Chriſantes* before he died ſpake with *Leon* and with *Berontus*, who have told the truth to *Liſanders* great advantage, although they were enemies, as the events have ſince ſhewed. As for *Cleanders* murther, it is certaine that *Liſander* was at Bruxels when it was committed, and that he left his ſword (by which circumſtance they would convince him of the murther) in the field where he killed *Chriſantes*, having broken it in the hilts with the reverſe blow wherewith he cut off *Criſantes* his arme, and acommodated himſelfe both with *Cloridons* horſe and ſword, which he yet hath. But, Sir, though this did not nor could appeare, what better courſe can your

Majeſty

Majeſty hold, than that which your progenitors have held? alwayes when ſuch caſes have hapned, ſo doubtfull that the truth could not be known, they have granted the combate to the accuſers or the accuſed, who did demand it. There was ſtanding by at the Kings dinner, where *Dorilas* pleaded *Liſanders* cauſe, a young Knight called *Lucidon*, who was *Criſantes* his Nephew, and one of the activeſt Gentlemen of *France*, who hearing pardon aſked for his Uncles death, and fearing leſt *Dorilas* his reaſons might bee of force with the King, proſtrated himſelfe at his Majeſties feet, moſt humbly beſeeching him, that the death of two ſuch Knights as *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes* might not go unpuniſhed for want of proofe, ſeeing it was well knowne ſuch actions were alwaies performed with the feweſt witneſſes that could bee brought, and that *Liſander* had killed all that could witneſſe; yea even unto the foot-boyes, thereby, as it was moſt likely, to hide the foule play of the combate. That in caſe it could not ae verified according to the ordinary forme of juſtice, hee did require that according to the cuſtome alledged by *Dorilas*, he might be ſuffered to challenge *Liſander*, and decide this combate by a ſecond combate Whereunto *Dorilas* anſwered, The Kings preſence (*Lucidon*) makes you ſpeake, and me hold my peace, but if the inviolable reſpect which we owe unto his Majeſty were not, this white beard (ſuch as you ſee it) would enforce it ſelfe to ſhew you that there was no foule play in that action, and if the King pleaſe, without entring into farther proofe, I doe offer to maintaine it in the field, my perſon againſt yours. I had rather (ſaid *Lucidon*) that it were with your Sonne, nevertheleſſe I hope having done with you, I may then finiſh with *Liſander* himſelfe, of whom queſtion is made at this time; wherefore I will not refuſe you. *Dorilas* was much provoked

with

with this anſwer, and would have anſwered againe, but the King commanded them both to ſilence, forbidding them upon paine of his diſpleaſure to proceed any further. And having granted *Liſanders* pardon, upon condition that he did come and procure it to be allowed in one moneth; and that he might ſafely come and juſtifie himſelfe of *Cleanders* death, he did aſſure him from being troubled for any thing but murthers. It was thought that next unto the juſtice of the cauſe, nothing diſpoſed the King ſo much to the granting of this pardon, as *Liſanders* refuſing the Arch-Dukes penſion.

With this expedition *Dorilas* returned to Bellaire, where being received by *Caliſta* with teares, which drew them mutually from his aged eyes, after the firſt motion of this encounter, having informed himſelfe of *Liſanders* retrait, he diſpatched a Gentleman to him in Poſt, with his pardon, and with a letter, which ſaid thus.

Doriſlas *his Letter to* Liſander.

SIr, having underſtood that there wanted nothing but your pardon (for your combat with Cloridan *and* Chriſantes*) for you to juſtifie your ſelfe againſt thoſe, who ſlanderouſly accuſe you for the death of* Cleander*, I have (by Gods aſſiſtance) obtained it of the King, in ſuch manner as this Gentleman will let you know, to the end, that together with your owne innocency, you may alſo verifie* Caliſta's*, and prove them liars, who have ſcandalouſly wounded both your reputations. The naturall affection which I bore unto her as a Father, and that which I owe unto you, as having obliged me, by ſaying my life and my childrens doe make me paſſionately deſire to ſee you free out of this trouble. I would have ſent* Lidian *to intreat you not to faile within the terme which the King hath given you to preſent your ſelfe if I had*

(as

(as I did thinke I ſhould) found him at the Court, but he was gone before I came thither. Otranta *humbly kiſſeth your hands:* Caliſta *writes unto you, and I remaine*

Your obliged ſervant,
Dorilas.

Dorilas having communicated this letter to *Otranta*, and both of them thinking it fit, that *Caliſta* ſhould accompany it with a letter from her, who was principally intereſſed in this buſineſſe, and had moſt power over *Liſander*, ſhee ſaid thus.

Caliſta's *Letter to* Liſander.

I Write this word not onely out of my Duty and obedience; but although you had not obliged me, nor my Parents commanded me, yet mine owne affection, and the intereſt in your affaires have power enough to conſtraine me: you ſee by my Fathers letter, what he hath done for you, and what you muſt doe both for your ſelfe and me: I neede not intreat you in a thing wherein your honour is intereſſed, I ſhould wrong your courage, and the deſire you have to recover your good name, which our evill fortune hath made us loſe: Farewell. Remember I am Caliſta, *that is, your beſt friend, and moſt affectionate ſervant*

This Meſſenger diſpatcht with inſtruction where to finde *Liſander*, *Caliſta* expected onely his returne: and now thought ſhe held fortune under her feete: But it hapned by great miſchance, that this Gentleman travailed in a ſeaſon when the waters were very high and broken out; ſo that he paſſing along

long by a little river which flowed out into the way, he ſaw his Poſt-boy with his packet fall into the water, whom he endeavouring to ſave, went ſo neer as that he took him by the chollar; and as a little ſtrength will draw a great weight out of the water, he had almoſt pulled him up, when his owne ſtirrop (upon which his whole body reſted) brake, and he fell into the Current, where he was (together with all that he would have ſaved) loſt. Thus *Liſander* unadvertiſed, could not come to the Court within the time he was expected, from whence ſprung many diſpleaſures, which we ſhall ſee happily determined in the ſequell of this Story.

The end of the Eighth Booke.

A TRAGI-COMICALL Hiſtory of theſe Times.

The Ninth Booke.

Iſander having rode hard, in few dayes came unto the river Garroune, and from thence unto Miramont, the houſe of his Father *Adraſtus*, where he was receiued by the good old man, and by *Hypermeſtra* his Mother, with teares of joy, and unſpeakable griefe at his returne after ten yeares abſence; in which time, he had broken the courſe of their lives with alarums and feares of ſo many accidents which had happened unto him: After the firſt welcomes and the divers diſcourſes and recitalls of his adventures, whereof he could not be acquitted by once telling of them, the newes of his returne being ſpread through the countrey, they were viſited by many of the Nobility dwelling thereabouts, who, ſome to ſee *Liſander*, others to rejoyce with his parents for his returne, came unto Miramont by troups. The Flemmiſh boy came ſhortly after with his good horſe, which had been *Cloridons*; and after him came the faithfull footman, healed of the wound which he had in his

his ſhoulder, which gave *Liſander* no ſmall content. *Adraſtus*, who had a deſire to tye his ſonne at home with bonds which could not eaſily be broken, fearing his returne unto the Court, where his life was ſo unaſſured, determined to marry him neere home, with a young, rich, and faire Inheritrix, whoſe excellent vertues, and far ſurpaſſing the quality of her ſexe, were no leſſe admirable than her beauty. This Lady was called *Hippolita*, whoſe parents had left her an Orphant under the tuition of a Kinſman of hers, who in her firſt youth was carefull to ſecond her good nature with exquiſite education; as the creſcent of her beauty was perfected with riper eares, it ſtrooke ſo in the eyes of this poore Tutor, that forgetting all reſpect of nearneſſe of blood, he could not forbeare witneſſing more love than affection of parentage: which ſo much offended the young heart of this maid, that the firſt time he went out of the Caſtle (which was exceeding ſtrong) where ſhe was brought up, ſhe ſhut the gates upon him, keeping him out; where with a maid ſhe had called *Erifila*, of like age and diſpoſition, ſhe gave her ſelfe not onely to ſuch exerciſes which thoſe of her ſexe doe ordininarily uſe, but alſo to ſuch as are fitting unto men, every day riding of horſes, and exerciſe of Armes, which ſhe did with an unſpeakable dexterity: and this was privately within the incloſure of the Caſtle walls: but ſhortly after her Tutor endeavouring to ſurpriſe her by force, was ſhamefully beaten by his Pupill, and by her valour repulſed, whereat he tooke ſuch griefe that he dyed, leaving *Hippolita* free from his love and government. She had alſo joyned unto theſe qualities ſo perfect a knowledge in learning, that thoſe who were not taken with the unevitable ſtrokes of her face, were conſtrained to yeeld themſelves to the charmes of her ſpeech, and the ſweetneſſe of her converſation.

All

All these faire parts, making an excellent agreement in this maid, incited all those who beheld her to adore her (upon whom nevertheleſſe she would never vouchsafe to caſt her eye) & particularly raiſed a great deſire in *Adraſtus* to gaine her for *Liſander*, unto whom he would not yet say any thing before he had ſeene her, hoping that she would gaine more upon him with one look, than all his remonſtrances, joyned with his authority; and otherwiſe knowing that love is unaptly conſtrained by duty, and that oftentimes commandements doe deſtroy deſire: He alſo knew that *Liſander* was loſt in *Caliſta's* affection, and that upon the ſudden to endevour to quench thoſe fires, which were ſo lively in him, to kindle new unto a ſubject whom he had not ſeen, he thought it would be a diſcourſe altogether in vaine; wherefore the ſubtill old man deſired that hee might ſee her before he made any demonſtration of his intent, hoping that of himſelfe he would come into the net, and the rather, if he were not advertiſed before hand. To attaine hereunto, he made a match of hunting, unto which *Hippolita* was intreated, who failed not to come: but hearing that his brave *Liſander* (whoſe vertue had ſounded ſo loud in her eares) would be there, ſhe ſtudyed with great Art to tye all thoſe graces together, wherewith ſhe accuſtomed to have her admirable beauty accompanied. For although ſhe had no particular deſigne upon his perſon, yet the glory which ſhee did apprehend in captivating ſuch a courage, made her deſire to ſeem faire. She therefore apparelled her ſelfe in a hunting garment after the Saramatick faſhion, of crimſon Velvet, embroydered with ſilver, over which hung in a rich ſcarfe, a faire ſword with an excellent grace, her haire was gathered up under a little cap almoſt covered with feathers, and ſet thick

with ſtones, which gliſtering about her head, dazled their ſight who beheld her; but it was little in reſpect of the lightning which came from her face. Her horſe was a Jennet of Spain, white as Snow, which ſhe rode upon rather for bravery than to hunt with. In this manner accompanyed with *Erifila* her maide (whoſe habit was of the ſame faſhion, but not of the ſame ſtuffe) ſhe met the Aſſembly. On the other ſide *Liſander*, unto whom had beene already figured the cleereneſſe of this bright ſtar, as of a riſing Sunne, called for *Cleridons* horſe, and girding his good ſword upon a ſcarlet ſuit, laced thick with gold lace, ſettled himſelfe in a ſaddle of the ſame, and followed *Adraſtus* with thoſe who were of the match.

When they came to the place where they intended to caſt off their doggs, they found in the ſame eſtate I did repreſent, *Hippolita*, who both rejoyced and aſtoniſhed all the troupe with her preſence. Never did *Atlas* appeare ſo faire to *Meleager*, when ſhee hunted the Theſſalian Bore, as ſhe then ſeemed unto *Liſander*, whom ſhe beheld with an eye full of admiration; ſhe thinking that he was the faireſt object to be ſeen amongſt men. And indeed there was none in the company that did not thinke ſo, nor any minde ſo envions that did not confeſſe that they were the faireſt couple in the world: But that which raiſed greateſt admiration, was the ſweetneſſe and gentleneſſe of their countenance, with fierceneſſe of their courages; for they ſeemed to be two contraries in one ſubject, and (which was rarely found but in them) equally fierce and gentle, whoſe hearts were uncapable of feare in any danger, and tractable and eaſie in converſation. For although *Liſander* were in war ſterne and haughty, yet in peace there was nothing more humble: and although *Hippolita* was (amongſt Ladies) both perfectly faire and

and humble, yet she was no lesse warlike and stout in armes. And I doe not know which was most rare to finde, either so much beauty in *Lisanders* valour, or so much valour in *Hippolita's* beauty. Before they fell to the sport of hunting, *Lisander* alighted from his horse, having first made him curvet and bound an hundred times before *Hippolita*, with such justnesse and grace, that those who had taken pleasure in beholding him before, confessed it was nothing in respect of what they received in this action: *Hippolita* her selfe more than all was ravished by him, whom without doubt she had ravished, if he had not been formerly gained by another; but his soule was so filled with the most excellent perfections of *Calista*, that there was no place left for *Hippolita* to make any impression, whereas *Lisander* finding *Hippolita* with a minde free and unpossessed like a a smooth white paper, writ in fiery letters the everlasting progresse of his love. All the hunting they galopped close one by the other, to *Adrastus* his great contentment, who did believe that *Hippolita's* conversation would work the ordinary effect in *Lisander*, as in all others, which was, to force him to subjection, which all the company beleeved as well *Adrastus*, seeing that *Lisander*, obliged with so much beauty, and with his owne nobleness, spake unto her of love, unto which she answered, mocking and feining not to beleeve, that which indeed she ought not to have beleeved. In the end, their hunting finishing with the killing of a great Stagge, as they were upon their returne, they found in a Coppice a huge over-grown Boare, so furious and terrible, that neither the Huntsmen with their darts, neither the dogs with their Collers struck with iron points, durst behold his wilde countenance. *Lisander* seeing this, leaps from his horse, and sets upon him with his sword, and with much adoe and some danger, hee

thruſt it between the Boares ſhoulders up to the hilts: But the blow, although it were mortall, could not ſtay the violence of this fearfull beaſts motion, nor *Liſander* ſo nimbly ſhift himſelf, that he did not ruſh upon him, and overwhelm him to the ground, carrying away upon his tusks a great piece of his Caſſaque, ſo that every one thought him dead: When *Adraſtus* ſaw his Son fall, it is not to be demanded whether he were troubled, and faire *Hippolita* was no leſſe, who nimbly leaping from her horſe, inſtantly ran before all the reſt to help him up. But there was no ſuch need, he riſing without help or hurt, but onely the ſhame he had for his fall; and the Boare falling upon the other ſide dead, revived their hearts which were troubled, and raiſed great joy to ſucceed this feare, and a great affection in the ſoule of *Hippolita*, unto whom the glory of ſo hardy an action, was as a bellowes to kindle her new fire. *Liſander*, having preſented unto her what they had killed, at the departure of the reſt of the company went with her untill they came within view of her houſe, and there obtaining leave to viſite her, he returned unto *Miramont* after *Adraſtus*, more ſatisfied than amorous of her beauty. While theſe things thus paſſed, the time (within which *Dorilas* had promiſed to preſent *Liſander*) approached, and there was no newes of him, nor yet of the meſſenger whom he had ſent: which brought care unto *Dorilas*, grief unto *Otranta*, and almoſt deſpaire unto *Caliſta*, who knew not what to ſay, nor what to thinke of *Liſander*. On the other ſide *Lidian* having travelled all the Kingdome over to finde *Leon*, without learning any newes of him, moved with an earneſt deſire of ſeeing his Lady, at the time which was agreed by *Alcidon*, *Beronius* and himſelfe, came back unto *Paris*, where having heard of the words that paſſed from *Lucidon* unto his Father, he preſently challenged

ged him. *Lucidon* bravely accepted it, & both of them demeaned themſelves ſo valiantly, that they were carried both grievouſly wounded out of the field, with more appearance of death than hope of life; *Lucidon* got great reputation in bearing himſelfe ſo valiantly againſt *Lidian*, whoſe valour was often approved, and had challenged him, although he had but lately entred his pardon for the like former fact: wherefore his friends fearing leſt the Officers of Juſtice would ſearch for him, all wounded as he was, carried him in a Litter by night from *Olinda*'s houſe where he firſt was brought, unto a houſe of *Argires* in the countrey, four miles from *Paris*, named *Clarevall*, whither came *Argire*, *Olinda* and *Ambriſia*, who, expecting to heare ſome newes of her brother, had alwaies remained with them, and born them faithfull company.

In the mean time *Dorilas*, ſeeing the moneth expired, within which time he had promiſed unto the King to bring in *Liſander*, returned to *Paris*, with an intent to combate *Lucidon* himſelfe, according to the offer which had been made and accepted. But when he came there, finding that his Son had prevented him, and was yet in his bed wounded, and believing that it would be thought to be done by his advice, to excuſe him from that wherein he had formerly ingaged himſelfe, he was no leſſe angry with him for fighting, than ſorry for his wounds; yet underſtanding that he was carried to *Clarvall*, he went to ſee him, and from thence writ unto *Otranta* newes of this accident. Shee hearing that her Son was wounded, and lay at *Argires* houſe neere *Paris*, came thither with *Caliſta* as ſpeedily as ſhe could, and as ſecretly as was poſſible. I need not relate the complements, the entertainments and words which paſſed amongſt the Ladies, eſpecially with *Caliſta*, neither could I expreſſe them: Onely I will ſay,

that having found *Lidian* a little better then they thought, their ſorrow was turned into joy, ſeeing themſelves together, although it was not perfect. For beſides *Lidians* wounds, the abſence of *Alcidon*, *Liſander* his quarrels, and *Caliſta*'s proceſſe, were ſharp thornes amongſt thoſe roſes.

In the meane time ſuch as were equally friends unto *Lidian* and *Lucidon*, ſeeing they were recovered of their wounds, and ſeeing the ſmall cauſe for them to remaine enemies, there having no words of injury paſſed betweene them, and their wounds being equall, they determined to make them friends, knowing that with the ſervice which they ſhould doe unto the two Knights in agreeing them, they ſhould alſo pleaſe the King which did deſire it. The honour, the friends, and the nobleneſſe of their proceeding had imprinted more affection, than the blood which they had drawn one from the other had left hatred, wherefore they were eaſily diſpoſed to agreement, provided that in their agreement there might be no ſpeech held of *Liſander*, who was the firſt cauſe of their diſpute: but when they ſhould ſee one the other (which muſt be of neceſſity) becauſe *Lidian* durſt not come unto Paris, *Lucidon* was brought unto Clarvall, where firſt imbracing *Dorilas*, and after *Lidian*, he was raviſhed with the beauty of the company, eſpecially when his eyes beheld *Caliſta*, who blinded him with ſo violent a paſſion of love, that from a mortall enemy, which (not long ſince) he was of her whole houſe, he was now become a moſt affectionate ſervant. He was young, rich, well favoured, comely of perſonage, of an excellent ſpirit and a great courage; charmes which might prevaile much with women, which nevertheleſſe were not of force with *Caliſta*, whoſe heart was ever turned towards *Liſander* as the Needle is towards the North, although at this time his abſence, and the little

little newes of him, had much offended her. *Lucidon* finding in *Caliſta* a minde drowned in ſorrow for the death of *Cleander*, and onely (as he conceived) capable of griefe, as well for his death, as that ſhe was thereof accuſed, and not yet juſtified, contented himſelfe onely to offer her all his ſervice, as well in this as in any other, neither pretending nor hoping for more recompence, than the honour to call himſelfe her Knight. And ſo he tooke his leave, with his friends returning to Paris, more wounded with the arrowes of her eyes, than he had beene before by *Lidian* her brother, and no leſſe ſtudying which way to gaine her, than to deſtroy *Liſander*, whom all the world knew both to love her, and to be beloved by her, thinking thereby to ſatisfie both his love and hatred together: wherefore the moneth which the King had given him to come and enter his pardon was no ſooner paſt, but *Lucidon* remonſtrated unto his Majeſty, that his crime heretofore cleere enough was now more than notorious, that otherwiſe hee would never have failed to appeare within the time which was limitted for the enjoying his pardon, which was procured with ſo much inſtance; but that *Liſander*, convinced by his conſcience, fledde the light of the Sunne which diſcovered him, confeſſing by his flight, that he could neither deny it in juſtice, nor defend it with armes. He therefore entreated his Majeſty to revoke the pardon given him, and yeeld unto the ſhadowes of *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes* the contentment of ſeeing juſtice done upon their murtherer; and if any were found who in his abſence would defend him in ſo evill a cauſe, that he might be ſuffered to fight with him, and ſubmit his right unto the triall of armes. The King taking *Liſanders* abſence as an ill ſigne, ordained, that if within three weeks he came not, nor ſome other for him to fight with *Lucidon*, the pardon which was offered unto him

ſhould be void, and he himſelfe ſhould be put into the hands of juſtice. Further, his Majeſty ordained, that the combate ſhould be on horſeback, the combarants armed at all points, and in the preſence of his Majeſty, according to the ancient cuſtome of this Kingdome: This order comming unto *Dorilas* his eare, he diſpatched *Lidian* away in Poſte unto *Liſander*, remaining himſelfe at *Clarvall* expecting newes.

But being one day at *Paris* (whither he ordinarily went) a little after *Lidians* departure, he met with two *Gaſcoigne* Gentlemen of his acquaintance, who came lately out of the country, by whom informing himſelfe of *Liſander*, no way diſguiſing the trouble of minde that he had by his abſence, conſidering what buſineſſe called him thither; they told him, that they had left him about a buſineſſe which did vvell deſerve his ſtay. And vvhat buſineſſe (ſaid *Dorilas*) can be of ſuch importance unto him, that it can make him forget the care which he ought to have of his honour and his life? We knovv not (ſaid they) neither doth he believe that his honour doth oblige him to come hither; but the cauſe which detains him there, is (I think) partly becauſe he cannot be here in that ſafety which he deſires, and partly for the ſatisfaction which he deſires to give unto his parents after ſo long an abſence, but the true and ſtrongeſt chaine, which tyeth him, is the love which he beares unto a faire Amazon, who will not give him ſo much liberty to runne up and downe in the world as he hath done. Then did they ſo lively deſcribe *Hippolita*'s vertues and beauties, adding the greatneſſe of her eſtate unto her other perfections, that *Dorilas* certainly believed it was the onely reaſon why *Liſander* was deafe unto his letters, and infinitely bewailing that he had ſent *Lidian* unto him, he returned to carry this newes unto *Caliſta* at Clar-

vall.

vall. To tell you the ravage which this newes made in her minde, the rage and the fury of her jealouſie, the deſpight and the ſhame ſhe had, to ſee her ſelfe ſo deſpiſed and deceived by a man, who had adored her with ſubmiſſions and humbleneſſe, as if it had been to a Deity, it is not poſſible, it muſt be conceived by thought, or be repreſented by ſome other woman injured by the feeling of the like affront; Nevertheleſs *Caliſta*, being wiſe and adviſed as well as faire, wiſely deſſembled, in the company, what ſhe felt, and ſhewed her ſelfe ſo diſcreet and conſtant in this firſt motion, that one would have judged this act of *Liſander* to have been indifferent; but after ſhe was retired into her chamber, and her doore ſhut upon her, that ſhe ſaw ſhe was at liberty to complaine, then her grief, too too ſtrong for her reaſon, enforced her to words and actions which cannot be related; for with the complaints ſhe made, and the teares ſhe ſhed, little vvanted that ſhe did not yeeld up her life; Ah Traitor (ſaid ſhe) and the moſt ſpotted vvith infidelity that the Sun ever ſavv, is it thus, that thou at need leaveſt the too-eaſie and credulous *Caliſta!* at the leaſt ungratefull; thou ſhouldſt have ſtaied untill ſhe had recoverd the honour vvhich by thy occaſion ſhe hath loſt, and thou ſhouldeſt have aſſured the life which the too much affection ſhe hath borne thee, hath brought into deſpaire: but cruell as thou art, thou haſt left me in the hands of juſtice, from whence thou haſt drawne me, onely to prolong my torment with my life. Ah diſloyall, it is not now that thou didſt deceive me: This *Hippolita*, whoſe praiſes in my hearing thou didſt ſing, perſwading me that it was a counterfeit name under which thou hiddeſt mine, was the true ſubject of thy paſſion; & Sot that I am, I tooke it to mine advantage, and fed my ſelfe with praiſes and affections which thou breathedſt for another

another. What ſhould I make account of any mans fidelity? Let Heaven and Hell torment me for ever with ſome new puniſhment (if they have any wherewith they have not afflicted me) if ever I ſuffer my ſelf to be overtaken again by any man. Thus without either comfort or counſell the faire *Caliſta* lamented.

Ambriſia who was preſent at theſe newes, was little leſs afflicted than ſhe, and knew not what reaſons to uſe in her brothers excuſe. *Olinda*, *Otranta* and *Argire* were all in the ſame aſtoniſhment, and as one hardly believeth that which is not ſeen, they could not imagine that *Liſander* in ſo ſmall a time could be ſo much changed, or have fallen into ſo great a forgetfulneſſe of himſelfe, they all ſuppoſing that although he had loſt the memory of his love, yet he would alway preſerve that of his honour, which did oblige him to juſtifie *Caliſta* in verifying his own innocency, and that neceſſarily ſome other great accident beſides love, had ſtayed him. *Dorilas* himſelfe was of that opinion, although thoſe who had reported this evill newes, (not dreaming of the griefe which they brought with them) had told him for a certainty of their knowledge, as being at the hunting where *Liſander* and *Hippolita* firſt ſaw themſelves together. But *Caliſta* taking it at the worſt, and thinking her ſelfe the moſt wretched woman that ever was, being aſhamed ever to appeare in the world, or in the preſence of her owne parents, or almoſt to ſee her ſelfe after ſuch unſupportable miſeries as ſhe had ſuffered; reſolved upon the ſtrongeſt deſigne that could fall into a womans thought: firſt ſhe would neither ſee nor be ſeen, of any perſon; and having commanded that they ſhould leave her, that ſhe might take her reſt, ſhe ſpent the day in ſad and bitter ſolitarineſſe, eating her heart in ſilence, and meditating deeply in thoſe furies wherewith ſhe

was

was troubled, and when night deſcending with ſleep had wrapped all creatures elſe in their reſt, ſhe ſoftly roſe from her bed, and (without awaking any ſervant) ſhe went from her own chamber, unto that wherein *Lidian* lay before his departure. There finding, amongſt many other neceſſary implements which he had left behinde him, a ſuit of green Sattin laid thick with ſilver, which he had but newly made, with a ſilk Grograine Cloak of the ſame colour, and laced, in briefe, all things ſuitable, ſhe accommodateth her ſelfe therewith as well as ſhe could; her leggs ſhe hides with his Bootes, by her ſide ſhe hangs his ſword, and her long haire ſhe covered with a grey Bever, ſhadowed with a green Feather; afterwards going unto the Stable (having firſt tooke all her money with her) ſhe her ſelfe choſe and made ready the beſt horſe *Dorilas* had in the Stable, and getting upon him, went to the next way ſhe met, in the horrour of a dark night, without knowing what way ſhe ſhould keep, or what reſolution ſhe ſhould take.

Who will not now confeſſe unto me, that love is a rage which troubleth the moſt ſetled brains, ſince that *Caliſta* (who lived in the opinion of a Lady ſo wiſe, that the death of her husband, the infamy of a priſon, the loſſe of her wealth and reputation, the beliefe of her parents, or the extreme danger of a ſhamefull death could not move) was ſhaken and carried from all her conſtancie by the firſt ſtroakes of a falſe report? and more light, and more a woman than ever ſhe had witneſſed her ſelfe, ſhe forgot the griefe which ſhe had raiſed unto her parents, the ſcandall which ſhe had brought unto her houſe, her owne honour, which ſhe had been (untill that time) ſo deare unto her, to expoſe her ſelfe unto the wide world for the uncertaine newes of a contrived untruth, and runne (as it is ſaid) blindefoldly rather after

after her own deſpaire than upon any well placed reſolution.

The next morning *Otranta* and *Dorilas* would go ſee their daughter, and finding her gowne which ſhe had left in the place of *Lidians* habit; one tore her haire, the other his beard, both of them called themſelves miſerable, having children at ſuch rate, thinking none happy but thoſe who had none. Sorrow redoubleth in this houſe, and that which over night was but an ordinary evill, in the morning became extreme. In vaine is ſhe ſought after; for thoſe who came back without finding her, confirmed her loſſe unto her parents, and made their grief almoſt paſt remedy.

On the other ſide *Adraſtus* ſeeing *Liſanders* love with *Hippolita* did not kindle and burne (as he hoped) at firſt after many other ſubtilties, ſaid unto his Son, that now being old, the greateſt contentment that *Hypermeſtra* and he could at theſe yeares have, was to ſee him retire himſelfe home unto them; That he had runne enough up and downe in the world, it was fit now to reſt, and that it was high time for him to take the houſe to his care, and ſuffer his father and mother to divide the remainder of their yeares in reſt: not that he would abridge him of going to the Court, where he knew well his honour did oblige him, to purge himſelfe as well from *Gloridon* and *Chriſantes* deaths, whom he had killed, as alſo from *Cleanders*, which (as he ſaid) he not ſo much as thought; but that this might be done with time, and in the mean while he would be glad to have him make choice of ſuch a party who might tye him to ſtay in the country, offering to aſſiſt him as a Father, and as he had alwayes done in all places untill this very time; That it was told him he had ſome deſign upon *Hippolita*, but for ſome conſiderations which were unknowne he had not yet witneſ-

ſed

ſed it; That if it were out of any doubt that he would not be willing, he would cleare that doubt by telling them that he knew *Hippolita* to be of an illuſtrious family, of a vertuous condition, of a rare beauty, and that he did not know any in the world whom he would rather deſire to be his daughter-in-law; That if peradventure he feared he ſhould not be able to attaine the end of his ſuit, and that this did keep him from diſcovering his ſuit, he did ingage himſelfe to draw aſſurance from her, that he ſhould not loſe his labour nor travaile in vaine in her ſervice.

Liſander wondring at this ſpeech, knew well that his Father would ingage him to marry with *Hippolita*, whom he would have purchaſed at any price (excepting *Caliſta*'s loſſe) but there was no duty of a Son, nor reverence of a Father could draw him from ſo happy a captivity as hers, to ſerve in any other place: yet not willing to loſe the reſpect which he ought him, with obedience he anſwered, That the ſmall ſtay he had in the countrey, and the diſorder of his affaires, had kept him from thinking of marriage, not imagining it fit to be ſuitor for a wife while he had ſuch criminall proceſſes upon his hands, and ſuch deadly quarrels: Nevertheleſſe ſeeing he did witneſſe it to be his pleaſure, he would alwaies conforme himſelfe, eſpecially for ſo faire a ſubject as *Hippolita* was, whom he knew more worthy to be ſerved, than he thought himſelfe capable of ſerving her. But before he did embark himſelfe, he did entreat to ſuffer him to make one voyage unto the Court, to give ſilence unto the infinite ſlanders which unworthily did injure his reputation, that being returned, he would infallibly ſerve *Hippolita*, and would ſpend the reſt of his dayes under the ſhadow of his houſe, if he pleaſed. *Liſander* (ſaid *Adraſtus*) you aske leave of mee to goe unto the Court,

Court, where you dare not appeare without evident danger of loſing your ſelfe: you promiſe me to ſerve *Hippolita* at your returne, even as hee who promiſed the *grand Signeur* to teach an Elephant to ſpeak, and tooke ſo long a time, that it was not poſſible but either the *grand Signeur*, or the Elephant, or himſelfe muſt be dead before he were tyed to the accompliſhment. I ſee how it is, you are bewitched in the love of *Caliſta*, who hath reduced you to the brink of your ruine, and whom you have in like manner drawne into like danger. You may doe what you pleaſe, but remember it ſhall never bee with my liking. By theſe words *Liſander* knew that his Father underſtood little leſſe of his buſineſſe than himſelfe. This ſaid, *Adraſtus* turned himſelfe away, and not expecting any reply, left *Liſander* in great perplexity. And although he reſolved rather to ſuffer any thing, than the loſs of his Love, yet he intended to ſearch ſome means, whereby in keeping her, he might not loſe his parents favour. At night, *Adraſtus* being gone into the Garden to take a turne, rather to digeſt his thoughts than his ſupper, *Liſander* took occaſion to ſpeake unto his mother *Hypermeſtra*, unto whom hee told the words which his Father had ſaid unto him, and his anſwer (which ſhe already knew from *Adraſtus*) with the diſcontentment which thereby he received, whereat he was ſo grieved, that although he did paſſionately deſire to returne unto the Court, for the reaſons which he had alledged unto his Father, yet he had rather ſuffer them and all extremities, than diſpleaſe him; For this cauſe having more ripely conſidered of it, he reſolved to obey him in whatſoever he ſhould pleaſe to command: And becauſe he had declared that his pleaſure was he ſhould ſerve *Hippolita*, he was determined (by his good will) the next morning to go ſee her, which he humbly entreated *Hypermeſtra* to let him underſtand.

Hyper-

Hypermestra, glad that her Son had better bethought himselfe, said, that she never hoped lesse from his education and good Nature, and confirming him in this resolution, she that night advertised *Adrastus*, who was much rejoiced therewith. The next morning *Lisander* pompously cloathed himselfe, as one who went to see his Mistress, and taking with him onely his faithfull footman, his Flemming, and the Porter of the Castle at *Paris*, who was now become Groom of his chambers he galloped unto *Hippolita*, loaded with blessings of his Parents, who accompanied his journey with vowes, and thanking God that he was so disposed to obey them: but the old folkes were much deceived, as wee shall shortly see, and thereby a strange effect of the power of love, which of the most loyall and the most absolute man (one of them in the world as *Lisander* was) made him a deceiver of his parents, betraying the hopes which he had given them, and afflicted their age with as much griefe as was possible. Hee went therefore unto *Hippolita*, with whom hee pratled some small time of love, like a man who had more upon his lips than in his heart, and charmed her so well, that representing unto her the necessity of his affaires which did oblige him to returne unto the Court, he procured her to write this letter to his Father *Adrastus*.

Hippolita's *Leter to* Adrastus.

SIr, I will tell you, that your Son finding me in apt occasion to employ the affections which he hath witnessed so me, doth me the honour to undertake a journey at my request unto the Court, whereof I have thought good to advertise you; thinking you would not be offended with the proof which he offereth me of his service, for which I doe

entreat

entreat you to receive the humble affection which I have to doe you the like, and to believe me,

Your humble ſervant
Hippolita.

This letter was no ſooner diſpatch'd, but *Liſander* took his leave of *Hippolita*, fearing leſt his Father might come and ſtay there; and determining to goe into *Normandy* to ſee *Caliſta*, he made haſte, and rid great journies; yet when he was at *Bourdeaux* he heard of the magnifick tilting which was in *England*, where deſiring to be, hee changed his reſolution, and ſending the Groom of his chamber with a letter unto *Caliſta*; he embarked himſelfe upon *Garrowne*, with his footman, directing his courſe for the river Thames. *Adraſtus* having received *Hippolita's* letter, knew well that his Son had gone beyond him, whereat he was much diſcontented. In the midſt of which diſcontent, *Lidian* arrived at *Miramont*, and not finding *Liſander* there; he addreſſed himſelfe unto his Father, unto whom he told how *Dorilas* had obtained his pardon, upon condition that he preſented himſelfe within a moneth; That he had expreſly ſent a Gentleman to advertiſe him ſo much, of whom, as alſo of *Liſander*, there was no newes. So that the moneth being paſt, the King had given his laſt order, by which, not preſenting himſelfe within three weekes, he was to be declared guilty of the crimes whereof he was accuſed; That all *France* wondered at his appearance in this needfull occaſion, and did thinke him convicted; That his friends could not tell what to thinke, nor what to doe, but onely to preſent themſelves at the laſt day, to fight with his accuſers in his abſence. But what a ſhame would that be (ſaid he) in the ſight of ſo great a King, that *Liſanders* friends ſhould enter combate for his cauſe, he in the mean time being idle

idle in the countrey? *Adraſtus* more vexed at this laſt newes than at the former, knew not what anſwer to make unto *Lidians* ſpeeches, but, that they neither heard of Gentleman, nor any man elſe that brought letter from *Dorilas*; that this was the firſt word he had heard of his pardon: And as for *Liſander*, ſee what is written unto me, which I received but now; & ſaying this, he ſhewed him *Hippolita's* letter. *Lidian* marvelling that there was no newes of the Gent. and ſorry that he had miſſed of *Liſander*, comforted himſelf with hearing that he was gone unto the Court: and giving unto *Adraſtus* & *Hypermeſtra* *Ambriſia's* letter (wherewith they were much rejoiced) he ſtaid only one night at *Miramont*, departing the next morning early, and determining to ſee *Hippolita* as he paſſ'd by, as wel for the eſtimation was made of her, as to make a true diſcovery of *Liſanders* waies; he found her, ſuch as ſhe was deſcribed unto him, exceeding faire: & having underſtood by her, that *Liſander* was gone towards *Bourdeaux*, and by eaſie journies, he thought if he did go Poſte, he might come thither as ſoone as *Liſander*; for which cauſe he tooke his leave, being much ſatisfied with her faſhion and behaviour, and preſently tooke his way after his friend; Nevertheleſſe *Liſander* had made ſuch haſte, thinking his Father was ſtill at his heeles, that he was departed from Bourdeaux the very day that *Lidian* came thither; wherefore believing that it was not Gods will, out of ſome ſecret judgement which he underſtood not, that hee ſhould meete him, hee reſolved to ride no more after him, eſteeming it unprofitable, ſeeing he travelled to bring him unto a place, whither (it was ſaid) he was gone before. And hearing of the great tilting which was to be in *England*, he reſolved to break a Launce there; a conſideration worthy of a raſh man, rather than of *Lidian*, who knew

well the great griefe wherein he had left his parents, neither would he ever have undertaken this journey, but through the aſſurance vvhich vvas given him in ſo many ſeverall places, that *Liſander* vvas gone unto the Court.

Let us novv returne unto *Caliſta*, vvhom vve have left vvandring alone ſo long, and ſee vvhat became of her. After that ſhe vvas gone from Clarevall, her horſe which was accuſtomed to *Paris* way, brought her about break of the day, unto the gates of that great City; and then remembring the times which ſhee formerly ſpent there, in the glory of her fortune, and comparing it unto her preſent miſery, her heart was likely to melt in her breſt, and come forth at her eyes: Ah *Caliſta* (ſaid ſhee) what meaneſt thou to doe? what deſigne haſt thou taken? unto what extremity hath thy misfortune reduced thee? dareſt thou ever returne before the face of thy parents, having thus injured them? But coward as thou art, why ſpeakeſt thou either of comming in thy parents ſight, or of living in the world after this affront? No, no, *Caliſta*, thou muſt dye once for all, and in dying, tye about the neck of thy ungratefull Lover the revenging furies of this death. In ſaying this, ſhe entred into the city, covering with her cloak her face, which was all wet with teares, and went to ſeek for a lodging toward the Temple, the moſt retired part of all *Paris*, leſt ſhe ſhould be knowne. Having reſted a little (if the griefe, which did continually rack her, may be called reſt) ſhe called her Hoſte, and intreated him to get her a ſervant, who was an honeſt fellow, and could dreſs a horſe, and to cauſe an Armorer to come unto her. An Armorer, anſwered my Hoſte, you ſhall preſently have, but an honeſt ſervant is not found in a ſmall time: yet I will get you ſuch a one, for whom aſſurance ſhall be given: Saying this, he cauſed an Armorer to be ſent for,

for, of whom ſhe beſpake an armour compleate all black, with a deviſe of a wheele, like unto one of thoſe uſed in watring of gardens, incompaſſed with water-pots, ſome full and others empty: his word was *Los llenos de dolar ylos vazios de Speranſa*, and entreated him to make it as ſpeedily as was poſſible. Now ſhee knew the combate which the King had granted unto *Lucidan*, in caſe *Liſander* did not appeare within three weekes, or ſome other for him: which ſhee believing he would not do, conſidering the engagement of his new love, did reſolve to fight with him for *Liſander*, whom ſhe accounted her enemy, certainly determining to dye in the fight, and cauſe therby ſorrow and griefe unto *Lucidan* for killing of her, in thinking to kill *Liſander*, and make *Liſander* repent that ever he had left her, ſeeing that although he had deſpiſed her, and betrayed her, yet ſhe would loſe her life for him: All being fantaſtike paſſions of a woman blinded with love and jealouſie.

Now let us make a ſtep into great Brittain, waiting for the tilting day. We left *Liſander* on his way thither, and *Lidian* following him ſhortly after: But to relate all things in their order; *Liſander* being come unto *London*, keeping himſelfe ſecret, cauſed Armes to be made for him of an aſhie colour, which hid the ſparkles of a lively fire, ſpotted with *Flower-de-luces* of ſilver, his device was a Love tyed to a pillar in the middle of a faggot, kindled by a Lady, the word was, *Alwaies conſtant*: his feather was *Gree de liu* and white, his Coate of Armes and capariſon of his horſe *Gris de liu*, embroidred with ſilver. *Lidian*, comming the next day to the towne, cauſed Armes to be made of Azure colour, ſpotted with ſtarres of gold without number; his Device was a Love, holding a Dart in the mouth, an Olive branch in the hand, and having a gooſe at his feet,

holding a ſtone in the bill: the word was *Leale & ſecreto*, a deviſe which he had made in the time when *Clarangeus* his jealouſie made him love (no leſſe ſecretly than faithfully) his Lady *Olinda*: His feather was yellow and blew, his coate armour, and the capariſon of his horſe was of blew Velvet embroidered with gold. The tilting was begun before the Armes of our Knights could be finiſhed; The Tourney was in this manner, with Launces having ſteeled and ſharpned heads, and in open field; he who was overthrowne at the tilting, might not demand the combate with the ſword, but if they both fell unto the ground, or that after the breaking of three launces they remained unhorſed, it was granted them; If it hapned the defendants were overthrown by the aſſailants, the victorious aſſailants muſt take the place of the vanquiſht defendants to the end of the Tourney, which was to continue three dayes. The Prize of the Tourney was a ſword, which King *Arthur* had ſometime worne, for the Knight who ſhould be victor, and a Carquanet of great Pearle for his Miſtreſſe. Foure defendants, Brittaines, deſcended in ſtraight line from the famous Knights errants of the Round Table, were come within the liſts of the field in pompous and magnificke ſhew; The firſt had for his device, A Sun riſing in the Eaſt, over the top of a mountaine, with this word, *Sin occaſo*. Four divers Engines rowled after them by an admirable art; The firſt was full of Muſitians, who ſung theſe Verſes in paſſing before the Scaffold where the King and the Ladies ſate.

You beauties, whoſe excelling light
Obſcure the beames of Phœbus *bright,*
Whether he doth his race begin,
Or elſe the waters paſſing under,
The rayes from men he keepeth in,
To their ſtill increaſing wonder.

You can with one glance of your eyes,
Dazle his looks amidſt the ſkies,
And make him hide his bluſhing head,
Or elſe for feare if he diſcry
Your beauties which hav' him ſurpaſſed,
They ſhould eclipſe his flaming eye.

But to this Sun which he ſubdueth,
And in my heart more brightly ſheweth
Than th'other in his Hemiſphere,
My law preſcriber, this faire eye
All the reſpect you can it beare
Is to adore it like as I.

Faire Sunne, ſo truſt I to attaine
Ever to ſee you ſhine againe,
And ſhew your beames which alwaies are
Without eclipſe or accident,
Which as they be without compare,
So yet they have no Occident.

The ſecond Engine followed after, with the ſecond Defendant, carrying a Globe under a Love, which he pierced thorow many wayes with his arrowes, with this Motto, *Conſervat cuncta Cupido.* Then followed the third Engine, wherein was repreſented the hiſtory of the lame god *Thermes*, who though he would never yeeld unto *Jupiter*, now followed the triumphing Chariot of Love, loaden with iron among the ſlaves of his tyranny; The Motto

was, as *Cedere nolo Jovi, cedere cogor amori.* In the laſt Engine, marching with the laſt Defendant, was carried the ſame God *Thermes*, overthrowne with his heeles upwards by a ſtroke with a Lance, with theſe two words, *Cedit & cecidit*, together with a Conſort of Muſike ſinging theſe Verſes.

THis ſtuffe enameled with Gold,
Is that which Argalus *did hold,*
Or Cephalus *his dart much rather,*
Which I with a warlike arme direct,
And being fatall ſtill to conquer,
Never gives blow without effect.

To break a Speare is action light
Of a couragious noble Knight,
But he that breaketh Therme *with Lance,*
And without ſtroak doth make him fall,
Is of heroick valiance,
This force is moſt heroicall.

This Therme, *that from all bond is free*
But onely of eternity,
Whom nothing can reſiſt, if tryed,
That God which unto nothing yeldeth,
By me throwne downe, to me he giveth
That which to Jove *he hath denyed.*

What man is he that can be found,
But my ſteele blade ſhall bring to ground;
Since with this wood for wars unſtable,
Braving both Fortune and the ſkies,
I thus to throw to th' earth am able
The ſtrongeſt of the Deities.

Shortly after the foure Knights had placed themſelves in the liſts, foure brave Turkes entred into the field

field, having their *Dolimans* upon their Arms, their *Turbants* upon their heads, their Launces in their hands, their *Cemeters* hanging by their ſides, after their manner. Their device was the Creſcent of Silver, which ſerveth them as an ordinary mark without any word. After they had made a turne about the liſts, and placed themſelves oppoſite unto the defendants, all eight ran one againſt another; their Launces couched, with their ſharpe ſteele points, they gave full in the viſers of each others Helme, the ſtaves flew in peeces, and the foure Turkes were throwne unto the ground at this firſt courſe, not without pleaſure and laughter unto the Engliſh: about forty other Aſſailants were overthrowne (to their comfort) after them, the Defendants not ſo much as loſing a ſtirrop. So all that day the Engliſh continued vanquiſhers, and ſo went triumphing out of the field. The next morning, ſo ſoone as the Defendants had taken their places, two ſtrange Knights entred at the other end of the liſts, whoſe onely countenances promiſed extraordinary valour; The one had red Arms full of flames of gold, a red Feather; the capariſon of his Horſe crimſon velvet embroydered with flames of gold: for his device he had a Love, bearing a Globe, with this word, *Piu forte d'atlante.* The other was in green Armour, engraven with ſilver, his feather green, his capariſon green velvet embroydered with ſilver, his device was a Love, which overthrew a meaſure of corne, with this word, *Sin meſura.* So ſoone as the Defendants had ſeene them take their places, two of the foure oppoſed themſelves, and couching their Launces, came one againſt another with ſuch grace, and met with ſuch force, that their ſtaves breaking to their hands, the two Defendants fell to the ground, and the ſtrangers perfected their careere without moving, to the great admiration of the beholders. The two defen-

dants remaining, ſeeing their companions overthrowne, endeavoured to revenge them, ſpurring againſt the aſſailants, and the aſſailants againſt them, made the braveſt encounter that had beene ſeen; but nevertheleſſe the defendants were overthrowne, leaving their place to the ſtrangers, who from being aſſailants (as they were at firſt) now became defendants. All thoſe who preſented themſelves that day, were overthrowne with much leſſe reſiſtance than the firſt; And the night comming, giving an end both unto the Jouſt, and the day, the ſtrange Knights went victorious out of the field. with the ſound of trumpets, and the like ſolemnity that had accompanied the Vanquiſhers the firſt day. The King of great Brittain, deſirous to know theſe Champions, ſent to learn their names, and of what countrey they were; but they humbly beſought his Majeſty to pardon them, if they ſhewed any unwillingneſſe to make themſelves known untill the end of the Tournament, which being finiſhed, they would not faile to offer their moſt humble ſervice to him.

All this was paſt before *Liſander* could recover his Armes, whereat he was deſperately inraged; but in the end, having put them on the third day, he was the firſt in the liſt, with ſuch a brave behaviour, upon that incomparable Horſe which he had from *Cloridon*, that he gave cauſe of admiration to all the Aſſiſtants. Thoſe who had formerly beheld the others, having their eyes now fixed upon him, would not vouchſafe to looke upon the other. The defendants ſeeing him come, judged by his countenance that he would cut them out more work than all the other; and therefore (either of them making choice of a ſtrong Launce) they prepared themſelves to receive him; He in green armour advanced himſelf firſt, and as a whirle-wind, in the middle

of

of the courſe met him, who fell upon him as a tempeſt; their Launcers breaking upon the viſers of their Helmes, flew into ſplinters, and the Knights perfected their career without any advantage, which had not hapned ſince the beginning. Having taken new Launces, they ran the ſecond time, with more force and fury than they did the firſt. The bankes of the river Thames ſounded with the blowes, and their cleer waters were troubled. *Liſander* loſt a ſtirrop, and bended towards his crupper, but the greene Knight was throwne unto the ground ſo violently, that he had much adoe to riſe, whereat a great cry was raiſed by the people. The Knight in the redde Armes, deſirous to revenge his ſhame, in whoſe company he had gotten ſo much honour, fiercely ſpurres againſt *Liſander*; who came againſt him like a Torrent. Amongſt all the Aſſiſtants there was an univerſall ſilence, without ſpeaking, without moving, or without ſtirring their eyes, which were fixed upon the Combatants: and by the Knights, there was a noyſe made, and a duſt raiſed under their horſes, which darkned the aire, and made the earth tremble: The Knights met with equall violence, their Launces failed not to hit right, and to break unto their hands, and they paſſed by without being ſtirred in their ſeates, not onely in the firſt encounter, but in the ſecond and third courſe, with admiration (through the novelty of the act) doubling in the minds of all the beholders. When they had run their courſes, they drew out their ſwords, and if before they had witneſſed their force & nimbleneſs in the Jouſting, they did no leſſe in the combat. *Liſander* provoked that a man ſhould breake three Launces againſt him, and yet withſtand him, ſo violently ſtrooke him upon the head, and upon every part of the body, that at every blow he brought away a peece of his Armour, with great abundance of ſparkles of

fire:

fire: The other who ſaw himſelf handled ſo rudely, kindled his courage out of ſhame and deſpite, and his force encreaſing with his rage, doubling ſtrength upon ſtrength, and blow upon blow, he covered the ground with pieces of *Liſanders Vambraſes* and *Taſſes*. Horrour ſeized upon the mindes of the beholders, which made their faces looke pale, and the Combatants in theſe fearefull motions, endeavour to ſhew themſelves greater and ſtronger than two men can be: Two houres this cruell combate laſted, without any reſt taken betweene them, and their horſes were covered with duſt and ſweat all over their bodies, and blood in many places, (although proceeding but from ſleight wounds) when *Liſander* feeling his adverſaries forces begin to faile, rained back a ſtep or two, and ſaid thus unto him: Knight, your valour is equall (at the leaſt) but I have more Fortune; ſeeing that ſhe is contrary unto you, and favourable unto me, content your ſelfe with that proofe which you have witneſſed both of your noble courage and ſtreng h: our combate is not to death, and I ſhould be ſorry, that ſo brave and valiant a Gentleman ſhould loſe his life, which in all places elſe I would preſerve with the hazard of mine owne. Willingly yeeld what you cannot have by force, and be not ſorrowfull that you give place rather to fortune than unto vertue. Whatſoever you are (anſwered the other) you have a great deale of courteſie, but no leſſe preſumption, to thinke to oblige me to that by your tongue, unto which you cannot reduce me by your ſword. And not to flatter you long in this vaine hope, doe not thinke that I will quit the honour of this Tourney but with my life, nor my life without dearly ſelling it. I thought to do you a pleaſure (replyed *Liſander*) but ſeeing my courteſie offends you, we will ſpeak of it no more. Then began they with more fury and violence than before,

and

and by the cruelty of this ſecond charge, they wiped away the aſtoniſhment of the firſt: But in little time it was plainly ſeen, that the Knight of the red Armes grew heavie, and although he did his uttermoſt endeavour, and witneſſed as much courage and valour as his adverſary; yet his nimbleneſs began to faile with his ſtrength, and *Liſanders* valour appearing advantageable above his, made it ſeene that the victory (after it had hung in an equall ballance untill then) together with the glory of the combate (the Prize) would fall unto him: Which the King ſeeing, and not willing that the victory ſhould be bloudyed with the death of ſo good a Knight, nor the feaſt fouled with ſo tragicke an action, commanded them to be ſeparated by the Judges, appointing two new prizes beſides the firſt: The one for the foure defendants, which had vanquiſhed the firſt day; and the ſecond for the other two, leaving the third for *Liſander*, if he were not vanquiſhed before night by ſome other, which was thought impoſſible.

Nevertheleſſe contrary to every bodies opinion (that after the proofe of ſuch invincible valour no man durſt oppoſe ſo ſtrong an adverſary) a ſtrange Knight entred into the place, who by the richneſſe of his Armes, the goodneſs of his horſe, and the comely preſence of his perſon, renewed again the attention and ſilence in all the multitude: his Armes were azure with ſtarres of gold. Now you muſt underſtand that this was *Lidian*, who comming laſt to *London*, could not get his Armour finiſhed before toward the end of the laſt day, whereat he had ſuffered great impatience. *Liſander* walked on the other ſide of the field, newly come from the Judges, who had parted him from the Knight with the red Armes, and had left him alone defendant: When *Lidian* ſaw him, he went ſoftly unto him, where perceiving

ving his Armour broken, his Horſe in a ſweat, and himſelf in blood iſſuing from ſlight wounds, he ſpake in this manner unto him, Knight, it is my great grief that fortune had occaſioned me any fighting with you this day, you but newly comming out of a great fight, which I ſee you have made, and I freſh, having done nothing. But, if it pleaſe you to joyne unto my prayer, we will humbly entreat the King to deferre it unto another time, when you may have more means to defend your ſelf, and I more glory in aſſaulting you. Knight (anſwered *Liſander*) your courteſie bindes mee to eſteeme of your valour, for they ordinarily follow one the other, as the ſhadow doth the body; and hardly ſhall you finde a courteous man who is not valiant, or a valiant man who is not courteous. But I thanke God, I am not in ſo weake a plight that I ſhould be conſtrained to receive your advice, neither doe I thinke it fit to entreat the King to revoke a generall law for two particular men; wherefore if you pleaſe, we will obey the law of the Tourney, and preſently end the controverſie of the prize, which fortune hath taken from ſo many, to give together with the victory of this day, unto one of us twaine Be it as you pleaſe (replyed *Lidian*) but I wiſh you leſſe wearied than you are, that I might enter with leſſe advantage. Saying this, he turned his Horſe, and being gone a ſpace ſufficient for his Careere, hee came againſt *Liſander* with that fierceneſſe, that their ſtaves breaking into ſhivers, they met horſes and bodies with ſuch extreme force, that they went all unto the ground: *Liſanders* good horſe which had run ſo many courſes, and ſuffered ſo long and violent a combat, was nevertheleſſe ſo vigorous, that he preſently roſe againe, ſcarcely ſetting his crupper unto the ground, and *Liſander* had alſo roſe with him, or rather had not fallen; for he loſt not his ſaddle, but the girths

girths (with the ſtrength of the blow) brake and left the ſaddle between his leggs, whereat all the people cryed *Lucifer* was fallen: *Liaian* he was in worſe plight, for his horſe tumbled upon one ſide, and he of the other ſo aſtoniſhed, that *Liſander* was already with his ſword in his hand, before he was come againe to himſelfe; yet he got up, and both of them kindled with deſpite and ſhame, began the fierceſt combat that had been ſeen during the Tourney, *Liſander* being as freſh as if he had not ſtruck one ſtroake all the day. *Lidian* could not thinke that he was any other than a Devill, or elſe inchanted, hee ſeemed ſo unfatigable in his Armes; and all the Aſſiſtants, who had ſeen him endure ſo long with ſo much violence, thought as much: But *Liſander* thinking that he had to doe with Engliſh, could not ſufficiently admire the Engliſh Knights bounty, & did beleeve that what had been ſaid of the Knights of the Round Table, was nothing in reſpect of the truth, having never in his life received ſuch violent encounters as of thoſe three Knights, whom he did thinke to be iſſued from their blood. The red Knight, and the greene Knight were both of them retired upon one ſide, no leſſe angry againſt *Liſander*, than wondring at his proweſſe; and admiring alſo *Lidians*, could not imagine whoſe thoſe Knights ſhould be, who with ſo much force and nimbleneſſe debated for the Prize which they had loſt. In the meane time our two Combatants laid ſuch blowes one upon the other, as if it had been two hammers upon an Anvill: the iron made a horrible noiſe upon their Armour, yet neither of them was aſtoniſhed at their owne danger, wherewith others were amazed. *Liſander*, ſeeing the day paſſe, and fearing, the night coming, they ſhould depart the field with equall honour, redoubled his ſtroakes upon his adverſary, and made him feele them more heavy and more ſpeedy

than

than before. *Lidian*, finding that his adverſary was fiercer in his ſtrokes, and that his force ſeemed to encreaſe with his labour; uſed his utmoſt power, ſtriketh, thruſteth, preſſeth him on all ſides: they were like waves againſt a rock which could not be moved. In the meane time the Sun (it may be) frighted with the horribleneſſe of this combat, hid himſelfe in the Sea, aſtoniſhing the Nymphs with relating the wodners which he ſaw in this Tourney. Then *Liſander*, diſpiting at *Lidians* long reſiſtance, gave him ſo violent a thruſt upon the Gorget, that piercing both Gorget and Curas it entred even unto the skin, and doubling a ſtroke upon the top of his Helmet, made him fall with his hands and knees unto the ground, and the Caske off from his head.

So ſoon as the two Knights in the red and green armours ſaw *Lidian* bare-faced without his caske, they knew him, and thinking that *Liſander* would make uſe of that advantage, they put themſelves between to hinder him, at th inſtant that *Lidian* roſe againe. But *Liſander* knowing him alſo, and being as it were ſorry for the victory, in reſpect he had handled him ſo roughly, deſired rather to loſe the prize of the Tourney, than to diſcover himſelfe, thinking that in his abſence it could not be judged but unto *Lidian*, who had laſt fought for it; wherefore in putting up his ſword, he ſaid unto him, Knight, I ought to have known you by your valour, before I ſaw your face, & willingly quitted that unto you, which I am conſtrained unto by your victory: enjoy therefore peaceably the prize of your vertue, which I honour, and believe, that I have both ſorrow for oppoſing you, and a great deſire to ſerve you. This ſaid, without ſtaying for an anſwer from *Lidian*, who was almoſt raviſhed at this exceſſive courteſie, he quickly got upon his horſe, and turned himſelfe to be gone: but *Lidian* running after him,

ſtayed

ſtayed him by his coate armour, ſaying unto him, God forbid, Sir, that you ſhould vanquiſh me both in courteſie and ſtrength, or that I ſhould triumph for a victory due unto you; for Gods ſake doe me not this ſhame, in refuſing your owne glory. While they were in theſe termes, the Judges of the field came, & all the multitude deſiring to know what paſſed betweene them, came round about, ſo that *Liſander* could not paſſe, wherefore alighting from his horſe, I proteſt (ſaith he) againſt the violence you doe me, and that I doe onely ſtay to accompany you in your triumph, and in taking off his Caske made himſelfe knowne. It is not poſſible to expreſſe *Lidians* joy & admiration: Ah brother, ſaid he, will you thus hide your ſelfe from me who honour you as I doe? Will you flye from him who ſearcheth you over the world? With theſe words *Lidian* held him faſt embraced, when the other two Knights, who in the beginning were approached unto them, pulling off their Helmets, made themſelves knowne for *Berontus* and *Alcidon*, who embracing ſometime the one, and ſometime the other, the contentment and wonder of this happy meeting doubled. The Judges with much labour interrupting their imbracings, had them all foure unto the King, who unwilling to fruſtrate *Liſander* of the prize due unto his vertue, gave him a ſword by the Prince of Wales, and a rich collar by the Princeſſe: and willing alſo to acknowledge *Lidians* valour, as alſo *Alcidons* and *Berontus*, ſent them three armors of an excellent goodneſſe, with three of the beſt Horſes in his ſtable. As for the foure Engliſh which had vanquiſhed the firſt day, he alſo according to the great bounty of his minde, richly rewarded them: But knowing that *Liſander* was in ſome disfavour in the Court of France, and deſiring to draw unto his ſervice a man of his eminent valour, offered him a penſion of a thouſand pounds

ſterling;

ſterling; yet *Liſander* refuſed his offer as well as he had done the Arch-Dukes, excuſing him upon the ſame reaſons which he had done unto his Highneſſe. After being brought with triumph to the Palace with the King, they paſt away the evening amongſt the Ladies of great Brittaine, who for beauty and noble courteſie beare away the prize from all the Ladies in the world. *Lidian* telling *Liſander* the neceſſity of his affaires, and how much he was deſired in France, they took their leave of the King and Queen that night, and generally of all the Court, leaving both a great ſorrow for their departure, and an incomparable reputation of their valour. The next morning riſing early, they went all from the Court, and imbarking themſelves at the neereſt port, they ſet ſaile for *Calis*; and although by all tokens they were threatned with a violent ſtorme, yet *Liſanders* impatience was ſo great, that whatſoever the Mariners ſaid, or what token ſoever of foule weather they marked, he would not abide untill it was paſt. We will leave them paſſing the ſtraight between *England* and *France*, and returne unto *Caliſta*, who having got armour ſome ten dayes before the three weekes were expired which were given unto *Liſander*, one evening armed her ſelfe from head unto foot, and onely with one Lackey which her Hoſte had procured unto her, ſhe rid from *Paris* to lye at *Surcn*, from whence the next morning ſhe ſent a letter of challenge unto *Lucidan*, of this ſubſtance.

Caliſta *her Letter unto* Lucidan.

LUcidan, *you have offered the King to fight with a Knight now abſent, whom you dare not looke in the face if he were preſent, and undertaken to verifie that by Armes which you cannot doe by juſtice: Seeing then his abſence*

abſence hath given you this boldneſs, his right hand bindes me to maintain him, & ſhew you as much reaſon in his defence, as you have paſſion in your proſecution; for which purpoſe I expect you in the plains of Suren, *with a good horſe, a good ſword, and good armes, ſuch as the King hath granted you, and above all a good heart to abate your pride, and make you repent your undertaking an evil cauſe. Inform not your ſelfe of my name, for you ſhall not underſtand it untill after the combate, if you remain alive, but be contented to know that I am a Knight,* Liſanders *friend, whom you hate, and ſo conſequently your enemy.*

Caliſta having diſpatched this letter, and inſtructed her Lackey of his name and lodging unto whom he was to deliver it, all armed mounted on horſeback, and accompanying him about a mile, ſtaid in the middle of a great field, which is between *Surch* and an Abbey of religious women called *Longchampe*, whither ſhe commanded him to come to her, framing in the meane time ſuch diſcourſes in her minde, which none but ſhe onely could ſpeake. The Lackey no leſſe diligent than faithfull, and although he knew not his Maſter, yet made ſuch haſt, that he tooke *Lucidan* in his bedde, where he was rather muſing upon *Caliſta*'s beauty, and of her loſſe which he had heard of, than of ſuch newes; which having received, he was much troubled, not onely to know who this Knight ſhould be (ſo good a friend unto *Liſander*) who would expoſe his life for his honour, but alſo to reſolve how to content him; for it troubled him much to refuſe him, and on the other ſide he thought (as it was true) that a combat being granted at his inſtance, and appointed by the King, he ſhould much offend his Majeſty if he ſhould enter into a private one, which was forbidden by the lawes: wherefore after a long debate in his minde, ballancing ſometimes upon one ſide and then upon another, he anſwered in this manner

Lucidan *his Anſwer.*

KNight, it is true that I have offered to combat with Liſander, *or any other of his friends, ſuch as you witneſſe your ſelfe to be: But not that his abſence hath given me courage, or thinking him ſo dangerous that I dare not looke him in the face: it is alſo true that if I could verifie by juſtice, what I intend to prove by armes, there would be no need of any combate; but it followeth not therefore that I proſecute it with paſſion, or that he hath reaſon on his ſide: and if you have ſo much deſire to maintaine his right, as I have to ſhew the injury he did unto* Chriſantes *and* Cloridon, *you need not make choice of the ſolitary plaines of* Suren, *but rather the field for battaile appointed by the* King, *and at the time which he alſo hath ſet downe, and there make knowne not alone unto his Majeſty, but unto the eyes of all* France, *the juſtice of our cauſe by the end of our combate. To effect this you neede onely to have patience but eight dayes, in which time you may moderate your choler, and learne that your threatnings do bring you more neglect and ſhame, than they will either feare or hurt me; I will not informe my ſelfe of your name, ſeeing you dare not tell it, but will content my ſelfe with the knowledge that you are a Knight, my enemy, of whoſe courage I doubt not, having aſſured my ſelf that the* King *hath not in vain granted the liberty of combate unto your friend* Lucidan.

Lucidan having given the Lackey this anſwer, entred into a deep imagination who this Knight ſhould be, who not reſpecting the Kings diſpleaſure, defied him with ſo much daring; ſometimes he thought it was *Lidian*, who would not diſcover himſelfe in reſpect of the agreement betweene them, and ſometimes hee thought it was *Liſander* himſelfe, who

who would prevent the time appointed, and make a private duell of a combate which ought to be publique. But *Caliſta*, finding by his anſwer that fortune conſtrained her to keep her life, which ſhe would ſo willingly loſe; confirmed her ſelfe more than ever in her deſpaire, and not knowing where to ſpend the eight dayes which with ſo much ſorrow ſhee had left to ſee the light of the Sun, determined to retire her ſelfe unto *Longchampe* amongſt the religious women untill the day of the combate, curſing *Lucidan* that he had not accepted this challenge, although that ſhe greatly (in her heart) commended his diſcretion, who wanted neither courage nor judgment in his young yeares. As ſhee was going towards *Longchampe*, having already given her helmet unto her Lackey, ſhe ſaw upon the way towards *Paris* a man travelling in great haſte: preſently ſhe had a conceit to goe neare him, which ſhe no ſooner thought but did, and inſtantly knew him, although he were in other faſhion than when ſhe laſt ſaw him. It was the Porter who had delivered her out of the Caſtle at *Paris*, whom *Liſander* had ſent into *Normandy* unto her (as we have formerly ſaid) then when he went into *England*: He came at this time from *Bellaire*, where not finding *Caliſta*, he went to *Paris*, where he was told hee ſhould heare of her at *Olinda's*. When he ſaw *Caliſta* in Armour he knew her not, but ſhe (not knowing that he dwelt with *Liſander*) called him by his name, and uſing him with a great deale of courteſie, offered to acknowledge with all her power the ſervice which hee had done her. The Porter (aſtoniſhed both with wonder and joy, to finde her whom he ſought for, when he leaſt looked for it, as alſo at her being armed) made her alſo marvell more, when he gave her *Liſanders* letter; her lively colour bluſhed in her cheekes, and fled away incontinently: her knees

trembled, and her horſe bridle fell out of her hands, and likely her ſelfe alſo to fall unto the ground, ſtrucken with aſtoniſhment at ſo unhoped for newes, and with the griefe which the memory of *Liſander* made her feele. In the end going into a wood hard by, ſhee gave her horſe unto her foorman, commanding him to walk him, and lying along under a tree upon the freſh graſſe, ſhe opened her enemies (as ſhe thought) letter, wherein ſhe found theſe words.

Liſanders *Letter unto* Caliſta.

ONely death can ſhew you, that the ſeparation from my ſoule, is not ſo unſupportable as my being divided from you: but the intereſt you have in my life, makes me carefull to preſerve it, becauſe I would not deprive you of the abſolute power you have over it, and leſſen the number of your creatures by my loſſe: The cauſe of my Martyrdome leſſeneth the paine; for although it be without exa mple, and that my paſſion is neither capable of counſell nor remedy, yet it is a ſweet imagination that I ſuffer for you, and the image of your beauty (which is the onely preſent object of my mind) maketh my torment eaſie, and withall maketh me to confeſſe, it is both juſt and reaſonable that I ſuffer the extreameſt griefe in the world for the moſt excellent beauty: let me finiſh the reſt in ſilence, ſeeing my words will rather leſſen my conceits than expreſſe them. You who know the wounds which your eyes have made in my ſoule, by the knowledge which you have of the power of their ſtrokes, and who cannot be ignorant of the amorous flames which you have ſo lively kindled in me, behold the pitifull feelings of my true languiſhing, and thinke that your perfection is the cauſe thereof: which could not be infinite, as it is, if it could be told. Farewell faire one, and judge of my

excee-

exceeding griefe by the failing of my voice, whereby all meanes of complaining is taken from me; neither doth it ſuffer me to live, but by the glory which I have to be your Liſander.

Ah diſloyall creature (ſaid ſhe in reading this letter) with what cunning doeſt thou diſguiſe the perfidiouſneſſe of thy heart? theſe words, her deep ſighs, and warme teares, which like great pearles rowled over the roſes of her cheekes, eaſily let the Porter know, that there was jealouſie in her paſsion, which made him ſay unto her, I am ſorry, Madam that I have brought you ſuch ill newes to afflict you, and do no leſſe wonder why *Liſander* ſhould uſe me in this buſineſſe, ſeeing that next after God, there is nothing in the world which I doe reverence ſo much as your image. Are you belonging to *Liſander*, ſaid ſhe? Yea, Madam, anſwered he, ever ſince he delivered me out of the hands of the Marſhals men, who were carrying me to *Paris*, where without his helpe I ſhould have beene made a pitifull ſpectacle. Then he told how *Liſander* had delivered him (as you have heard.) Friend (replyed *Caliſta*) you ſerve a man who of all men in the world doth beſt acknowledge ſervices done unto him, and who doth more for all them who deſerve of him. I would to God, he were as good a ſervant as he will be a good Maſter, but unto me he is the vileſt Traytor that ever was: God forgive him, he hath been the loſſe of mine honour, out of the love which he hath born mee, and by his perfidiouſneſſe hee will alſo bee the loſſe of my life. Madam ſaid the Porter, doe not ſo much wrong unto *Liſanders* vertue, in depriving your ſelfe of the greateſt glory that a Lady of your quality can have in this life, which is to be ſerved & adored by the moſt accompliſht Knight in the world. Then *Caliſta* ſaid unto him, come hither, and (if thou alſo haſt not loſt that affection which heretofore

fore thou haſt witneſſed unto mee, and if from being faithfull as thou wert, by being converſant with thy Maſter, thou art not become ſo perfidious as he) let me conjure thee by the light of the Sun, and by the firſt cauſer thereof, to tell me the truth; Is it not the greateſt treaſon that can be in *Liſander*, not alone to abuſe me with ſo many falſe proteſtations, as he hath done, but now to write me letters of love, whileſt he in his owne country ſerveth and loveth a new Amazon called *Hippolita*? It is true (anſwered the Porter) he hath ſeen this *Hippolita*, and is preſſed to ſerve her by all the remonſtrances and commandements which his parents may lay upon him; But I wiſh the ground may open under my feet, and ſwallow me up before you, if he hath not left the countrey, fearing he ſhould bee conſtrained to ſue unto her, and is now gone into *England* to a Tournament which is held there, with an intent to come from thence hither; From whence he will never returne into *Gaſcoigne* untill *Hippolita* be married, although next unto your beauty (which ſurpaſſeth all thoſe of your ſexe) there is none who equals her.

Although *Caliſta* were well ſatisfied with theſe newes, yet could ſhe not put off the deſire which ſhe had to dye, thinking that though *Liſander* were innocent of the crime of infidelity, he was guilty of ſuſpition, which had inforced her to this diſcontented and unſeemely courſe, after which there was no joy left her to live, or be ſeene in the world; and willingly would ſhe have confined her ſelfe within the cloiſters of *Longchampe* with the religious women of that Abbey, but that ſhe thought ſhe ſhould not be received, neither would ſhee at any hand preſent her ſelfe in the habite which now ſhe wore; together alſo that not being able to ſuffer the condition of a free life being a Miſtreſſe, how was it poſſible

poſſible for her to endure the ſtrictneſſe of a religious obedience? All theſe things conſidered in her minde, ſhe confirmed her ſelfe in her firſt reſolution of fighting with *Lucidan*, and in dying by his hands in the ſight of all the world, revenge her ſelfe of *Liſander*, and end her ill fortune, which had proſecuted her with that outrage: wherefore ſhe ſaid unto the Porter, ſhe would have him ſtay a while with her, that he might witneſſe unto *Liſander* her actions, and that after ſhe would give him an anſwer. So retiring unto Longchampe, ſhe accommodated her ſelfe as well as ſhe could in the houſe of a poore Peaſant adjoyning unto the Abbey, where having left her horſe and her armour, after dinner ſhee went to ſee the religious women, with whom ſhee not onely ſpent this day, but eight more, which were remaining of the three weekes granted unto *Liſander*.

In the meane time *Dorilas* ſeeing the day for the combate granted unto *Lidian* approach, and hearing no news of *Liſander*, and leſſe of *Lidian*, whom he had ſent unto the other, determined in their abſence to preſent himſelfe not ſo much for love unto *Liſander*, againſt whom he was extreamely angry by reaſon of *Caliſta*'s loſſe, as becauſe he had already ingaged himſelfe by his overture made before the King; wherefore going from Clarvall unto Paris, without acquainting any body with his deſigne, he cauſed blacke armes to be made, taking for his device a great greene oake, ſhaken with two contrary windes; his Motto was, *Tanto pui fermo quanto pui ſcoſſo*, whereby he would ſhew, that the adverſities wherewith he was aſſailed of late, had rather confirmed than ſhaken the conſtancie of his heart. On the other part *Adraſtus* underſtanding by *Lidian* how *Liſanders* affaires ſtood, & willing to ſhew the youthfulneſſe of his courage in his old yeers, took his way

in poſte unto the Court immediately after *Lidians* departure, where not finding *Liſander*, as hee verily thought he ſhould, determined to enter into the combate for him againſt *Lucidan*; and for this cauſe hee made himſelfe grey armour, almoſt of an Iron colour, in which for his device he had an Eagle, encompaſſed with a cloud full of lightning and thunder, with this word in Spaniſh, *Ni Matarme, ni Spantarme*; By which he would give to underſtand, that all his and his Sons enemies did neither feare him nor overcome him. So the appointed time for the combate being come, by three ſeverall wayes they entred into the Horſe-market, which was the royall place by the King ordained for battailes to be fought, *Adraſtus*, *Dorilas*, and *Caliſta*, all compleatly armed, & mounted upon good horſes, not one knowing of the others enterpriſe. Of the other ſide of the field entred *Lucidan* with the ſound of Trumpets, mounted upon a brave horſe, with an engraven Armour, having a *Cupid* for his device, who held armes in his right hand, and wings in his left, with this word, *Ardito & preſto*, thereby willing to ſignifie that he was no leſſe valiant than ready, as well in his love as in armes. Shortly after came the King, with many Princes of the blood, Peeres of France, and officers of the Crowne, whom he had made Judges of the combate according unto the ancient lawes and coſtomes of the Kingdome.

When he was in his ſeat, the 3. unknown Knights having humbled themſelves unto his Majeſty, without diſcovering their faces, remonſtrated unto him that they were there, every one in particular to maintain *Liſanders* honour, not only againſt *Lucidan*, but againſt all others who ſhould accuſe him of diſloyalty; Nevertheleſſe meeting all three with one intent, without knowing either of others deſigne, they humbly entreated that they three might bee ſuffered to

fight

fight againſt three others all together, and that in this reſpect *Lucidan* might be permitted to chuſe three of his friends to ſecond him in this quarrell: but he unwilling to have either ſecond or third, and offering rather to fight with all three one after another, ſo long as his life ſhould laſt; the King appointed them to draw lots which of them ſhould fight firſt; after whoſe combate, were he either overcome or conquerour, the other two ſhould not be received to make any further quarrell concerning *Liſanders* innocency; thinking the one unneceſſary, and the other unreaſonable, becauſe if *Lucidan* were vanquiſhed, *Liſander* remained acquitted, and if he did overcome, the other ſhould remaine culpable: beſides, it were not juſt that he ſhould expoſe himſelfe unto a ſecond combate being wearie, and it may be wounded, againſt another freſh and without hurt. This equall ſentence was nevertheleſſe grievous unto the ſtrange Knights, who were every one (apart by himſelfe) afraid to be disfavoured by the lot, which (although they were three) yet could favour but one: but the ſorrowfulleſt of all was *Caliſta*, who diſtruſting her fortune, did believe ſhe ſhould never receive ſo much favour as to dye in this combate, but that ſhe ſhould be ſtill reſerved unto more misfortunes. She had with her the Porter of whom we have ſpoken, unto whom a little before ſhe had given the anſwer which ſhe ſent unto *Liſander*, commanding him onely to wait the event of this day, that he might report it unto *Liſander*; but if ſhe had known that the two Knights which contended with her about fighting with *Lucidan*, had been the one *Adraſtus* and the other *Dorilas*, the one *Liſanders* father, and the other hers, and alſo if *Dorilas* had knowne that ſhe had been his daughter *Caliſta*, without doubt their trouble (although extreame) would have beene much greater when the lots

ſhould

ſhould be drawne to ſee which of the three ſtrangers ſhould fight with *Lucidan*, their names were demanded, which they being unwilling to declare, *Adraſtus* firſt anſwered that he was firſt called the Knight of the Eagle, *Dorilas* called himſelfe the Knight of the Oake, and *Caliſta* (as we ſaid before) having a wheele invironed with buckets for her device named her ſelf the Knight of the Buckets Three Billets were made with their three names, which were all put into a caske: and as a child (who was appointed to draw) was putting in his hand, there came in a fourth Knight who ſtayed the drawing. Who this Knight was, we will ſpeak of in another place: But now we muſt returne unto *Liſander*, the principall ſubject of this ſtory. We left him floating between Dover and Callis, with his three companions in Armes: The Sea was then troubled with winde, whereby the waves in bigneſs being doubled, in that little ſpace they ran a dangerous fortune. At the beginning they thought it was but a blaſt, which as ſhort as violent would turne into faire weather: but the skie armed with lightning, and darkned with clouds, which brake amongſt them into violent raine and fearfull thunder, and the blaſts of this winde (which in the darkneſſe of this ſtorme liſted them upon the waters, ſometimes unto the ſtarres, and ſometimes opening the waves in the middle, did with horrour throw them into the bottome) made them repent their raſhneſſe in deſpiſing the ſtorme, hoping of ſaving themſelves. The pale Pilote having for a time reſiſted this fortune, cauſing all the ſailes to be ſtrucken, and turring the helme as he ſaw occaſion, was conſtrained to abandon that alſo, ſeeing by reaſon of the noyſe which continually came from the thunder, the windes, the waters, the cryes & the confuſion which was through all the ſhip, he was not able to command, nor the Mariners

riners able to obey. *Liſander* ſeeing both ſteerage and tackle forſaken, and the ſailes in diſorder, expecting every minute to be ſwallowed by the waves, which already filled the ſhip, endeavoured to raiſe their courages; which he ſo well effected, that every one began to ſtand to his worke, ſome to the helme, ſome to the tackles, ſome to pump out the water which came into the ſhip: But ſeeing that the Patron (judging the ſhip loſt) had lept into the skiffe with an intent to ſave himſelfe therein, he leaps after him with his ſword in his hand, and ſetting it at his throat, threatneth him with a ſpeedy death, if he did not returne into the ſhip, and take upon him the guiding of the ſame. The Patron ſeeing death preſent it ſelf unto him on both ſides, deſiring rather to receive it by the waves than by iron, promiſed to obey him; but as he was going to returne into the ſhip, a huge roaring wave ſtruck againſt the skiffe with ſuch violence, that breaking the cords wherewith it was held, it was preſently driven away, that they in the ſhip could never more ſet eye upon it. He who was able to expreſſe *Liſanders* griefe, was no bad Orator: he was ready then to effect what he had threatned againſt the Pilot, and if he had not uſed his skill, I know not what he would have done; but his friends ſorrow was no leſſe, believing certainly that he was caſt away, ſo ſuddenly they had loſt the ſight of the skiffe amongſt the waves.

After this unhappy accident, *Neptune* (as ſatisfied with this revenge, & contented to have puniſhed thoſe audacious perſons, who had raſhly contemned his power by *Liſanders* loſſe) ſhewed himſelfe leſſe terrible, by little and little appeaſing the fearfull motions of his Empire. The skie waxed cleere, the ſea calme, and the windes having ſtrove all day againſt the waves, now retired into their dennes, leaving in ſome reſt the miſerable ſhip, who all broken with the tem-

tempeſt, in the end came to Callis, having been a whole ſummers day, making a three houres voyage with a good winde. Then did *Lidian*, *Alcidon*, and *Berontus* (who now had altered his opinion conceived againſt him for his brothers death) renew their complaints for *Liſanders* loſſe, eſpecially when they ſaw his Armes, his Horſe, his rich Sword, and the collar which he had gained at the tilting, reſolving to keep them ſafe untill they could heare more certaine newes of him; and ſtaying onely one night at Callis, the next morning very early they tooke their way towards Paris, hoping to be there at the day of *Lucidans* combate, with whom every one of them had a particular deſigne to fight in *Liſanders* quarrell: who then being in the skiffe alone with the Pilot ran a fortune all that day, and the next night toſſed upon the waves at the pleaſure of the windes, through the darkneſſe of the night, in the greateſt miſery that ever he had ſeen. The day following, the light appearing, the aire being cleere and the ſea quiet, they were carryed upon an Iſland which the Pilot knew to be Gerſey, where landing with great danger, in a place amongſt cragged and deſert rocks rarely frequented by any man, they found a young Hermite, who (not ſeeing them) complained ſo loud, that they eaſily heard all his lamentations, which you ſhall underſtand in order after we have related the memorable combate which about that time was fought in the moſt famous City, and before the greateſt King in the world.

We left three Knights pretending all to fight with *Lucidan*, with great impatience expecting him whom fortune ſhould chooſe for that purpoſe, when a fourth entring into the field, ſtayed the childes hand, as he would have drawne the lot out of the cask. This Kt. was mounted upon a Spanniſh Jennet as white as milke, his Armes alſo were white, having for his device

device a naked *Cupid*, which paſſed through Pikes, Launces, Swords and Darts, with this word, *Spreſo ogin riſchio*, by which he made knowne that there was no danger which he did not deſpiſe to follow his end. After he had humbled himſelfe before the King, without diſcovering himſelfe more than any of the others, he made it knowne unto him, that having more intereſt in this combat than any of thoſe who had preſented themſelves, he required if not to be preferred, at the leaſt to be put to the caſting of lots with the reſt; which being granted him, and having called his name *Liſanders* Knight, it was put into the Caske with the other, where having been ſhaken together, every one expected with great unquietneſſe unto whom fortune would diſpoſe the battell. It was wondred at by all when the child drew forth the Knight named *Liſanders* Knight, to the extreme griefe and ſorrow of the other three, whom the Judges cauſing to depart the field, and having equally (for advantage of ſome) placed the combatants, the Trumpet gave the token of the battell, and the Knights ſpurring their horſes and couching their ſtaves, met with ſuch fury, that their Launces breaking, flew into pieces, and their horſes aſtoniſhed with the blow, ſet their cruppers unto the ground, from whence with bridle and ſpurre being raiſed, they bravely perfected their carreere without advantage; and ſetting their hands unto their ſwords, began a combate no leſſe ſtrange for the novelty, than admirable for the combatants valour. *Lucidan*, who was eſteemed (and juſtly) one of the beſt Knights in France (and conſequently of the world) ſtriking his adverſary ſometimes with the edge, and ſometimes with the point, made him bend ſometime to his horſe necke, and ſometime back upon the crupper. The other who gave not place unto him, preſſing upon him with ſtrokes like

a fury, made him alſo ſwerve ſometimes upon one ſide, then upon the other, with the geſture and motions of a man falling unto the ground: yet he held firme, and when he was thought to fall, he recovered himſelfe with more vigour and ſtrength, reducing his adverſary to many great extremities. Thus the combat, without advantage, was continued the ſpace of two houres before they ſtayed to breathe: while they thus reſted themſelves, they looked one upon another through their viſers in great fury, themſelves being beheld by all the aſſiſtants in great admiration, who expected the end, uncertaine and doubtfull unto which of them the victory might happen. But above all, the faire *Caliſta*, *Dorilas* her Father, and *Adraſtus*, were in great paine, not knowing who he was that ſo valiantly maintained the juſtice of *Liſanders* cauſe. It was about foure of the afternoone, when three unknowne Knights entring into the field, and paſſing through all the multitude, went to doe their reverence to the King, of whom one of them craving leave to ſpeake, ſaid in this manner, (a generall ſilence being amongſt the multitude, and a generall attention unto his words, out of curioſity of the novelty) Sir, theſe two Knights who are here fighting, have entred into this combate rather out of paſſion, the one deſiring to revenge his kinſmans death, the other to ſerve his friend, than out of any certaine reaſon which they have; both of them grounding their actions upon the good opinion which they have of thoſe for whom they are armed. There is none in France but my ſelfe and one Knight more (who I thinke is not here now) that can cleer your Majeſty in this action, and maintaine unto *Lucidan* with certainty, that *Liſander* killed *Chriſantes* and *Cloridon* like a valiant Gentleman: for I knew it from *Chriſantes* himſelfe, who told it unto me at his death being gone out with *Leon* (who

is the abſent Knight of whom I ſpeak) to part them, and having found him even upon the point of death, with the loſſe of his arme, he had onely the power to tell me ſuccinctly the combate, and afterwards gave up the ghoſt, commending his enemies vertue, and blaming *Cloridons* paſſion and their evill cauſe, for which both of them loſt their lives: and of this, Sir, *Leon* whereſoever he is to be found, will be my witneſſe, and many other perſons unto whom the very ſame day I made the relation, although I was not then, nor have been ſince any great friend unto *Liſander*, in regard of ſome accidents which have miſchievouſly fallen out: But my Conſcience, Sir, obligeth me to utter this truth, and my honour bindeth me to maintaine it, not onely thereby to preſerve the reputation of an honeſt man, but alſo to ſave the lives of theſe two Knights, who labour no leſſe raſhly than honourably to kill one the other. But if your Majeſty will yeeld the combate to any man for *Liſander*, it is to be granted unto me, Sir, who ſpeake out of knowledge, and who eſteeme *Lucidan* ſo brave and ſo noble a Knight, that he will not abſolutely ſay the contrary.

By this diſcourſe you may eaſily know that this Knight was *Berontus*, and the other two *Alcidon* and *Lidian*, whom we lately left upon their way from Callis towards Paris, with an intent to fight with *Lucidan*, but ſeeing themſelves prevented, they uſed this meanes to ſeperate them. Upon this propoſition of *Berontus*, the King cauſed the judges of the field to aske *Liſanders* Knight, upon what ground he had enterpriſed this fight. He anſwered to maintaine *Liſanders* honour. It was againe demanded of him what proofe he had of his innocency. Unto which he anſwered, none but the glory of his former actions. The ſame Judges asked *Lucidan*, what aſſurance he had of the murder which he pretended *Liſander* had

had committed. He anſwered, none, but that he would hazard his life to revenge *Chriſantes* his death. Theſe words agreeing with *Berontus* his ſpeech, the King declared *Liſander* (to the contentment of the whole company) innocent of the pretended murders, and alſo abſolved from *Cloridons* and *Chriſantes* death, and impoſed a ſilence concerning that unto *Lucidan* for ever, commanding him to embraee, not onely the Knight who combated, but alſo the other three who had offered to fight with him. *Lucidan* witneſſing as much obedience to the Kings command, as he had ſhewed violence to revenge his Kinſmans death, put up his Sword, and putting off his Caske, with open armes went to embrace him, whom lately he endeavoured to kill; who unwilling alſo to give place in courteſie, put up his ſword, and pulling off his helmet, goodly treſſes of haire fell about his ſhoulders almoſt to the heeles, which with new admiration to the world, made them all ſee that this maſculine courage, and more than manly ſtrength, proceeded from a woman. At the firſt theſe goodly treſſes aſtoniſhed *Lucidan*, as well as the others, who was aſhamed and deſpiſed with himſelfe, that he had ſo vainly employed his Armes againſt a maid who had ſo lively made him feele her cutting ſword: but when he beheld her Angell-like face, and conſidered ſo many beauties among ſo many vertues, he was more wounded with her lookes than with the blowes of her ſword: and in the inſtant the remembrance of *Caliſta*, whom he deſpaired ever to obtaine, was loſt by the impreſſion which this faire warrier had made in his heart. *Adraſtus* preſently knowing her and *Lidia* alſo, they both of them ranne together to ſalute her with ſo much joy, that I am not able to expreſſe it. Afterwards knowing one the other, they both tooke her, one by one hand, and the other by the other

and

and went with her to do their reverence unto the King, who embracing *Adraſtus* and *Lidian*, although he had been angry with him, knowing that it was the faire *Hippolita*, who, with ſo gentle a courage, had undertaken to fight ſo dangerous a combat in *Liſanders* behalf, gave her the beſt entertainment, and did her all the honour he could deviſe, with commendations as glorious as the party that ſpake them was great; *Hippolita* humbly demanded his hands to kiſſe, but the King with a grace truly royall, ſaid, Rather (excellent maid) ſhould I kiſſe your hands, which either by love or force will make all the world do homage unto them; And ſo preſenting her unto the Queen, he ſaid, See here another Amazon, whoſe beauty ſhameth the faireſt, and her valour the braveſt of this age. Heretofore you have heard how Knights have fought to defend the honour of Ladies, but now you ſee Ladies fight for Knights: Whileſt he yet ſpake, *Dorilas* and *Alcidon* having pulled off their Helmes, did their reverence unto his Majeſty, who rejoycing amongſt ſo many good Knights, wondred to ſee *Adraſtus* and *Dorilas* undertake this combat. But *Caliſta* ſeeing her father, her brother, and her other friends diſcovered without their Helmes, and learning by the common report which ſpread it ſelfe through the aſſembly, that the Knight which had fought againſt *Lucidan*, was *Hippolita* her Rivall, out of jealouſie of whom ſhe was brought unto this deſpaire, and that for *Liſanders* ſake ſhe had undertaken this combate, conſidering her love unto him, and that which he was tyed to render againe to her beauty, grace, nimbleneſſe, courage and ſtrength, wherein ſhe gave place unto none; and ſeeing alſo the infinite kindneſſe wherwith *Adraſtus* uſed her, and the countenance wherewith ſo willingly ſhee received them, ſhee upon all theſe appearances concluded that the firſt report of

Liſanders infidelity was true, and the treacherous excuſes of the Porter falſe, wherefore now ſhe thought her ſelfe more miſerable and more wretched than ever. In this common and publique joy ſhee ſtole out of the preaſe, and as well as ſhe could, retired her ſelfe unto Longchampe, where with griefe upon griefe, and complaint upon complaint, we will leave her in this diſcomfort, not being able to comfort her.

In the meane time the King turning to *Dorilas* and *Adraſtus*, ſaid, Me thought there was a third, who came with you to fight with *Lucidan*, what is become of him? Sir, anſwered *Adraſtus*, I know not, for ſo many others came after him, and ſo many wonders are done this day (eſpecially ſince the comming of this faire Warriour, pointing at *Hippolita*) that my eyes were onely buſied in beholding them. You make love (replyed the King) but I thinke it is for another (intending *Liſander*) yet I ſhould be glad to know this Knight, who is thus gone away without ſpeaking to us: Let ſome goe after him (ſaid he to ſome of his guard which were about him) and ſo entring into his Coach with the Queene, followed with a great Court, he returned triumphantly unto the Louure.

To tell you the thankes which *Lucidan* gave unto *Berontus* for parting him from the battaile which he had with *Hippolita*, the ſervice which he offered unto the ſame *Hippolita*, the contentment which ſhe received in the glory which this day ſhe had gained, beſides the pleaſure ſhe conceived in obliging *Liſander*: *Adraſtus* his joy to ſee him abſolved, and in the King favour, hoping that this glorious action of *Hippolita* would oblige him to ſerve her: That alſo of *Alcidon* and *Lidian*, to ſee their friend in his former luſtre: and *Berontus* that he was an inſtrument in it: The comfort which *Dorilas* tooke

tooke in ſeeing *Lidian*, and in *Liſanders* innocency, after which, he alſo hoped to ſee his daughters; it would be a diſcourſe too long for one breath upon the end of a Booke, which we will conclude by Gods helpe in the tenth part of this Story.

The end of the Ninth Booke.

A TRAGI-COMICALL Hiſtory of theſe Times.

The Tenth Booke.

WE have repreſented paſſions in the end of the laſt Booke, after the manner of Architectures, who (as it is ſaid) make their buildings with the greateſt beauty and glory towards the ſtreete, hiding their errours of contriving within the houſe; for if wee looke neere and judge not by outward appearance, but by truth, we may finde that among their ſweetneſſe and joy there was a great deale of bitterneſſe and ſorrow; All the contentment which *Liſanders* friends had to ſee him abſolved, and in the Kings favour, no wayes equalling the ſorrow which they had for his loſſe, or that which thoſe who knew not thereof (as *Adraſtus* and *Hippolita*) had for his abſence; And *Dorilas* his joy which he had to ſee his Son, and *Lidian* his Father, did no way ballance the griefe, which one ſuffered for his ſiſter, and the other for his daughter. *Alcidon* and *Berontus*, who in reaſon had leaſt cauſe to complaine or deſire, were not contented, becauſe they could not ſee *Argire* and *Ambriſia* ſhine at the Court; yet the web of theſe evils

evils were mingled with ſome proſperities, which made them ſome way ſufferable; onely *Caliſta* was uncapable of comfort, her whole reaſon and wiſdome ſerving but to augment her griefe. Wee left her within Longchampe, ſad, wandring and deſperate, all in teares and fury, not knowing what to doe but to dye, whereunto ſhe ſought all occaſions, but found none; unexorable death, which with ſo many ſenſible & violent ſorrows taketh away life from others, would not doe her that favour.

In the mean time the Porter, who (amongſt *Alcidons* and *Lidians* followers) had ſeene *Liſanders* Flemming and footman, and from them having learned the ſad newes of his Maſter, oppreſſed with his loſs, and with the deſpaire wherein he had left *Caliſta*; reſolved to go ſeeke for one, and diſcover the other; wherefore having ſpent this night with his fellowes, he roſe early the next morning, and going unto *Alcidon* (who inſtantly knew him) told him, that the Knight who offered to fight with *Lucidan*, together with *Dorilas* and *Adraſtus*, having ſuch a device and ſuch armes, and who afterwards ſtole away without making her ſelfe knowne, was the faire *Caliſta*, ſo far tranſported not only out of love unto *Liſander*, but of jealouſie unto *Hippolita*, whoſe ſight had carried her back unto Longchampe with the ſame deſpaire wherein he had firſt found her; That although he had promiſed not to diſcover her unto any body, yet he believed he ſhould erre leſs in breaking his word, than in leaving her in this diſcomfort,

Alcidon wondring (yet glad at this newes) left the Porter at *Paris* (who departed immediately from thence towards Normandy, to ſee if upon the Coaſt he could have any newes of his Maſter) and not ſpeaking a word either unto *Dorilas*, or *Lidian* of what he heard of *Caliſta*, went unto Long-

champe where ſhe was ſtill a bed, with her chamber doore ſo faſt ſhut upon her, that it was impoſſible to open it without breaking. He firſt found her Lackey with her Horſe, who brought him directly unto her chamber, where knocking at her doore, *Caliſta*, who thought it had been her boy, or the Porter, who having loſt her when ſhe ſtole out of the throng at Paris, was come to ſeeke her, asked who was there? *Alcidon* anſwered, a Friend. What ſeeke you? ſaid ſhe, (knowing by the voice that it was neither of them whom ſhe thought it to be:) I ſeeke you (anſwered *Alcidon.*) Stay without (replyed ſhe) and I will ſpeake with you preſently. In the meane time ſhe aroſe, and not content to cloath her, ſhe alſo armed her ſelfe, believing by theſe meanes to paſſe unknowne amongſt all men. When ſhe was come out of her chamber, and that ſhe ſaw it was *Alcidon*, who was not armed, ſhe was like to fall downe dead: yet not knowing what he would ſay, nor thinking that he knew her, ſhe diſſembled her aſtoniſhment as well as ſhe could, and diſguiſing her voice and behaviour, ſhe asked him what he would. *Alcidon* making as if he did not know her, asked if ſhe were the Knight of the Buckets, who yeſterday had preſented himſelfe with *Dorilas* and *Adraſtus* to combate *Lucidan.* Whereunto ſhe anſwered, yes. It is then, replyed *Alcidon*, with you that I would ſpeak, but I would deſire it might be private. As much as you pleaſe, replyed *Caliſta*, who preſently commanded her boy to make ready her horſe. When *Alcidon* ſaw himſelfe alone with her, hee ſpake in this manner; You doe well to command your horſe to be made ready, for he muſt now ſerve you to eſcape away, or elſe to goe unto the King, who commands a ſtrait ſearch to be made for you, foraſmuch as that after your going from Paris, remembring that you are the onely man who did not diſcover your ſelfe, he commanded

that you ſhould be followed, to know who you were; but he was told by ſome that you were *Liſander*, and that you would not diſcover your ſelfe in regard of *Caliſta*'s proceſſe, whereupon his Majeſty more expreſſly commanded to finde you, out of a deſire he had to marry you to *Hippolita*, at *Adraſtus* his requeſt, unto whom he hath promiſed to pardon *Cleanders* murther in favour of that marriage. Now if yoube *Liſander*, I believe, according to that great affection which we have borne unto one another, you will not hide your ſelfe from me: I will counſell you freely as a friend, no longer to dwell upon that wretched and unfortunate love of *Caliſta*, who is loſt both for you and her ſelfe, but looking more ſeriouſly into your affaires, not to loſe, with the Kings favour, and your parents, ſo advantageable a match as *Hippolita* is.

Hardly had he uttered the laſt word, when *Caliſta* looking upon him in diſdaine, and ſetting her hand upon her ſword, interrupted him with this anſwer: Ah thou impudent Traitor, who hath given thee boldneſſe to uſe this ſpeech unto me? doſt thou uſe thus to counſell thy friends, to betray that which they ought to hold moſt deare in the world, for a ſimple appearance of a petty commodity? But why haſt thou not thy armes about thee, to maintaine that which thou counſelleſt? now will I ſhew thee unto whom thou addreſſeſt thy ſelfe, and before thee kill my ſelfe, to the end that the griefe and horrour of thy having been the cauſe thereof, may torment thee all thy life. Saying this, ſhe pulled off her Caske, and tranſported with fury ſhe drew out her ſword: but *Alcidon* catching her in his armes, ſaid thus unto her, Madam, pardon me (if it pleaſe you) this invention whereunto I have been conſtrained to flye, thereby to make you diſcover your name, ſeeing you reſolved to hide your ſelfe

from me. It is true that the King hath ſent after you, and if you turne not your ſelfe out of the way, you will ſee him but too ſoone: not that he doth thinke you are *Liſander*, not that any body hath told him ſo, and leſſe, that he hath any intent to marry him unto *Hippolita*; but I my ſelfe have contrived it, knowing by the porter whom you had yeſterday with you, the pitifull miſery into which (by the falſe report made unto you of *Liſander*) you were brought. Wretch as thou art (anſwered *Caliſta*) hold thy peace, art thou not aſhamed to thinke I ſhould be ſuch a Sot, as to beleeve any word that ſhould proceed out of thy mouth, and to perſwade my ſelfe the contrary of what thou even now toldeſt me, and what I have ſeen? Madam, ſaid *Alcidon*, what you have ſeene doth not prove that true which you believe; what I have ſaid of the King, in part I have deviſed it, and of that which I have ſaid of the Porter, you your ſelfe may judge of the truth, if it be but by the direction which hee hath given me of this place, whither you are retired, which I ſhould have beene no more able to finde, than a great many others who are now a ſeeking you: whereby you may eaſily gather, I knew you when I ſpake unto you, as well before your helmet was off, as ſince: but as for that which hath been told you concerning *Liſander*, it is abſolutely falſe, that ever he had ſuch a thought, as *Lidian* & *Berontus* can equally witneſſe with me, for all four of us came out of England together, and he had beene here with us now, if the Sea, the winde, and a ſtrange accident had not joyned together to our parting. *Berontus* loves him no more than he loves you, neither doe I: and if both our teſtimonies were ſuſpected, yet your brothers ought not to be ſo. whom I was unwilling to bring with me, or to ſay any thing unto him, or unto *Dorilas*, of what the Porter had told me, believing

lieving that as you have done me the honour alwaies confidently to aſſure your ſelfe upon my friendſhip, you would rather communicate your paſſion to me, than unto any of them: See now if there by any appearance in this diſcourſe, and if you thinke not, turne againſt me the point of your ſword, which I had rather feele through my heart, than once thinke to offend you. *Alcidon* unto the ſtrength of theſe reaſons, added the diſcourſe of what had happened in England, how *Liſander* after a long combate againſt *Berontus*, *Lidian* and himſelfe, had gained the prize of the combate, which was a ſword of an inſtimable value, and a cholar of admirable beauty, and riches, which was deſtined unto her: Finally, how being imbarked to come into France, and how entring into the skiffe to force the Pilot back unto the charge of the ſhip, a wave had unfortunately ſeperated them (as you have heard.) And that theſe things are true (ſaid he) beſides the witneſſes which I have named unto you, the ſword and the coller are now at Paris, in *Lidians* hands, with horſe, armes, and footman, from whom you may draw more particular proofe of this diſcourſe, although none more true, nor none more certaine.

Caliſta, vanquiſhed with theſe reaſons, knew not what to ſay, nor what to doe, onely with folded armes ſhe begged pardon, and intreated him to counſell her, converting her firſt fury into pitifull bewailings of hers and *Liſanders* hard fortune. The beſt counſell I can (for the preſent) give you, ſaid *Alcidon*, is to leave theſe armes, which will in ſtead of hiding you) eaſily make you known, and untill ſome remedy may be found, retire your ſelfe into this Abbey; the Lady whereof is my Kinſwoman, and when ſhe ſhall know your condition, ſhe will not be wanting to yeeld you the honour and entertainment which you deſerve: you ſhall live there

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(at the leaſt) free from being found, for no men come there, and although they ſhould, it will be leſſe ſcandalous to be found in a Covent amongſt religious women, than armed in a field. In the meane time I will treat with *Lidian*, how to bring about that *Dorilas* and *Otranta* may ſee you, who will bee as glad to know that you are here in this Abbey, as they are ſorry and deſolate becauſe they cannot tell where you are. This counſell being approved by *Caliſta*, ſhe left armes, horſe and man in her lodging, and in her cloak and her ſword ſhe went to the Abbeſſe with *Alcidon*, unto whom they needed not ſay any more, but that ſhe was *Caliſta*: The Abbeſs wondring, yet glad that ſhe had power to oblige ſuch a Lady, received her with admirable contentment, and with as much demonſtration of love as was poſſible. *Alcidon* returnes directly to *Paris*, and finding *Lidian* ready to goe in queſt of his Siſter, told him, that he would beare him company, if he would goe firſt and ſee the Ladies which were at *Clarvall*; whereunto he willingly agreeing out of a deſire to ſee his deare *Olinda*, *Alcidon* by the way told him, how he had found *Caliſta*, and where he had left her, with all which you have heard, to *Lidians* great aſtoniſhment, who nevertheleſſe was as glad to heare the end of her ſalley, as he was ſorrowfull to heare of the beginning. After many diſcourſes which they had together about this ſubject, they reſolved to communicate it unto the Ladies (whom they went to ſee) before they could acquaint *Dorilas*, who lodged together with *Adraſtus* at *Paris*, and often viſiting and courting one another, they ſwore a moſt perfect friendſhip, being both equally troubled, one with loſſe of his Son, the other of his daughter.

On the other ſide *Hippolita* having left her armes, and dreſſed her ſelf in the moſt advantagable habits

of

of her ſexe, ſhe gave with ſuch lightning into the Courtiers eyes, that for one which with a ſword and a great deale of labour ſhee had vanquiſhed, ſhee had with her lookes without intending it, and without contentment, captivated a hundred: For although ſhe brought great contentment, unto all who beheld her, yet ſhe received none, not ſeeing him for whom ſhe undertook this voyage. One day after *Alcidon* and *Lidians* departure, ſhe going unto the Louure with *Adraſtus*, *Dorilas* and *Lucidan*, who could be no more without her, than a Pilot ſaile without directions to the pole, there entred into the Preſence-chamber one of the Guard, bringing with him the armes which were preſently knowne to be the Knights, who with *Adarſtus* and *Dorilas* offered to combat *Lucidan*; who preſenting them to the King, ſaid thus: Sir, your Majeſty having commanded me to ſeek the Knight who wore theſe armes, I followed him to Saint *Anthonies* gate, by which I was told that he went; and having underſtood that he turned downe by the ditch, untill he came unto Saint *Honnorius* his gate, taking his way from thence unto Chaliot, I followed him, alwaies inquiring of thoſe whom I met, untill I came unto the Wood of Bollogne, where finding none who could tell me which way he was gone, I ran unto all the Villages round about where I imagined he might be, as *Neuly*, *Surene* and Saint *Cloud*, without hearing any newes of him, untill this day as I was upon my returne, having now no hope to meet with any body, who could ſatisfie me, I met his Lackey neere *Longchampe*, who came to water his horſe. Knowing him, Sir, I asked for his Maſter, whom (as he told me) he had not ſeen ſince the next day after *Lucidans* combate, when a Gentleman came to aske for him early in the morning at a little houſe neere *Longchampe* where he lay; and for proofe of what he ſaid, becauſe

becauſe I did not beleeve him, he led me into the houſe, where I found nothing but theſe Armes: I was in the Abby which is hard by, to enquire of the religious women, who were not able to tell me any thing, wherefore I returned back to his lodging, and tooke his Lackey, his Horſe, and his Armes to preſent them to your Majeſty. The King called the Lackey unto him, & asked him of his Maſters name; but he could learn no more but what the Guard had already told him. Deſiring then to ſee the horſe, he cõmanded that he ſhould be brought into the Court of the Louure, where *Doritas* beholding him with a quicker ſpirit, and more earneſtneſſe than when he ſaw him under *Caliſta*, and ſeeing him without any capariſon or other coverture but his ſaddle, preſently knew him to be his owne, and conſequently that he whoſe name they were in ſuch care to know, was his daughter *Caliſta*. It is not poſſible to expreſſe his aſtoniſhment, but by the ſame ſilence wherewith he then covered it, retiring himſelfe without ſpeaking of a word, for feare leſt his griefe ſhould diſcover his thought. So ſoon as he was gone unto his lodging, he went from thence unto Clareval, where finding (contrary to his expectation) *Lidian* and *Alcidon* amongſt the Ladies, unto whom he had a reſolution to tell what he had heard of *Caliſta*, he found that they had better intelligence; wherefore in ſome proportion he comforted himſelfe to underſtand that ſhe had retired her ſelfe into this Nunnery. *Ambriſia* being amongſt theſe Ladies, and knowing that *Adraſtus* was at Paris, entreated the company to be pleaſed that ſhe might goe ſee him, whereunto they all condeſcended, and reſolved to goe with her.

In the meane time the King curious to know who the Knight of the Buckets was, commanded that the Armes ſhould be expoſed in a publique place, untilll ſome one were found, who could tell newes of him

who

who had worn them the day of the combat between *Lucidan* and *Hippolita*; who was then in the Louure with *Adraſtus*, and believing that they did belong unto *Liſander*, who having loſt them by ſome accident, would endeavour to recover them by ſome means or other; intreated his Majeſty that they might be raiſed as a Trophee, in the field which was appointed for the battaile, offering her ſelfe to keep and defend them the ſpace of eight dayes againſt any man, who without diſcovering of himſelfe, ſhould offer to take them downe: and by the ſame meanes, Sir, added *Hippolita*, forasmuch as I know that *Liſander* and *Caliſta* are no leſſe innocent of *Cleanders* murther (whereof they were moſt grieved, and are moſt falſly accuſed) than *Liſander* appeared innocent the other day of murdering *Chriſantes*, and *Cloridon*, I moſt humbly entreat your Majeſty to ſuffer me to defend their innocency, and to ordaine that thoſe who ſhall accuſe him, may appeare within the time aboveſaid, and proſecute their cauſe like Knights, and not with wrangling. *Adraſtus* being by at this intreaty, joyned alſo his, caſting himſelfe at the Kings feet, humbly beſought him to have compaſſion on his age, and of the ſorrow which he might have for a ſonne, ſuch as *Liſander* was, conjuring him with teares that he might ſecond *Hippolita* in this enterpriſe. *Veraſcus* was not then at the Court, who would have been much offended at *Hippolita*'s words: but *Berontus* who in ſhew ſhould be obliged to undertake the anſwer of *Veraſcus* his abſence as well for the neerneſſe between them, as for the intereſt he had, being next Kinſmin to the dead, ſtood nevertheleſſe ſilent, retained not onely out of love to *Ambriſia*, and reſpect (which for her ſake) he bare unto thoſe who maintained her brothers right, eſpecially unto *Hippolita* and *Adraſtus*; but alſo out of knowledge, which the ſame *Liſander* had given him of the

juſtice

juſtice of his cauſe; Yet the King asking him if he had any thing to anſwer againſt *Hippolita's* requeſt, he ſaid, That heretofore vanquiſhed with the appearances which were in his brothers murder, he had maintained that no man but *Liſander* could doe it; but ſince having certainely knowne that at that time he was in Flanders, and that the day of his combate with *Cloridan* and *Chriſantes* he had left his ſword (broken in the handle) in the field, hee would rather combate to defend him than to accuſe him; believing alſo that his ſiſter-in-law had too much honour, and too noble a heart ever to conceive a thought of ſo infamous an act. All the Court wondred at theſe words, and the King himſelfe was aſtoniſhed, and ſeeing him who had the principall intereſt in the juſtice of *Cleanders* death (contrary to the opinion of all the world) to inſiſt upon the innocency of the accuſed, anſwered *Hippolita*, That hee did permit her to keepe the armes of the unknowne Knight, in the place and upon the conditions required; but that hee did not grant her the combate which ſhe demanded againſt *Liſander* and *Caliſta's* accuſers, there being no need ſince they did confeſſe them innocent, nevertheleſſe at her requeſt, he would take the hearing of the cauſe from the Judges unto his own knowledge, and that they might both freely come unto *Paris* to juſtifie themſelves, hee diſpenſing with their returning into the eſtate wherein they were, and giving them the Court for their priſon.

Hippolita and *Adraſtus* having humbly thanked the King, went both of them to ſembrace *Beronus*, and from thence *Hippolita* having brought *Caliſta's* armes into the field, ſet up a Tent, neere unto which ſhe raiſed a Trophee, expecting when ſome body ſhould preſent himſelf to queſtion them. But *Adraſtus* returning unto his lodging, thinking to finde

Dorilas

Dorilas there, to carry him the first newes of his happy successe in *Calista*'s and *Lisanders* businesse, understood by his Hoste that he was gone unto *Clarvall*, which made him presently dispatch *Lisanders* two footmen, which *Lidian* had left with him, one into *Normandy*, the other into Brittain, to learn some newes of his Master: and he in the meane time going on horseback unto *Clarvall* with *Berontus*, who offering to accompany him, out of a desire he had to see *Ambrisia*, met her upon the way, with *Dorilas*, *Otranta*, *Lidian*, *Olinda*, *Alcidon* and *Argire*. The joy which *Dorilas* and all the company received at the newes which *Adrastus* told them, the contentment which *Ambrisia* had in seeing her father, and which *Berontus* had in seeing *Ambrisia*, (who thanked him for the faithfull testimony which he had given of *Lisanders* and *Calista*'s innocency) tempered the sorrow which all of them had for their absence: and to make it more perfect, they went all together unto *Longchampe*, not onely to see *Calista*, but to bring her to *Paris*, expecting *Lisanders* returne, seeing that by the Kings clemency both the one and the other, without feare of Justice, might appeare safely. *Calista* being advertised of their comming, had left her cloake and sword, and being apparelled in the ordinary habite of her sexe, received them with a shame, which did raise unto a higher lustre her incomparable beauty, wherewith she excelled the fairest, which above all others astonished *Adrastus* (who had never before seene her) and made him not only excuse *Lisander*, but also think that he had a great deale of reason to disobey him, for which he formerly blamed him. Madam, said hee, in saluting her, I doe not now wonder if those who have had the honour to see you, do despise all other glory: for I my selfe, whose age ought not to dispence me from that servitude, whereunto you bring all the world,

world, would not wiſh a greater good, than to be deprived from all others, to have that of your ſervice. *Caliſta* knowing who he was, made a great reverence unto him, ſaying, ſhe would receive theſe praiſes from him, more for the reſpect which ſhe bare him, than any wayes preſuming that ſhe could merit them: And ſeeing *Dorilas* and *Otranta*, who ſtretched out their armes unto her, ſhe kneeled at their feet, humbly entreating them to pardon her the diſpleaſure and ſorrow which ſhe had raiſed them But they lifted her up, intreating her not to bring into their mindes a thing which might trouble the contentment which they had to finde her againe. Furthermore, ſaid *Dorilas*, thank this good Knight; for with a faire Amazon who is at Paris, and *Berontus* his faithfull teſtimony, which he gave before the King of your innocency, they are all three cauſe, that without feare of any Caſtle or priſon but the Court, you and *Liſander* may now enjoy your liberties, which heretofore you have had in Paris, having the King himſelfe for Judge onely. *Caliſta*, together with the joy of this news, felt a ſecret motion in her heart, at the name of this Amazon, which wrought an alteration in her face: But *Berontus* advancing himſelfe then with *Ambriſia*, whom he conducted, afterwards *Alcidon* with *Argire*, and laſt of all *Lidian* with *Olinda* ſaluting her, put it from her minde for the preſent, and raiſed in her a contentment, to expreſſe which I am uncapable.

After they had a little reſted, and refreſhed themſelves within the Nunnery, and thanked the Abbeſſe and the religious woman, they all departed toward Paris, where comming before night, they alighted at the Louure. *Adraſtus* led *Caliſta*, *Dorilas* *Otranta*, *Alcidon* *Argire*, *Lidian* *Olinda*, and *Berontus* *Ambriſia*. The King being then in the Queens chamber, they were all brought in to their Majeſties, unto

to whom *Adraſtus* preſenting *Caliſta*, ſpake unto the King in this manner: Sir, behold the Knight whom a deſire to juſtifie *Liſander* concerning *Chriſantes* and *Cloridons* death, to the end that he might afterwards juſtifie them bothſor *Cleanders*, hath made her cover her ſelfe with blacke Armes, which your Majeſty hath committed unto *Hippolita*'s keeping: Wee are not now come humbly to intreat you that they may be rendred unto her, ſhe having more power thus diſarmed, than all the Knights in the world armed; but to offer you her, together with our humble ſervice, to lay her honour with our meanes, and our lives into your hands, giving you moſt humble thankes that it hath pleaſed your Majeſty to take knowledge of our cauſe, and to entreate your Majeſty to doe her juſtice, which yet you never refuſed to any perſon. *Adraſtus* having ſpoken theſe words, *Caliſta* kneeled down before the King, who having never ſeene her in *Cleanders* life (in regard it was much retired from the Court) much leſſe ſince his death; was kindled with the lightning of this beauty, which having lifted up, and graciouſly ſaluted, he preſented her unto the Queen, ſaying: What think you of this Knight, Madam? was it not great pity that ſuch a jewell ſhould be ſhut up in the Caſtle? She ſeemeth unto me rather an Angell than a Knight, anſwered the Queene, and that thoſe who tooke her from thence, had more reaſon than thoſe who impriſoned her. Theſe words, and the preſence of their Majeſties, invironed with a great company whoſe eyes were all fixed upon *Caliſta*, raiſed no leſſe bluſhing in her, than ſhe kindled fires in their mindes: The Court at this time reſembled a cleere heaven, ſet full of bright ſtars, whereof their Majeſties were the principall lights, and *Caliſta*, *Ambriſia*, *Olinda*, and *Argire* four of the leſſer Planets; to perfect whoſe

number the faire *Hippolita* came, who being led by *Lucidan*, knowing that this *Caliſta* of whom ſhe had heard ſo much ſpeech, was not onely come, but knowne to be the Knight of the black armes which ſhe had undertaken to defend; left them in the guard of *Eriſila* her maid, to be her ſelfe at this aſſembly: So ſoone as the King perceived her, he ſaid unto her, You muſt now (faire Amazon) render the armes, or fight with this faire Lady, unto whom they doe belong Sir, anſwered *Hippolita*, not onely theſe armes, but all others ought to be yeelded up unto her beauty. What ſhall then be given unto yours, ſaid *Caliſta*, which doth ſhine with ſo much advantage over the faireſt? I am not able to utter all the faire words which then proceeded from their faire mouthes: But what contrary thoughts were in the meane time hidde in their hearts? with what different ſpirits from their outward ſhew, did theſe faire Rivals behold one the other? with what confuſion did *Hippolita* looke upon the advantage of *Caliſta*'s incomparable beauties? with what grace, *Caliſta*, drawing her glaſſe ſometimes by ſtealth, ſeemed to enquire of it about the victory which ſhe preſumed to have over *Hippolita*'s perfections? how many torments did *Lucidan* ſuffer betweene the new fires which *Hippolita* had kindled in his breaſt, and the lively ſparkles which having beene raked up in the aſhes of *Caliſta*'s abſence, did now become flaming by her preſence?

In the mean time night deſcending, covered with her large mantle poudered with ſtars, licenced this faire company; every one departed contented, except *Hippolita*, who ſeeing *Caliſta* conducted back by *Adraſtus*, as if he had already accompted her for his daughter, deſpaired ever to be ſo her ſelfe. All night ſhee could not ſleepe, *Caliſta*'s faire face, and

and the admirable attractions of her ſurmounting beauty ſwome in her minde, ſhee ſaw her ſelfe overcome by *Caliſta*, ſhe thought her ſelfe deſpiſed by *Liſander*, and called him traitour for ſpeaking of love unto her, being ingaged in another place, and ungratefull for leaving her for any other: then againe would ſhee excuſe him for having made ſo worthy a choice, which ſhe her ſelfe was enforced to approve. In theſe diſquiets having paſſed a great part of the night, ſhee called *Erifila*, and arming her ſelfe in *Caliſta*'s Armes, leaving her owne hanging in the place, ſhe departed early in the morning, taking no leave of any body.

Whileſt theſe things thus paſſed in France, *Liſander*, who by the tempeſt was caſt upon the Ile of Gerſie, together with his Pilot, as we have already ſaid, hearkened unto the man, (yet unknowne) whom wee left complaining in this manner: Ah wretch, unworthy of this light, whereof thou haſt deprived the beſt Knight in the world, what doeſt thou in this ſolitary corner, where, as a *Prometheus* tyed to this rock, thy bowels renewing, are continually devoured with the eternall repentance of this offence? thinkeſt thou that this great ſea can waſh away thy crime, or this ſecret place hide thee from thy ſelfe? O Love, thou art a Traytor and a Murtherer, hiding under ſuch ſweete apparances ſuch bloudy and mortall effects: Poore *Cleander*, now reduced unto aſhes by thy deadly flame, nay rather by thy impudent flaming deſire; Infamous *Clarinda*, who haſt brought me into this extremity for thy fault, curſed bee thy memory if it yet remaine amongſt men, and curſed be thy Ghoſt if it be gone into Hell; Let thy body be without buriall, thy ſpirit without reſt, and thy name without honour, for ever to remaine ſcandalous and opprobrious unto all the world. By theſe

words *Liſander* knew that hee who lamented was *Leon*, whom ſorrow for having killed *Cleander*, and feare of puniſhment, had ſhut up in theſe rockes. O what vowes did hee make unto *Neptune* for running this fortune? how many times did he thank the windes and the waves for this happy encounter? Well *Leon*, ſaid hee, ſtepping unto him, reſolve your ſelfe to goe to Paris with us, or elſe here to leave your life, in ſatisfaction of that, which you have wickedly taken from poore *Cleander*. *Leon* knowing him both by his voice and by his face, and ſeeing his ſword ſhining in his hand, and over his head, now no leſſe troubled with the apprehenſion of death, than even now weary of living, anſwered thus: It is true that I have killed *Cleander*, not malicioufly, nor out of deſigne, but onely to ſave my life, with the honour of a perſon whom then I loved, and who was more deare unto mee than my owne life; which you cannot thinke ſtrange, if ever you have loved: The repentance and ſorrow which I ſuffer, will (I hope) ſomething excuſe the offence, for which I would not refuſe death, if my life might not ſerve to juſtifie two perſons, of whom I believe you are one, without which reſpect, I had rather leave it here, than carry it to Paris to loſe it upon a Scaffold: But I conſider that there is another, in which wee muſt give an account for this, wherefore I ſhould be ſorry to bury with me *Caliſta*'s reputation and yours, whoſe innocency is ſo troubled, that it cannot cleerly appeare but in the confeſſion of my fault. Your reaſons are good, anſwered *Liſander*, but your conſiderations are a little too ſlow, and would have been unprofitable, if ſtay had beene made untill you had executed them. But better late than never, and although I do not help you to obtaine your pardon for the death of ſo dear a friend as you have killed, yet

I will not hurt you, and it may be the King, according to his accuſtomed clemency and goodneſs, conſidering that it was love and neceſſity of ſaving your life, which made you deprive him of his, will rather uſe mercy than juſtice. After ſome other diſcourſe which they had together, *Liſander*, without entring farther into the Ile (ſo great was his deſire to be at Paris) made him enter with him into the ſhip, and the winde being faire, and the ſea calme, they made their courſe along the Coaſt of Normandy, untill they came unto New Haven, from whence going (without any accident) unto Roane, he was conſtrained to ſtay there to buy horſes, and armes, the richeſt that he had ever yet worne; and to witneſſe that he had rather dye in the ſight of his Lady, than ſuffer any longer the torment of his abſence, he bare for his device, an Argent Eagle with wings ſpread and halfe burned under a Sun of gold, upon which he firmly looked with this word, *Purche godon gli occhi, ardan le pinne.*

Whileſt he buſied himſelfe about this, the Porter, who (as we have ſaid) was gone from Paris to ſeeke him, after the combate between *Hippolita* and *Lucidan*, and going from city to city, was come from Paris to Roane (believing that (in regard of the frequent arrivall of ſtrangers which the ſea brings thither) he might there hear newes of him) and paſſed by chance through the ſame ſtreet where *Liſander* was about his armes, who perceiving him, cal'd him by his name; Never man in this world was ſo content as he was: but if he were joyfull to have found him, the other was as ſad when the ſtory of his Miſtreſs was told him (as you have heard) and the letter given him, which ſaid thus.

Caliſta's *Letter unto* Liſander.

THis Letter ſerves not to bewaile, but to rejoice with you for the marriage which is ſaid that you contract. If you had adverti-ſed me, and that my preſence had not troubled your contentment, I ſhould have deſired to have beene at the feaſt, at leaſt to have ſerved as a foyle unto the luſtre of that beauty you ſue unto. But ſeeing I cannot be there without troubling your peace, and without making your face bluſh, I will onely endeavour to learne the colour of your livery that I may wear it in your abſence, and thereby witneſſe unto you, that although I have not tyes enough to hold you, I have reſolution enough to let you goe, and more patience in your loſſe, than I had contentment in poſſeſſing you. Doe not looke that I ſhould here accuſe you of infidelity; for herein you doe me the moſt pleaſing ſervice that is poſſible for you, and for which I am rather to thanke you than complaine: neither have you deceived mee, for the words which you have ſaid, proceeding but from an unconſtant heart, make mee ſufficiently judge, that your actions muſt needes partake of the ſame lightneſſe. But you have deceived your ſelfe, in thinking to finde in me any thing

more

more lovely, or more easie to conquer than you have done. I am glad that at the last you know your selfe: for although your malice hath not beene able to prevaile over my goodnesse, yet the oathes wherewith you have accompanied your words, the easier to make them sinke into my beliefe, have had so great effect, that they raise a griefe in mee, to see you sigh forth a passion, whereof you cannot be healed but by inconstancy, which justifieth to me your infidelity, and not onely maketh mee approve thereof, but also to thanke you for wiping away (by this change of yours) the sorrow which I conceived by seeing you suffer for my sake a remediless evill: I also give thanks unto her who is the cause thereof, seeing that labouring my minde as I did to free yours, I must needes be obliged unto her who hath eased me of that paine. Other jealousie I have none, for I shall be alwaies glad to yeeld that unto her, which I should be sorry to gaine from her: And besides her merit, which by your election I must needes acknowledge, she hath beene sooner and better beloved of you than I am, and in my opinion doth love you better than I doe: Not that I will not alwaies wish you well, and that this last action, more than all the other of your life, doth not oblige me to acknowlege your feined affections with a true

friendſhip: Wherefore I wiſh unto you in this new ſervitude, the contentment which you could not finde in mine, and doe give you back (together with your liberty) all your falſe promiſes which you have made mee, in ſatisfaction and revenge of which, I will make but one unto you, and that inviolable, ever to reſt your ſervant, Caliſta.

The condemned man, who after a pardon vainely hoped for, ſees himſelfe led unto execution, is not more aſtoniſhed than ſorrowfull *Liſander* was in receiving this newes, then when he thought that all difficulties were removed, and that all things ſmiled upon him. The Porter told him three or four times over, all the ſallies which jealouſie had enforced *Caliſta* to make: Firſt, how ſhee had gone from Clarevall in mans apparell, had put her ſelfe into armes at Paris, and going from thence to challenge *Lucidan*, had entred there againe to fight with him before the King; Actions ſo extravagant, that they muſt needes proceed from an extraordinary paſſion. And finding in her letter ſo much diſdaine and indifferency, he could not imagine from whence ſuch unequall contrarieties ſhould ſpring. In the end comforting himſelfe in his innocency, and in the means which he had to ſerve his Lady, by repreſenting *Leon*, a principall juſtifying piece in her proceſſe, he ſent away the Pilot with his ſkiffe, and the next morning early, with *Leon* and the Porter, departed from Roane to finde *Caliſta* at Longchamp, where he yet thought ſhe was. As hee was about halfe way towards Paris, having rid in extreame diligence untill noone, hee met two Knights well mounted, and well armed, who came from

from the ſame towne. They were jealous of *Hippolita*, and her maide *Erifila*, who the ſame day were departed from the Court, as you have heard, to ſearch for *Liſander* with the ſame paſſion which lately had ſo far tranſported *Caliſta*. So ſoone as the Porter ſaw *Hippolata*'s armes, he judged that it was *Caliſta*, and preſently told *Liſander*, who as ſuddenly believed it, as he had a ſtrong deſire it ſhould be ſo; wherefore ſpurring his horſe directly unto her, he lifted up the viſour of his Helme, and bending his body to the pummell of his ſaddle, in ſaluting, intreated her with as much ſubmiſſion and humility as was poſſible, not to condemne him without hearing; ſhee eſpecially who had proved how much it behooved thoſe who were accuſed to be heard in their juſtifications: *Hippolita* knowing him, and deſirous to convince him of infidelity by his owne confeſſion, ſeeing he tooke her for *Caliſta*, endeavoured to confirme him in that errour by her ſilence, and deſpiſing his excuſes, not diſcovering her ſelfe untill *Liſander* tranſported with paſſion told her, That he had never ſeene the world otherwiſe, but that thoſe who had beſt ſerved, were worſt uſed, That for his part he had attempted all poſſibilities for her ſervice, and effected them; neither in all the ſervices which hee had done, could he ever finde himſelfe guilty of any fault either in effect or will, That he knew well the report which was ſpread of his love unto *Hippolita*, whom he had been conſtrained to ſee out of reverence unto his Father; but that he could never love her, what demonſtration ſoever he had made, or what excellencies ſoever were in her, which although they were great, yet were not ſuch as that they could enter into any compariſon with hers.

So far had *Liſander* diſcourſed, and would have proceeded further, beleeving that he ſpake unto

Caliſta

Caliſta: But *Hippolita* deſpited to ſee her enemy preferred before her, and by a man who had formerly preferred her before all mortall creatures; not able to beare his diſcourſe any longer, turning away her head, and powring forth teares under her Helmet, anſwered nothing, but O Traitor; which word confirmed *Liſander* more in opinion that ſhe was *Caliſta*. In the end *Hippolita* deſirous to revenge her ſelfe, or to dye by his hands, and thereby to leave him in ſorrow all his life, imagined this anſwer, which put *Liſander* unto extreame paine, and her ſelfe into no leſſe danger: Thou art deceived, ſaid ſhee, in what thou ſayeſt, and ſhee for whom thou takeſt me, is farre enough from hence; for know, that I am thy enemy *Lucidan*, who have taken from her this horſe, and theſe armes, which thou ſeeſt upon me, and have ſent her whither ſhe ſhall never returne. But to comfort thee, make thy ſelfe ready to follow her, for I will either loſe my life, or ſend thee ſpeedily unto her, revenging the ſhedding of *Chriſantes* blood by thy death.

Liſander knew he was deceived by *Hippolita*'s voice, and thinking that he who ſpake of revenging *Chriſantes* death was *Lucidan*, hee eaſily beleeved (feare being as quick as deſire) that according to his ſpeech he had killed *Caliſta*, and was thereby kindled in ſuch rage, that not able to anſwer one word, he ſet his hand unto his ſword, *Hippolita* having drawn hers, and ſtruck ſuch a blow upon her Caske, that piercing it unto the skin, he wounded her ſorely in the head, and raiſed more fury in her, than ever in her life poſſeſt her; ſo that ſeeing *Liſander* lifting up his arme to redouble his ſtroake, ſhe directed the point of her ſword unto that place of his Armes, where his Vaunt-brace was joyned unto his Curas, and ſpurring her horſe with

with all her might, ſhe ranne through his Arme. *Liſander* provoked above all that can be imagined, to ſee himſelfe ſo ill handled by one enemy, who had bragged of killing *Califta*; as his force was doubled by his anger, ſo his anger was greater then ever it was; and as his ſtroakes were greater than ever he had given any, ſo the reſiſtance which he found, was greater than any that ever he met with. Their combate could not be long becauſe it was ſo violent, beſides, they fought more in eagerneſſe and fury, than according either to art or judgement, which in all other combates, were wont to guide them; both of them loſt much blood: Whileſt *Erifila* beheld this pittifull ſpectacle in great diſtreſſe for the danger wherein ſhe ſaw *Hippolita*; and in no leſſe feare was the Porter, who in the meane time keeping *Leon*, according to the uſe which he had learned in the Caſtle, thought that God would here give ſtay unto *Liſanders* victories and good fortune, who preferring the pleaſure of revenge before his life, and determining to end the battaile with one ſtroake, bore a point againſt *Hippolita*'s breſt ſo ſtraightly, and with ſuch violence and cruelty, that his ſword pierced the Curas, and ſliding along by one ſide, it paſt under her arme-pit. *Hippolita* reeling with this great ſtroke, he ſpurrs cloſe unto her, and with his Horſe thruſt ſo violently that ſhe fell downe unto the ground, whither he lighted in ſuch haſte, that *Erifila* could not ſtay him, pulls her Caske from her head, and lifting up his arme to cut it off (not vouchſafing to looke upon her face) her goodly treſſes of haire died in blood, made him firſt ſee his errour, and afterwards know that the perſon whom he intended to kill with ſo much hatred, was the faire *Hippolita*, who having loſt her knowledge and ſenſe, was in a ſwound in his armes. It is not poſſible to tell the leaſt part of

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the confuſion which was in his ſoule: he knew not what to doe, nor what to ſay, nor what to thinke; ſometimes he was angry with the Porter, who had made him take *Hippolita* for *Caliſta*, ſometimes he blamed *Hippolita* her ſelfe, for hiding her ſelfe under the name of *Lucidan*, and under the pretext of *Caliſta*'s death had given way and exacted this diſgrace: but *Eriſila* told him, that he himſelfe was the cauſe, foraſmuch as *Hippolita* juſtly offended after the demonſtration of love which he had made unto her (and the great bonds wherein ſhe had tyed him, as well in enterpriſing the voyage unto the Court, the combate with *Lucidan*, and now in going in queſt of him; hee had nevertheleſſe ſpoken ſo diſadvantageably of her, and had highly raiſed *Caliſta*'s perfections before hers, and ſhe not able to ſuffer, that one who had offered ſo much love unto her; as in excuſe thereof ſhould ſay, and to her face, that he had loved her to ſatisfie another) had upon purpoſe faigned *Caliſta*'s death, that the deſire of revenge might incite him to fight with her, beleeving that ſhee had killed *Caliſta*; and that falling under his armes as ſhe had done, ſhee might leave with him together with the horrour of her death, an eternall ſorrow and repentance of his ungratefulneſſe and perfidiouſneſſe. This redoubled *Liſanders* perplexity and aſtoniſhment, who ſeeing her loſe a great deale of blood, and loſing no leſſe himſelfe cauſed her to be carryed unto the next village, where having gotten a Surgeon with much difficulty, and finding that *Hippolita*'s wounds were not mortall, he cauſed his owne to be dreſſed, and then put himſelfe againe upon his way to Paris, not ſo much as taking leave of the Lady whom he had ſo much injured, nor having the courage to aske pardon of her, whom he had the heart (not knowing her)

her) ſo mortally to offend, as well fearing that his preſence ſhould cauſe ſome alteration in her, as out of ſhame he had for the words which he had ſpoken, thinking her to be *Caliſta*: yet he did intreat *Erifila* to excuſe his departure without ſeeing her, fearing the danger which the trouble of his ſight might bring unto her: aſſuring that he never had ſo ſenſible a ſorrow, as that which he carried with him for the offence which innocently he had done, in ſatisfaction whereof there was no kind of torment or paine which he would not undergoe to content her, and to recover the honour of her favour. We will now let the ſorrowfull *Hippolita* reſt a while, unto whom ſpeech was forbidden for feare of a feaver: and we will follow unfortunate *Liſander*, who went from her no leſſe ſorrowfull than ſhe. After that he had rid the reſt of the day meditating of that which had happened, and the eſtate wherein he left her, together with griefe for theſe miſchiefs fallen, he arrived in the evening at Pontaiſe, which is ſome ſeven leagues from Paris, no leſſe weary and travailed in his body, than diſquieted in his minde: and, as his ill fortune did guide him, hee allighted at an Inne, the Maſter whereof was but newly come from Paris, and with him a Gentleman belonging unto *Dorilas*, who knew *Liſander* well by report, and not by ſight, although he were one of the two whom *Dorilas* had with him, when he was ſet upon in the forreſt of fountaine Bleau, and ſaved by the ſame *Liſander*, as you have heard in the beginning of this Hiſtory. *Liſander*, who deſired ſome divertion from his thoughts, was glad to ſup in their company, where his curioſity made him intreat this Gentleman to tell him ſome newes from the Court, who knowing none more memorable nor freſh than that whereof *Caliſta* had been lately the argument diſcourſed

ſed unto him what had hapned ſince the combate betweene *Hippolita* and *Lucidan*: Firſt with *Alcidon*, then how her armes had beene brought into the Louure, and put nnder *Hippolita's* guard, in the field where the battaile was fought, untill they ſhould be knowne: how *Dorilas* knew his horſe; and how *Hippolita* and *Adraſtus* offered to combate againſt *Liſanders* and *Caliſta's* accuſers, for the murder of *Cleander*: how the King having heard *Berontus* his anſwer, who diſcharged them, had taken the cauſe from the Judges into his own hearing: how *Adraſtus* and *Berontus* having carryed this newes unto *Dorilas*, they went together with *Alcidon*, *Lidian*, and the Ladies which were with them, to finde *Caliſta* at Longchampe, from whence they had brought her to Paris: finally, the words which had paſt before their Majeſties with *Hippolita*, and the contentment whereunto all things had happily ſucceeded; all which was matter of joy and comfort to *Liſander*.

But when following his diſcourſe, he came to touch the love between *Lucidan* and *Caliſta*, which he tooke upon him to know, as being a houſhold ſervant unto *Dorilas*, eſpecially ſince *Lidian* and *Lucidans* attonement, and that he added, hee beleeved verily, his young Ladies misfortunes would end in a marriage with *Lucidan*, which being moſt earneſtly ſought by him, and as cloſely followed by *Adraſtus*, out of a deſire he had to marry his ſonne unto *Hippolita*, it could not be refuſed by *Caliſta* nor by her parents, principally in *Liſanders* abſence, who had witneſſed ſo little feeling of this laſt occaſion, that ſhe was extremely provoked. Then *Liſander* turning into tragicall the comicall ſubject of this newes, loſt, together with his ſtomacke to eat, all reſt and quiet in his minde, his very countenance changing, ſometimes red as ſcarlet, then pale

pale as death, aſtoniſhed all the company with his ſudden alteration; yet all the company thought that it proceeded from weakneſſe and paine of his wound in his arme, and counſelled him to goe to bed. But he well knowing that this remedy was not apt for his evill, intreated this Gentleman to proceed in telling what he knew of theſe Lovers, faigning that his griefe would be diverted by his diſcourſe. I can ſay no more unto you, ſaid he, but that this morning before I came away to goe to Bellaire, whither *Dorilas* had ſent me for money, he together with *Otranta* entred into *Caliſta*'s chamber to propound unto her the unadvantageable conditions offered by *Lucidan*: one of which was, That the King promiſed in favour of this marriage, abſolutely to free her concerning *Cleanders* death; Beſides, they did not thinke it agreeable with *Caliſta*'s reputation to marry a man, who was accuſed of the death of her husband. But if he be innocent (ſaid *Liſander*) what then? It is all one (replyed the other) he is ſtill accuſed, and that leaveth an aſperſion, as a bite or a wound doth a ſcarre, although it be healed. Beſides it is verily beleeved that *Liſander* is drowned at ſea, or that if he be not, he hath witneſſed ſo little affection unto *Caliſta*, that ſhe ought not to thinke that ever there was any ſuch in the world. But is it poſſible (ſaid *Liſander*) that a Knight who hath ſaved *Dorilas* his life, and *Lidian* many times, and unto *Caliſta* both her life and honour, ſhould now be forgotten for *Lucidan*; who not onely was never their ſervant, but hath alwaies been their capitall enemy? As for *Lidian* (anſwered the other) he holds for *Liſander*, and as well he as *Alcidon* and *Berontus*, will leave the kingdome, rather than be preſent at *Caliſta*'s marriage with *Lucidan*; and ſhee for her part hath not yet made any demonſtrations that ſhe doth

doth incline either unto one part or other: But *Dorilas*, *Adraſtus*, and *Otranta* doe ſtir heaven and earth for *Lucidan*, and which is greateſt, the King himſelfe favours the match, and he can doe more than all. All theſe words were like daggers at *Liſanders* heart, who being able to endure them no longer, bid all the company good night, and retiring into his chamber, went to bed.

While he reſts there (if a man tormented with ſo many furies can enjoy any reſt) we will returne unto *Hippolita*, who being recovered from her ſwound, and awake from a ſhort ſleep, which a generall numming of all her ſpirits had brought upon her, not ſeeing her mortall enemy, who had ſo cruelly wounded her, whom nevertheleſſe ſhee loved more than ſhee loved her ſelfe, ſhee demanded of her maid where he was? Shee told her his going away, and his excuſes together. How (ſaid ſhee) is hee gone without ſpeaking unto mee? and hath he thus left me in this pitifull eſtate, whereunto I am brought by his cruelty? O Tiger! although I were unknowne unto him, I thinke meere humanity ſhould oblige him to ſtay with one afflicted; ſet apart that I am for his ſake, and by himſelfe thus wounded, and that deceived by his feigned affections, I am come into this country, moved by my true affection unto him, have preſerved his honour with the loſs of my blood and the hazard of my life: and if wee onely ſpeak of common good-will which is amongſt the moſt barbarous men, were not that bond enough upon him, to make him ſee the ſucceſſe of the wounds which he hath given me? Madam, ſaid *Erifila*, he was ſo afflicted that it would rather have encreaſed your evill than leſſened it; and therefore hee went away, fearing that his ſight ſhould cauſe ſome alteration in your wounds. Afflicted, ſaid *Hippolita*! what proofe of affliction? haſt thou ſeen him

ſhed

ſhed one teare? or onely fetch one ſigh for me? yet (*Eriſila*) I muſt love him, and if thou alſo loveſt me, and wilt binde mee to love thee more, thou muſt ride ſpeedily after this ungratefull Knight, and conjure him not to flye from *Hippolita*, who ſeeketh and would runne after him, if the wounds which hee hath given me did not hinder me. Tell him I pretend nothing in all that affection which he hath vowed unto me, but common good will, that I quit him of his promiſes, and that not onely I will conſtraine him in the love which he beareth unto *Caliſta*, but that I will mediate his peace with the King, and his marriage with her, and will take upon me to ſolicite her againſt my ſelfe; let him vouchſafe only to ſee me, and ſuffer me but to company him, I am none of thoſe who have accuſed him for killing of *Cleander*, but cleane contrariwiſe, I am ſhee who have defended his innocency, and for his ſake, his Ladies. But diſpatch *Eriſila*, and reply not, if thov loveſt me, or if thou deſireſt I ſhould live. *Eriſila*, who knew with what ſpirit ſhe had to doe, ſaid onely ſhe would not ſtay, but would make ſuch haſte that ſhe would finde him, and ſhe would loſe her life, or bring him back. But, Madam ſaid ſhe againe, who ſhall have care of your wounds in my abſence? Care not you for my wounds? ſaid *Hippolita*, they are neither mortall nor dangerous, onely goe thy waies, and take heed thou doſt not try *Liſander* in armes, for therein he is no leſſe invincible, than in grace and comlineſſe incomparable. *Eriſila* departeth (although it were night) and upon a ſpeedy gallop followes after *Liſander*, where leaving her there is a neceſſity now we ſhould relate what is done at Paris.

Beſides the inſtant purſuits of *Lucidan* to marry with *Caliſta*, *Veraſcus*, who was advertiſed of the

propoſitions which *Hippolita* and *Adraſtus* had made unto the King about *Cleanders* murder, and alſo what the King had ordained, as well upon their offers, as upon *Berontus* his declaration in favour of the accuſed; came Poſte to Paris, and addreſſing himſelfe unto the Court of Parliament, obtained a ſentence againſt *Caliſta*, containing, that moſt humble remonſtrances ſhould be made to his Majeſty, to be pleaſed, that juſtice might freely be executed upon the perſons of thoſe who were accuſed of *Cleanders* death: which ſentence being gravely pronounced, yet vainly, becauſe the King had already given his word; although they did not hide, that this crime ſcaping humane juſtice, could not ſcape divine, neither could this innocent blood unjuſtly ſhed upon earth, crying vengeance in heaven fall in any other place but upon his Majeſties head, or his childrens; *Veraſcus* addreſſeth himſelfe unto the King, and intreateth him to grant unto him the like combate againſt thoſe who had offered to defend *Liſander* and *Caliſta*, as he had granted unto *Lucidan*; a requeſt not only juſt, but alſo favourable: for beſides that the combate granted to *Lucidan* ſerved him as a prejudged caſe, there was no reaſon to deny or refuſe *Veraſcus* upon a cauſe already judged, and againſt perſons condemned, having ſuffered it unto *Lucidan* againſt a man who was not in appearance: furthermore, he required nothing but what the friends of the adverſe part had already demanded, and beſides the cauſe of his kinſman, for whoſe juſtice hee ſued, hee was injured in his honour by *Hippolita*'s word: The King granted that which in juſtice hee could not deny. Thus was *Adraſtus* his life and *Caliſta*'s honour once againe in tryall, and all the joy of the dayes paſſed turned into grief and deſolation. *Lidian*, *Alcidon*, and

Berontus

Berontus were all mad to diſpute this difference with *Veraſcus*, who in all their opinions, was like diſcord let looſe by envy out of Hell, to trouble all their quiet. But God forbid, ſaid *Adraſtus*, that any other but my ſelfe, being in health and preſent, ſhould undertake the defence of my Son and of my owne offer: I have demanded this combate againſt *Veraſcus*, and (if it pleaſe God) I will be the firſt that ſhall maintaine the innocency which hee would oppreſſe. Who is able to utter *Doritas* his anger, *Otranta*'s complaints, *Ambriſia*'s grief, *Olinda*'s teares, *Argires* ſorrow, and the deadly confuſion of unfortunate *Caliſta*? who can declare *Lidians* fury, to ſee his ſiſters cauſe and his friends, hazarded under the defence of a feeble old man, whoſe age might juſtly be diſpenced from Armes? finally, who can ſpeak the univerſall diſcomfort of all? For beſides *Caliſta*'s and *Liſanders* intereſt, which was common amongſt them, every one had a feeling of his owne particular: *Lucidan* to ſee himſelfe fruſtrate of his hope to marry *Caliſta* if her Father were vanquiſhed by *Veraſcus*, *Berontus* to ſee himſelfe deprived of his marriage with *Ambriſia*, and *Alcidon* to ſee his alſo with *Argire* to be deferred, there being no hope to marry in the calamity of two perſons ſo deere unto him, as was *Liſander* and *Caliſta*. So that *Veraſcus* was univerſally curſed of all; yet the combate being granted, it was publiſhed that very day, and aſſigned 3. dayes after in the ſame place, and with the ſame Armes as had been appointed unto *Lucidan*; the King reſerving unto himſelf the judgment of the cauſe after the combate was finiſhed.

Liſander in the meane time having ſpent the night in the greateſt trouble of minde that ever he was in, continually meditating what meanes hee

might uſe to undoe the knot of his love, which was ſo intangled that he could finde no end, about breake of day hee roſe with *Leon* with purpoſe to go to Paris, and hoping by his preſence to give ſtop unto *Lucidans* further ſuite, or elſe to fight with him rather upon that quarrell than about *Chriſantes* his death. But as he he was ready to get up on horſe-back, *Erifila* came, who having poſted all night, and comming unto Pontoiſe upon the opening of the gates, ſhe met with him even as he was going away, and having delivered the charge which her Miſtreſs had given her, to finde him, and to intreat him to come back unto her who did but deſire to ſee him; the trouble and perplexity of his minde redoubled ſo upon him, that he became dumbe and immoveable as a ſtatue: Of the one ſide, he ſaw it was an unexcuſable ungratitude to refuſe the going back ſeven or eight leagues to ſee one, who had come two hundred for his ſake, had fought in his quarrell againſt *Lucidan*, and afterwards had offered to fight againſt thoſe who did accuſe him for killing *Cleander*: Furthermore, ſuch a perſon as *Hippolita* was, who ſeeking him after ſo many obligations, he had in recompence doubly offended, both in words which he had ſpoke, and by thoſe blowes which he had made, and now to refuſe her in ſo pitifull a plight, whereunto hee had brought her, he thought it was a cruell diſcourteſie, extreamly contrary to his nature: Of the other ſide, ſetting before him *Calista*'s jealouſie, the ſtrange courſes which this paſſion had enforced her unto, the combate which ſhe had enterpriſed for him, then when ſhe believed that he had left her, with ſo much more danger unto her than unto *Hippolita*, by how much ſhe was leſſe practiſed in armes than *Hippolita*, and with ſo much the more merit, by how much

much ſhe thought ſhe fought for an enemy, againſt a ſervant by whom ſhe was adored: The letter which ſhe had written upon the ſubject of this jealouſie, and the diſpleaſure which ſhee would receive when ſhee underſtood that hee was now with her Rivall: The freſh newes of *Adraſtuſſes* and *Doriladſes* labouring to marry her with *Lucidan*, and the meanes which he had to break it off, and to ſerve her both in juſtifying himſelfe and her by *Leons* owne mouth, and by this laſt obligation to ſurpaſſe all his former, which hee could not deferre without great danger of loſing all. All theſe reaſons together, making the ballance weigh downe in favour of *Caliſta*, made him intreat *Erifila* to pardon him, and to excuſe him to her Miſtreſs if the neceſſity of his affaires, which had ſo long called him unto the Court, hindered him from doing this ſmall ſervice, unto the moſt ſenſible and moſt violent of all his ſorrow. God never be helpfull unto me, anſwered *Erifila*, if I doe not kill my ſelfe rather here in your preſence, than ſuffer you to commit ſo great a fault; what would you kill her? for I am ſure the deſpight which ſhe will receive by this deniall can worke no leſſe: Is this the recompence of all the dangers whereunto ſhee hath expoſed her ſelfe, of the travell which ſhe hath taken, and of the evill which ſhee hath ſuffered for you? Do not do your ſelf, Sir, this wrong: I conjure you by that which you owe unto the greatneſs of your courage, and to the glory of ſo many brave and generous actions which you have performed, not to refuſe her, for I aſſure you if you do, you will for ever wither with an approach of an eternall infamy: I promiſe you, you ſhall not ſtay, and ſo farre will ſhe be from conſtraining you in the affection which you bear unto *Caliſta*, that contrariwiſe will ſhe ſerve you;

wherefore give this contentment unto one, who doth perfectly love you, and who for all acknowledgment of the love which ſhe beares, and ſatisfaction for the injury which you have done her, demandeth only but this ſight.

While ſhee thus ſpake, a Poſte comming from Paris, was knowne by *Dorilas* his man, who had ſupped over night with *Liſander*; hee asking in *Liſander* and *Erifila*'s hearing of newes from the Court, was told the combate which was to be fought betweene *Adraſtus* and *Veraſcus* about *Cleanders* death. Will you have any more lawfull excuſes, ſaid *Liſander* unto *Erifila*? muſt I without any feeling of my honour, or of *Caliſta*'s (which ought to be more deere unto mee) ſuffer my Father to hazard his life in my quarrel, while I fooliſhly trifle out time in contenting *Hippolita*'s idle humour? beſides, if I could ſerve her to her deſire, what profit could I bring her, unleſſe it be a feaver? Your preſence will not be unprofitable, anſwered *Erifila*, for it will ſave her life; and for the combate, you have time enough to be there in three dayes; and never thinke that ſhe who hath come ſo long a journey to defend your honour here in your abſence, will now councell you to loſe it here before your eyes, or ſuffer you to do ſo, if you were willing. Let us goe then, replied *Liſander*, vanquiſhed with her importunity, upon condition you preſſe me not to ſtay, but that immediately after I have ſeene her, I may returne my way; upon theſe conditions he followes *Erifila* with his company, and came unto the Village where *Hippolita* lay wounded. To tell you the diſcourſe which ſhe faſhioned unto her ſelfe in *Erifila*'s abſence, thoſe which were made at her returne, as well by her as by *Liſander*, the ſhame that both of them had

when

when they ſaw one the other, one remembring what hee had ſaid, the other what ſhee had heard ſpoken; it is not poſſible: At the firſt they onely beheld one another without ſpeech, thinking that their lookes could better expreſſe their thoughts than words. In the end, *Liſander* going about to ſpeake firſt, was ſo confounded, that the more hee endeavoured to expreſſe himſelfe, the leſſe was underſtood: *Hippolita* judging the confuſion of his minde by that of his words, and ſeeing his aſtoniſhment in his face, was more ſatisfied to ſee the apprehenſion and trouble which ſhee raiſed in this great courage, than with all the excuſes and ſubmiſſions which hee could make; and receiving this perplexity for a teſtimony of his ſorrow, reſolved to pardon him: whereupon cleering the beams of her face, which griefe and danger had darkned, and beholding him with a more pleaſing eye than ſhe had done at the firſt entrance, ſhee looſened his tongue whereby he had power to utter theſe words: Madam, I take heaven to witneſſe, that it was force and not will which hath conſtrained me to offend you, and that now it is will, and not force, which bringeth me, for your ſatisfaction, to offer you my life, intreating you to doe it ſo much honour, as to thinke it worthy of your revenge: I could wiſh that I had ſomething more deare unto me, if by the loſſe thereof you might be better ſatisfied: But ſeeing I have nothing, whereof I can diſpoſe, more deere unto me than my life, and ſince that hath committed the fault, I doe entreate you to ſacrifice it to your anger, and receive this voluntary reparation of a conſtrained injury. Ah *Liſander*, anſwered *Hippolita*, you have much more grace than reaſon, in excuſing the wrongs which you have done: but tell me, I pray you, what hath miſerable *Hippolita*

done unto you, that you ſhould ſo poorely betray her facility? for I doe not bewaile the wounds which I have exacted from you, nor your words, which ſtrength of paſſion and of truth, obliged you to ſpeak unto me, thinking you had ſpoken unto *Caliſta*: But of thoſe which from a free motion you have of your owne accord uttered, falſly perſwaded me that you onely lived for me. It is true, Madam, anſwered *Liſander*, that I have ſpoken ſomething of love unto you, preſſed by the inſtance and authority of my parents, who much deſired that I ſhould ſerve you; but never out of any free motion as you have believed: for not onely then, but long time before I had the honour to ſee you, I was promiſed unto *Caliſta*, and *Caliſta* unto mee: But though her abſence, and the object of your preſent beauty, ſhould have wrought me unto it, yet had it not been from a free motion, but conſtrained by the violence of a paſſion, which you cauſe in many others; And am I (thinke you) beyond others ſo free from paſſion, that I cannot be ſubject unto it? Is it a crime to love a thing ſo lovely? Am I the only man in the world who at divers times in divers place hath ſerved two Miſtreſſes? or rather, was there ever Knight, that hath loved but one Lady? It is no juſtification of your crime (replyed *Hippolita*) to alledge examples of others infidelity, but contrariwiſe it is an inwrapping of their faults with yours, and a charging your ſelfe with them for the ſame evill. You are a better Knight, than a faithfull Lover, in this time, when it is a bravery, amongſt many to ſport themſelves with the love of Ladies; you have let me ſee heretofore the quickneſſe of your ſpirit, but I did never ſo plainly diſcerne it as in this occaſion, wherein you want no faire words and good reaſons, at the leaſt in appearance

pearance, to colour ſo evil! a cauſe: I am ſorry you have no better, that I might have leſſe cauſe to complaine of you, and more to pardon you. But an offence of this nature is not ſo eaſily juſtified as committed, yet I think you have one reaſon which your diſcretion concealeth, I ſee I muſt utter it my ſelfe againſt my ſelf, that is, the ſubject for which you leave me, is of ſuch perfection, that ſhe meriteth not only an excuſe for you, but alſo that you ſhould be commended for ſo worthy a choice; for although you had loved me before you ſaw her, as you loved her before you ſaw me, and that you were the faithfulleſt lover that ever had name, yet ſhe hath charms enough to make you loſe your conſtancy, and to make you ungratefull and perfidious to all the world, to be conſtant and acknowleding unto her only: & this comfort (at the leaſt) remains unto me, that if you have left me, it is for a Lady who doth merit it, & whoſe beauty incomparably ſurpaſſing all others, doth leſſen the ſorrow and the ſhame which I may conceive for her being preferred before me; yet one thing I would intreat of you, which is, that though I have loſt your affectiõ, you would nevertheles preſerve unto me your good will, and aſſure your ſelfe, that you may well be poſſeſſed by ſome other, but I ſhall onely be yours.

Liſander no leſſe raviſhed with the beauties than with the ſpirit and judgement of *Hippolita*, could not anſwer but with ſighes, and offering her his humble ſervice with a perfect friendſhip, ſorrowing that he could not give himſelfe unto her, being not his owne. *Erifila* then ſeeing them in this fair way of agreement, ſaid unto her, Madam, I have promiſed this Knight that he ſhould returne this day, to eaſe his Father of a combat which he is to have with *Veraſcus*, but he may be there time enough although he come but to morrow. How?

(anſwered

(anſwered *Hippolita*) is there a combate aſſigned between *Adraſtus* and *Veraſcus*. I Madame, replyed *Eriſila*, who preſently told what they had learned of the Poſte in paſſing by at Pointoiſe. Upon my honour (ſaid *Hippolita*) it ſhall not goe ſo: It is I, who have made the firſt overture, and *Adraſtus* can be but my ſecond, if there be two accuſers, and there being but one, it is I who muſt make the battaile. I, Madam, anſwered *Liſander*, If I were not preſent, but all being enterpriſed upon my occaſion, and in my abſence, it is not reaſonable, that I being preſent, any other ſhould defend my right. Beſides I have *Leon* here who will diſpoſe my innocency, who being heard, I doe not thinke any combate will be neceſſary, unleſſe it be between him and me, if he will deny the truth which hee hath confeſſed. I will tell you what we will doe, ſaid *Hippolita*; to morrow I ſhall bee able (notwithſtanding my wounds) to goe in two dayes to Paris; for by your onely comming, I finde my ſelfe almoſt well, and we will appeare all together. A thouſand other faire words ſaid they amongſt themſelves, which I cannot repeat: but to be ſhort, after the day was ſpent, and a good part of the night in this manner, the next morning they roſe very early to goe to Paris, as they had determined.

Hippolita's wounds were the cauſe they could not come thither before the day of the combate, which was already begun. *Adraſtus* of one ſide, and *Veraſcus* of the other, were both come into the field; the firſt in his armes whoſe colour and device we have already ſpoken of, and the other in tawnie armour, having for his device an Auſtridge, holding an horſe ſhoe in the mouth, with this word, *Sic nutriuntur fortes*. He was followed by all *Cleanders*

ders kinſmen, excepting *Berontus*, who would not be there, neither for one nor other. *Adraſtus* was accompanyed with *Dorilas*, *Lidian*, *Alcidon*, *Lucidan*, and many others. They were both couragious and ſtrong, and witneſſed in their armes great fierceneſſe, as thoſe who in their youth had atchieved many memorable adventures. The royall Scaffold was furniſhed with their Majeſties, followed with a great Court, beſides which, there was an infinite company of others, who did inviron the whole field, and upon one ſide was *Caliſta* all in mourning, accompanied with *Otranta*, *Olinda*, *Ambriſia* and *Argire*, and miſerable *Clarinda* alone upon the other. Already was the Sunne equally devided, and the Trumpets ſounding the charge, the combatants having runne one againſt another with great violence, breaking their Launces to their hands, and remaining without advantage, had perfected their carreere: And as they were returning with their ſwords ſhining in their hands, every one looking ſtedfaſtly upon them without ſtirring an eye, and ſilent without a word; *Hippolita* and *Liſander*, together with *Eriſila* and *Leon*, came into the field, which drew the eyes of all the company upon them. At their firſt entrance there was raiſed a little noyſe, like a gentle murmuring, proceeding from this infinite world of people, whereof ſome knowing *Hippolita* by the Armes which ſhe wore, raiſed this gentle noiſe. In the end, ſeeing they went directly to ſpeak unto the King, and every one being deſirous to heare what they would ſay, there was an univerſall ſilence (a thing rarely happening in ſo great a multitude) during which, *Hippolita*, having intreated his Majeſty to ſtay the combate, and to cauſe the combatants, together with *Caliſta* and *Clarinda*, to bee brought neere; ſhee ſpake in

this

this manner: Sir, I am *Liſanders* Knight, who firſt had the lot to maintaine his cauſe againſt *Lucidan*, and who firſt have offered to defend it againſt *Veraſcus*. *Adraſtus*, unto whom you have permitted it in my abſence, being but my ſecond, cannot be received but after me: But, Sir, before this difference be decided, and that all men may know with what juſtice I have undertaken the defence of the accuſed, I doe humbly intreat you to heare what this Knight can ſay concerning *Cleanders* death. Saying this, *Hippolita* preſented *Liſander*, who pulling off his Helmet, and doing humble reverence unto the King, he filled all the aſſiſtants with wonder and aſtoniſhment. Sir, ſaid hee in preſenting *Leon*, of this man your Majeſty muſt be informed of *Cleanders* death, and not of me, who was farre off, and who had not knowne it but by his owne confeſſion. It onely concernes me Sir, to defend my innocency and *Caliſta*'s, againſt thoſe who have ſo vilely ſlandered us unto your Majeſty, and for mee to demand pardon, (which I doe Sir, with as much humbleneſſe and ſubmiſſion as is poſſible) that not having meanes ſooner to juſtifie my innocency, and not daring in the meane time to appeare before the angry face of my Prince, I have been conſtrained to goe aſide with as much ſorrow as a faithfull ſubject could have to ſpend his life out of the ſight and favour of ſo great a King. At the ſame inſtant *Leon* catt himſelfe at the Kings feet, implored his mercy, and demanding pardon, firſt of his Majeſty, and after of *Liſander* and *Caliſta*, declared openly before all the world, that onely hee and *Clarinda* were guilty of *Cleanders* death; reciting the long love betweene himſelfe and *Clarinda*, the meanes which ſhe uſed to bring him unto Beauplaine without the privity of her Miſtreſſe, and how,

as

as he would have gone from her chamber when *Caliſta* was comming in, he was ſtayed by *Cleander*, who came out of his owne chamber at his wives cry, and that he having gotten *Liſanders* ſword (which he wore then about him) in the manner as you have heard formerly, he was conſtrained to kill him, to ſave his owne life and *Clarinda's* honour, which was then moſt deare unto him: He added, that this fault had been committed without his deſigne, that he had ſuffered long and extreme ſorrow, and done great penance, wherefore hee beſought his Majeſty that it might be in ſtead of puniſhment. Wicked *Clarinda* ſeeing her ſelfe thus convict of her crime by him for whoſe ſake ſhee had committed it, and not able to deny her vile treachery, was compelled to confeſſe it, humbly craving pardon of the King, of *Liſander*, and of her Miſtris *Caliſta*: But the King abhorring her prayers, and yet retained by his mercy, inſtantly condemned her to ſpend the reſt of her dayes within the foure walls of the repentants; perpetually baniſhed *Leon* out of his kingdome, reſtored *Liſander* and *Caliſta* unto their former honour; and for a reparation of the injury which had been done them, adjudged them the goods of the guilty. Whileſt theſe things were a doing, joy & admiration poſſeſſed the hearts of all thoſe who were preſent. *Adraſtus* and *Veraſcus*, who lately would have killed one the other, now lovingly embraced. *Dorilas* and *Orauta* thanked the King for his juſtice to their daughter; *Lidian*, *Alcidon*, and *Beroutus* with teares in their eyes embraced *Liſander*, remembring how they had loſt him at the Sea, and how God had ſent this ſtorme that *Leon* might bee found, whereby things were brought to ſo happy an event. *Ambriſia*, *Olinda* and *Argire* kiſſed *Caliſta*, as

if

if they had not ſeene her a long time, rejoycing with her at the change of her fortune paſt unto this preſent, and at the glorious end, to which theſe long miſeries were brought, conſidering the inconſtancy of our life, and how ſmall a diſtance there was between the time wherein they had ſeen her in ſo great calamity, and this, wherein they found her in ſo great glory. *Liſander* could not tell which way to turne him, ſo much he was buſied, ſometime in ſpeaking to the King, ſometime to his father, and by and by to entertaine his friends: yet in the end getting from them, and going to kneele downe before *Caliſta*, ſhee turned from him unto *Lucidan*, who was neere her, and began to entertaine him with ſpeech, not ſaluting or ſo much as looking upon *Liſander*. And from hence I gather that all women (for the moſt part) have a ſpirit of contradiction, and ſo ſtrange and ſo unequall a humour, that no judgement or knowledge can be ſetled of them, for who can otherwiſe ſay, ſeeing *Caliſta*, the ornament of her ſexe, leap over walls after *Liſander*, then when her husbands death, her owne proceſſe, her parents authority, and *Liſanders* love with *Hippolita* might have juſtified her ingratitude, and now when nothing could excuſe her, after ſuch extreme obligations, ſuch preſent and ſignall ſervices, to turne her back unto him when he offered himſelfe? When I remember how ſhee went from Clareval, diſguiſed in a habit ſo undecent for one of her condition, how ſhe reſolved to fight with *Lucidan* who loved her, for *Liſander* by whom ſhee thought ſhe was forſaken; ſhee who had never managed armes, and whom I now ſee honour the ſame *Lucidan* to deſpite *Liſander*, and to conſtraine her ſelfe to diſdaine him, then, when he gave ſo great and ſo neceſſary a proofe of his fidelity I

must

muſt needs accuſe her of inconſtancy and ingratitude, and thinke her worthy of the miſeries which ſhe hath ſuffered, loſing the ſorrow which I had to ſee her endure them.

But as meates wherewith one eates in health unto a fulneſſe, in ſickneſſe are many times abhorred, ſo the extreme and violent love which ſhe bore unto *Liſander* being abſent, turned at the ſeeing him into hatred; and remembring the follies which the paſſion of this man had made her commit, ſhee was aſhamed, and wiſhed him evill, for the ſame cauſe for which ſhe had wiſhed himſelfe well: furthermore, being jealous of *Hippolita*, as ſhee was, and ſeeing her come with him, ſhee thought hee did not much care for diſpleaſing her, ſince hee durſt appeare before her in the company of a perſon who had cauſed ſo much griefe unto her: As for *Liſander* he remained mute and immoveable as a rock, neither was this an affront which could be repaired with a word. Oh! if any other but *Caliſta* had done this, how would he have returned it? What, ſaid hee to himſelfe, in ſo good company, in the preſence of my Rivall, to doe this indignity unto mee? Ah *Caliſta!* thou ſhalt never returne, I will never give you this advantage over me. In this meditation (which was railed by anger, that Arch-rebell againſt love) hee turned to the other Ladies, all of them giving him as much honour, as *Caliſta* had given him neglect: And the King being entred into his Coach together with the Queene, both joyfull for the happy ſucceſſe of this day, they all waited upon them unto the Louure, and from thence retired themſelves unto their lodgings, very few obſerving the coldneſs that paſſed from *Caliſta* to *Liſander*, who all that night had a grievous conflict with himſelfe, whether to yeeld

unto

unto love, or unto anger, and his aſſociates fury and deſpite: faine he would have expoſtulated and laied unto her his merits, and her ungratitude, but his great heart, counſelled with youth and heate, and both ſeduced by wrath, reſolved never more to ſee her, leſt love, with the unreſiſtable power and charmes of her lookes, might pacifie his minde (moſt ordinary amongſt lovers) and worke his owne ſoveraigntie by a reconciliation: Of the one ſide, by yeilding unto his wrath he ſaw deſpaire, like a chiefe meſſenger of angred love, preſſe hard upon him, aſſuring him that without enjoying *Caliſta* he could not live: Of the other ſide, anger repreſented unto him the ſcornes which hee ſhould undergoe by ſeeking unto her; which wrought ſo with him, and eſpecially in her abſence, that hee reſolved though hee could not live without enjoying the one, hee would yet dye rather than ſuffer the other: A reſolution truly worthy of a brave Gentleman, if he had performed it. Thus ſpent *Liſander* the night.

The next morning, *Alcidon* and *Lidian* riſing very early, went one into *Adraſtus* his chamber, and the other into *Dorilaſſes*, unto whom at large they remonſtrated *Liſanders* long ſuit to enjoy *Caliſta*, whom hee having delivered, firſt out of priſon, and then freſhly from all ſuſpition of the crime whereof ſhe was accuſed, ſhe could not juſtly be refuſed unto him: wherefore they entreated to crowne the end of their adventures by a lawful marriage, which would accompliſh their felicities, adding that it was true indeed *Caliſta*'s honour was reſtored unto the firſt luſtre, by the verifying of her innocency: but having remained ſo long in *Liſanders* company, although it were with all the honeſty that could be deſired betweene perſons of

their

their conditions and merit, her reputation would nevertheleſſe bee expoſed unto the diſcretion of evill tongues, if it were not defended by this marriage. *Adraſtus* ſeeing that *Caliſta* had now the ſame advantages over *Hippolita*, which *Hippolita* had formerly had over her, and not willing to force his Sonne in a matter which ought to bee ſo free, went inſtantly into *Dorilas* his chamber, whom hee found already diſpoſed thereunto by *Lidian*, and who ſeeing, that *Lucidan*'s offers were now of no value unto *Caliſta*, deſired rather *Liſanders* alliance (unto whom hee was ſo ſtraightly bound) than his: wherefore meeting both in one deſire together, they agree upon the marriage betweene *Liſander* and *Caliſta*, no body doubting of the parties conſent, whom all the world knew to love one the öther moſt perfectly.

But when *Adraſtus* would ſpeake of it unto *Liſander*, thinking to rejoice him in bringing ſo good newes, for which not long ſince hee would have given the Monarchy of the whole world, hee was aſtoniſhed at his anſwer, which was, That having runne ſo dangerous a fortune at Sea, he had made a vow to God, that if he had the bleſſing to eſcape, he would goe in pilgrimage unto Rome, whereunto being more ſtrongly bound by his finding *Leon*, and the happy iſſue of his buſineſſe, he intreated him that he might performe his vow before hee contracted any marriage: And in the ſame time *Caliſta* anſwered *Dorilas*, upon the propoſition which was made unto her of marriage with *Liſander*, That being in the Abbey of Longchampe, afflicted with ſo many adverſities, God had ſo touched her

hrart, & had given her ſo lively a feeling of the difference betweene the ſweetneſſe of a religious life, and the bitterneſſe which is taſted in this other life of the world, that ſhee had vowed to leave it and enter into that Monaſtery, ſo ſoone as ſhee ſhould have ended her proceſſe. The ſad old men aſtoniſhed and confounded with their childrens anſwer, were ſo much the more ſorry by how much they durſt not tell one the other the anſwer which they had received, and wondering from whence ſo ſudden and ſo great an alteration ſhould procced, as thoſe who did not eaſily believe the vowes wherewith their Children would have amuſed them, and fearing leſt they ſhould plunge themſelves again into new miſchiefs, from whence they but now got out, could not chuſe but witneſſe the feeling they had of this their diſobedience. What, ſaid *Adraſtus* unto *Liſander*? when I would have married you with *Hippolita*, you pretended a voyage unto the Court for love of *Caliſta*, and now when I would marry you with the ſame *Caliſta*, you pretend another unto Rome. VVell, goe whither you pleaſe, but never account mee for your Father, nor thinke that I will ever avow you for my Sonne, but will faile of my purpoſe if I have not another courſe held with you: with theſe words he flung out of the doores from him. So much in the meane time ſaid *Dorilas* unto *Caliſta*, threatning her in extreme choler to ſhut her up, not onely in the Nunnery of Longchampe, but in the houſe of the repentents with *Clarinda*. How? ſaid the old man, have you followed him through all France, all Flanders

and

and all Friſland? Have you gone out of Clarevall at midnight all alone to ſeeke after him? have you left your parents, diſguiſed your ſexe, forgotten your condition, taken armes, attempted all kinde of extremities for love of him, then when you were deſpiſed? and now when hee doth adore you, when hee hath bound you unto him with ſo extraordinary a ſervice, you play the diſdainefull foole: Remember your ſelfe better, *Caliſta*; God never pardon me, if I pardon you, or if I doe not endeavour to make you an example; and ſo goes out of the doores. Judge you in what plight our Lovers were by their owne folly, which made them witty to torment themſelves: *Caliſta* began to feele the wrong which ſhee had done unto *Liſander*, and beginning to repent her ſelfe, deſired onely that hee would come unto her, and ſhee would repaire it; I, ſhee would have come halfe way, if ſhee could have found ſome honeſt occaſion to goe unto him: But *Liſander*, who knew hee could not goe from her but to his death, not ſo much moved with his Fathers anger and threratnings, as with love, although he could have been contented to have urged his merit, and deſired to have knowne his fault, as alſo to have beene pardoned; yet not knowing her minde, but ſetting before his eyes the ſcorne which ſhee did him publikely, and in favour of his arrivall, hee willingly gave himſelfe to death, and rather than hee would any more ſue unto an ungratefull woman, who had paied all his ſignall ſervices with ſuch an affront, he ſwore hee would never ſee her, but leave the country: Firſt, intending to write a bit-

ter letter unto her, which his truſty Porter ſhould carry her; unto which end, hee went unto an Inne, with reſolution toward the evening to depart: but halfe his letter was not written, when there comes one of the Kings Guard, who having enquired him out, told him, that the King had ſent for him, and that hee muſt preſently goe with him unto his Majeſty: for *Adraſtus*, incenſed by *Liſanders* diſobedience (as hee conceived it) haſteth to the Court, and findes out the King, unto whom (not ſo much out of ſound judgement, as out of petulancy of age, reſolving to force his Sonnes will, or remove all things under heaven) being admitted into his preſence (kneeling downe, with grievous ſighes and lookes to move the King unto compaſſion) hee ſaid, Sir, I have formerly come unto you to beg pardon and mercy, which was in your pleaſure to give: but now, Sir, I come with much more ſorrow at my heart to beg for juſtice, which you may not deny, and againſt my Sonne; that Sonne, for whom my feeble age, carried more with ſtrength of affection than body, hath made ſo long a journey, undertaken ſuch dangers, and in this place implored mercy: wherefore, Sir, have pity of the juſt griefe which maketh me complaine, and thinke how great it is, ſince it maketh a Father demand juſtice againſt his Sonne, who, unleſſe your Majeſty bee a helper unto mee, will bee the affliction of my miſerable age: Be pleaſed therefore, Oh Sir, to command him to be brought before you, that to his face I may urge my accuſation. The King, together with all the ſtanders by, wondred what new accident was fallen out, as well

well out of curioſity, as out of a deſire to doe juſtice to the complaints of his ſubjects, preſently gave command that *Liſander* ſhould bee ſought for and brought before him: hardly had the King made an end of commanding to bring *Liſander*, when *Dorilas* came into the preſence, and witneſſing as much haſte, anger and griefe as *Adraſtus* had done, kneeled downe before the King, begging the like juſtice againſt his daughter *Caliſta*, urging the cauſe of his complaint to bee ſuch, as was beyond a Fathers ſuffering, and ſuch as ought by puniſhment to bee made an example; humbly entreating, that ſhee alſo might be commanded to come before his Majeſty, where if ſhee had any thing to alledge in her behalfe, ſhee might then ſpeake. This encreaſed the Kings wonder and deſire to heare the cauſe, and therefore gave order to have her alſo fetcht before him: Shee was found as ſoone as *Liſander*, and came accompanied with her Mother *Ambriſia*, *Argire*, and *Olinda*, as alſo with *Lidian*, *Berontus* and *Alcidon*, all wondring what the occaſion of their ſending for ſhould bee. When *Liſander* and *Caliſta* were come before the King (for they came almoſt together) and both beheld one the other, Oh! how ſoone had *Caliſta's* lookes (which were with more gentleneſſe) diſperſed *Liſanders* anger, and utterly ruined his reſolution?) hee commanded *Adraſtus* to declare the cauſe of his complaint againſt his Sonne; whereupon *Adraſtus* began, that beſides the common duty of a good Father, which hee had alwaies performed unto his Sonne, he called his Majeſty to witneſſe what hee had lately enterpriſed for him

in this his old age, to the extreme perill of his life: yet nevertheleſſe having twice offered him marriage with parties more worthy of him, than hee of them, hee was ſo farre from yeelding any kinde of obedience, that firſt having ſtolne from him, and by the flight having put both him and his friends unto ſuch unevitable dangers of utter ruine, if by a particular care, and admirable providence, God had not miraculouſly preſerved them; Hee was now about the ſame courſe under the pretence of a feined vow, making religion a cloake to palliate his diſobedience. He had hardly proceeded thus far in his complaint, when *Dorilas* advanced himſelfe, and interrupting his further diſcourſe, began his complaint againſt *Caliſta* in this manner: As much, Sir, can I ſay againſt this ungratefull *Caliſta*, who knowes not, or at leaſt will not reſpect the ſorrowes and the travailes which ſhe hath given me; the afflictions and evils wherewith ſhee hath ſo often broken the courſe of my life. I neede not abuſe your Majeſties patience in relating the ſtory, it is but too manifeſt; Nevertheleſſe, Sir, ſhee is not aſhamed to diſobey me, in that which above all things in the world ſhee hath moſt earneſtly deſired, how then, Sir, would ſhee have obeyed mee in any other matter which ſhould have been contrary unto her minde? Sir, you having ſetled order in the eſtate, ought alſo to doe the like in families, and as you are a great Father of the Kingdome, exacting obedience, and maintaining the paternall authority of the Royalty; ſo I hope you will, and we do humble entreat you to render the ancient power of Fathers over their children who will not obey.

The

The end of theſe complaints were not leſſe pleaſing unto *Liſander*, than the beginning had beene diſpleaſing, ſeeing they concluded in the marriage of *Caliſta*, who ſilent, yet with lookes full of pity and love upon him, hee ſpake in this manner: Sir, it cannot be denied but that my Fathers words are moſt true, and if I had yeelded all kinde of obedeince unto him, yet his benefits and fatherly goodneſſe are ſo great unto mee, that I ought not to bee ungratefull; although I cannot ſatisfie them, yet Sir, if I have but deferred and not refuſed his commandements, the injury is not irreparable; wherefore I doe humbly entreat your clemency and his to forgive me; upon condition I repaire my fault. And you faire one, ſaid the King then unto *Caliſta*, what anſwer make you unto your fathers complaint? *Caliſta* ſeeing things brought to the point which ſhee did deſire: and being glad that her fathers command, or rather the Kings, might conſtraine her to pardon *Liſander*, and to marry him, abſolutely beleeving that either one or the other of them two would compell her (as Ladies would faine be forced in thoſe occaſions, and doe never yeeld but with ſome ſhew of conſtraint) anſwered in this manner: Sir, it is a complaint which I renew every day in my ſoule, and one of the greateſt evills wherewith my minde is afflicted, that ever I ſhould be the cauſe of ſorrow unto my parents. But that which comforteth me, Sir, is the aſſurance which I have in my heart, that your Majeſty and they themſelves doe cleerly ſee, that it is rather my evill fortune than my fault. And as unto the diſobedience, whereof they complaine,

I have yeelded it as fully as ever any daughter in this world did, excepting onely in one point, from which the condition of my widdowhood, and a thouſand other reaſons which I cannot ſpeake of, doe diſpenſe mee. And Sir, though there were no other reaſon but my will, having once ſubmitted mee unto theirs, they ſhall force mee to ſubmit if I doe againe in ſo unreaſonable a matter.

Caliſta ſaid this, believing that the King would have more reſpect unto *Adraſtus* his requeſt and unto *Dorilas*, than unto any reaſons which ſhee ſhould bring: but ſhee was deceived, and did quickly repent her of this laſt folly; for the King wiſely judging that nothing in the world ought to bee freer than marriage, nor that any thing was ſo contrary unto the liberty thereof as violence, diſmiſſed the two fathers from the power which in this caſe they demanded over their children. *Caliſta*, becauſe ſhee had beene once marryed at her fathers will, and *Liſander*, becauſe hee was not bound to obey his in a matter impoſſible; exhorting nevertheleſſe to obey him in any other thing. This ſentence being pronounced by ſuch a King, *Caliſta* was diſappointed, the parents confounded, and *Liſander* deſperate, who caſting himſelfe at his Ladies feet, with teares in his eyes, ſpake in this manner: I ſee that after ſo many labours and hazards, for a reward of my fidelity, which is beyond that of all lovers, I muſt finde ingratitude, in a heart which hath alwaies promiſed mee never to bee capable thereof; and that for having adored you, I ſuffer ſuch uſage as I ſhould have deſerved if I had done the contrary. I will

will not diſpute with you whether it bee with juſtice, for that were to ſeeke reaſon in love, and your will holding in mee the place of reaſon and law, doth binde mee to beleeve againſt my proper feeling, that what you doe is juſt: but if you doe not thinke that the ſervices which I have done are injuries, I doe moſt humbly entreat you, Madam, to tell mee here in this moſt illuſtrious company, what offence I have committed, and let not my condition be worſe than that of criminall perſons, unto whom the cauſe of their puniſhment is (at the leaſt) told before they ſuffer any: And if I doe repent my ſervices here, it is not to reproach you, but to ſhew that in ſerving you, I have not been ſo unhappy as to offend you. You may thinke what you pleaſe, but I muſt needs thinke, that you might better have acknowledged them, than I could better have addreſſed them; and God forbid, Madam, that ever I ſhould complaine the time which I have loſt in your ſervice, ſince it hath been imployed according unto my intention, which was to honour you. It is true, Madam, that herein I have done but my duty, yet I doe not know that I have committed any fault; and it is no ſmall matter to pay all that one owes, eſpecially unto one unto whom all is owing; nevertheleſſe, ſince together with the eternall affections, which you have ſo ſolemnly promiſed, I muſt loſe the greateſt happineſſe that ever I hoped for in this world, I will leave with you (if you pleaſe) this remembrance of your *Liſander*, that he is not ſorry bee hath ſuffered

ſo

ſo much, and is glad hee hath not deſerved this ſuffering. Live therefore ſatisfied and contented with my misfortune, and beleeve it ſhall be a comfort unto mee in all my miſeries, to heare that they doe bring you contentment. I onely aske your permiſſion to endure them, and to honour you at the leaſt in holding my peace, and in hiding in the ſecret of my heart that which you cannot take away but in appearance. To conclude, Madam, I will not complaine of you, but of my fortune, which maketh your pitty dumbe, and changeth your nature without changing my affection, thereby ſhewing that it is not ſubject unto the change of her wheele. And I ſhould thinke my ſelfe unthankfull, if in this my complaint, I did not give her thankes, that by my deſtiny being reſerved unto ſuch cruell miſchiefes, ſhee hath ordeined, that they ſhould come from your hand, Madam, whoſe cruelty I have loved more than my life, and whoſe deſpiſing I doe honour in the pangs of death, doe mee this laſt office, and beare this pittifull teſtimony of your Knight, That he had lived longer, if hee had beene leſſe faithfull.

This his long ſpeech ended with their Majeſties incredible patience, who were pleaſed to heare him, and no leſſe diſquiet in *Liſanders* friends, who feared he would never get out to his advantage. It was a pleaſant ſpectacle to ſee them in one inſtant to ſhed teares for joy, *Liſander* for love, and *Caliſta* out of pity, upon whoſe anſwer depended the miſery or happineſſe of their lives; who having

having conſulted ſome time with her ſelfe, her heart enflamed with love, and her face with ſhame, in the end anſwered in this manner: It is true, moſt deare *Liſander*, that I have promiſed you never to be capable of ingratitude; and if I have beene ſo untill this time (in regard of the cauſe which you have given mee) I will not bee ſo now, you having taken the cauſe away. Wherefore pardon mee the evills which you have ſuffered, ſeeing that I my ſelfe firſt felt them, and in reſpect they will ſerve to bee ſo many witneſſes of your fidelity, and will make the injoying which wee ſhall have one of the other, ſo much the ſweeter, by how much wee have indured the more. And ſeeing their Majeſties doe ſuffer mee, my parents command mee, and your ſervices doe oblige mee, I doe confirme in this moſt excellent preſence and aſſembly, the oath which particularly I have made unto you, that I will be onely yours.

In ſaying this *Caliſta* gave him her hand, which hee moſt amorouſly kiſſed, bleſſing the evills which hee had ſuffered for ſo great a good. And the contentment of theſe two lovers, not being able to bee contained in themſelves, ſpread through all the company, renewing imbracings with joy, which was then pure, without any mixture of ſorrow or feare, if this word Joy be not too weake a word to expreſſe the feelings which cannot be ſpoken, hardly comprehended. Who can tell the divers motions of ſo many perſons, who had a part in this common rejoycing?

Veraſcus

Veraſcus his aſtoniſhment, *Berontus* his admiration, as alſo of *Hippolita* and *Lucidan*? who can ſpake of the infinite pleaſure of *Alcidon* and *Lidian*, of *Olinda* and *Argire*, of *Ambriſia* and *Otranta*, and the unſpeakable pleaſure of *Dorilas* and *Adraſtus*? Theſe two latter having long embraced *Liſander* and *Caliſta*, ſnatching them one from another, and imbracing them between them with teares, as thoſe who after a dangerous ſtorme, having eſcaped ſhipwrack, doe meet upon the dry land in uncredible joy: To increaſe which, *Liſander* knowing the love which *Lucidan* bore unto *Hippolita*, moſt humbly intreated the King to marry them together, and after turning to *Adraſtus*, made the like requeſt unto him, in favour of *Berontus* and *Ambriſia*. Then looking to *Argire* and *Alcidon*, *Lidian* and *Olinda*, hee entreated them that as they had ſuffered great griefe and ſorrow with him, ſo they would honour him ſo much, as to let one day give an end unto all their troubles, and one day by marriage a beginning unto their joyes.

By this meanes the Marriages were reſolved to bee in one day finiſhed betweene *Alcidon* and *Argire*, *Lidian* and *Olinda*, of *Lucidan* and *Hippolita*, of *Berontus* and *Ambriſia*, and of brave *Liſander* and *Caliſta*, who humbly taking leave of their Majeſties, retired all together to *Dorilas* and *Adraſtus*, who as wee have ſaid, had but one houſe, where after a magnifick ſupper, they gave themſelves unto their reſts, expecting the next morning with longing; which being come,

all

all of them moſt richly apparelled, eſpecially *Caliſta*, who having ever ſince *Cleanders* death neglected her attire, now (richly beſet with jewells, and with that rich collar, which *Liſander* had conquered in great Brittaine) drew all the eyes of the beholders upon her with admiration. They were ſolemnly married in the Chappell of Burpon, where I will leave them, returning home with wiſhes of the people, that they might long and peaceably, after ſo many alarums and ſtormes, enjoy the deare delights and ſweeteſt pleaſures of this life.

FINIS.